The Sunday Oregonian.

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ARTICLE II.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The valley of the Schwarza is fittingly called "the pearl of Thuringia." A balmy summer day brooded over the enchanting scene as we bowled along the smooth, level turnpike. Sturdy farmers swung their gleaming scythes in the meadows, cows stretched their limbs lazily on the soft turf of the pastures, the cuckoo called from the dry branches of tall oaks, the inquisitive crows flew languidly over the waving rye field and lit on a gate-post to eye us curiously, the songsters hopped from twig to twig in leafy bowers with apprehensive eyes fixed on a pair of falcons gyrating in the azure sky, buxom matrons and maids swept the roughly paved yards in front of old, quaint, vine-covered cottages, dogs jumped on stone enclosures to bark at the passing carriage, and little urchins in coarse homespun clothes and with dirty, bronzed faces, arms and legs, attended to the wants of a few mischievous goats and flocks of challering geese. It was a picture full of rural simplicity, color, and poetic suggestion. Village scenes in these old countries are always lovely. The dingy, smoky, tumble-down cottage, bare feet, clumsy wooden shoes, plowing husbandmen, grain-garnering maids and raggy, frowzy goatherds always offer an inexhaustible supply of material for brush and pen. They are like oil paintings, however, in order to get the finest view they must be contemplated from a distance. The poetic illusion vanishes instantly upon near approach. We saw a celebrated painting in a London gallery, representing a reaper in the harvest field. He stood there in the hot glaring sun wiping his heated brow and resting on his scythe, the perspiration oozing through the scant, ragged clothes, the exposed long neck and chest, the lean sinewy bronzed arms, the stubby grizzled beard, the tired mouth, the hard deep furrow in the face and the hollow weary half-shut eyes, rendered it a picture full of deep pathos and a loud protest against existing social conditions that brutalize by overwork the images of the deity. Hundreds of well-dressed, well-fed, idling ladies and gentlemen stood admiringly below that painting and were touched to pity by this powerful appeal to humanity, and yet if they had been brought face to face with the real object, how many would have turned away in disgust.

At the village of Blankenburg we stopped a few minutes so that horse and driver might refresh themselves at the hospitable inn. These country inns are always choice morsels for the tourist who leaves the beaten track of travel for rural districts. The buildings are generally several centuries old, but are kept in good trim and have many stories to tell, like a hale, hearty and chatty centenarian. The heavy oaken timbers blackened with age, the heavy furniture used by a sturdy ancestry, the inviting cozy arbors with tables and seats, the ruddy face of mine host beaming with good nature and self importance, and the pleasant chubby wife with jingling keys, inquisitive eyes and rattling tongue, furnish choice bits for memory. How nice the food fresh from cellar, garden and dairy, tastes in these low ceiled old rooms, while mine host and hostess regale us with village gossip or quaint stories. These wayside inns are never far apart along the roads and the traveller need not be hungry or thirsty very long, especially when driver and horse always manifest a strong inclination to stop at every one of them.

At last we are off again, and before we pass the last house our driver points out to us the house in which lived Friedrich Froebel, the greatest reformer in education and the founder of the kindergarten system. A few yards further on we come to a monument near the road, erected in the midst of silent woods. It is a marble shaft surmounted by a globe. The chiseled letters on one side inform us that this monument was "erected on the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth, April 21, 1882, by his friends and admirers," and on the front facing the road is Froebel's head in bas-relief, with his name and his motto:

> "Kommt, laszt uns den Kindern leben."
> [Come, let us live for the children.]

It was a very agreeable surprise to us, but it is just like Germany—"wherever you touch it, it is interesting," to use a celebrated phrase of Goethe. Here in the solitudes of the Thuringian forest, in the lonely grove near the quiet village of this lovely little valley, is the plain, modest monument of one of the world's greatest benefactors. And yet how appropriate was it all! It was entirely in keeping with his life and his mission. He was no famous leader of victorious armies, he was no representative of a grand social, political or religious upheaval; no, he was only a plain, modest, retiring schoolmaster. His mission was not inaugurated by some startling event, but came like gentle, fruitful summer rains over a parched landscape. Poor Froebel! How long he struggled under adversity before the dull, inert world acknowledged the merit of his ideas. It was always thus with the pioneers and pathfinders of thought. Froebel was considered a dunce. The cramming process disgusted his inquiring mind and whenever its tender rootlets shot out for new nourishment, for new holds, they were balked by the ferule. When fifteen years old he was apprenticed to a forester in the hills, with whom he remained two years. Here the world opened out to his eyes like a new revelation. Here the intense yearning of his soul became articulate, as Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, would have said, and was formed to fixed principles that ruled his life. The silent forest, the open fields, with life germinating, growing and budding on all sides into healthy, vigorous, symmetrical organisms, became his school and nature his teacher. Here under the rational care of the forester was strength and perfection, but down below in the towns and villages of the valley, young, growing humanity was crippled and dwarfed by a pernicious system of training. Was not man a product of nature as well as plants? Must he not develope in strict accordance with natural law, the same as a flower or a tree? The affirmative answer came slowly and surely to that obscure, thoughtful and modest youth, as he wandered through the leafy aisle of nature's grand institution of learning. Ever afterwards, whether we find him on the farm, in the counting room, in the camp with Luetzow's volunteers, chasing the foreign conquerors back to the Seine, at the teacher's or author's desk, everywhere we find him uttering grand truths that were whispered into his ears during his solitary rambles in the Thuringian mountains. One after one the scales dropped from his eyes and he saw his mission. As the fabled demigod of Hellas was rejuvenated and reinvigorated by the touch of mother earth, so new life was infused into educational methods, when Froebel brought the school again in contact with nature. The system, then almost universal, except where Pestalozzi had shot a breach, and yet quite generally, especially in our own country, the system of using the school as a funnel through which learning was to be poured into the young receptive mind, was doomed to inevitable decay and death, when Froebel, after long years of hardship and deprivation, at last founded the first kindergarten during the year 1837, in this little village of Blankenburg. What a small, insignificant beginning of an idea, that after half a century has conquered the civilized world, at least in its theory. The despotism of the school room was broken. Freedom, the absolutely necessary condition of sound symmetrical development, was to be the rule henceforth. The young man's mind was no more to be the passive mass to be shaped and moulded according to the design of the pedagogue, but was to shape itself by the full, harmonious development of inborn faculties through active exercise. The school was to be a true garden, a children's garden where young humanity was to unfold under the same rational treatment which we bestow on flower, vegetable and tree. Not only memory, but perception and invention as well, were to be roused and exercised, to strength and harmonious proportions. This exercise was not to be forced and irksome, but voluntary and pleasurable. The play, the serious work of the child, was to be the great assistant in the child's physical, moral and intellectual growth.

Who doubts the correctness, the importance of Froebel's ideas to-day? The inertia of the conservative masses yields gradually to the new force. Education in all enlightened countries, education commencing at the earliest day when the first impressions become fixed on the mind, and not even ending with the last year of a university, will soon be organized on the fundamental doctrines of Froebel. What a wonderful improvement it will make. Health, physical, moral and intellectual, means strength, means virtue, means happiness. There is none possible without it. Let education give us that health, that vigor, and a large percentage of vice, crime and degrading punishment will pass away forever.

Of course there are interests and institutions, social, political and religious, which rooted in the past are opposed to these innovations. They can only exist by the support of minds biased and warped by early training. They are averse to independent, self-directing men, and desire mere machines, mere automatons. The representatives of these interests instinctively sniffed the danger to them in the spread of the reformer's principles and tried to oppose them. The church attempted to block the way, and as late as 1852, a few months before Froebel's death, a reactionary government of Prussia prohibited the organization of schools after Froebel's principles. They wanted subjects and adherents first of all, and opposed a system that aimed first at the development of sound constitutions, moral, mental and physical in growing man. That opposition was in vain. The march of progress cannot be staid, and coming generations enjoying health and vigor of soul and body through his benign influence will bless the memory of the Thuringian schoolmaster.

The valley narrows gradually above Blankenburg. The fine old ruin of Greifenstein, with its cream-colored, tumbling walls, with its windows like dark, eyeless sockets, looked down upon us from its hight like some disturbed, restless spirit of a former age. The road now follows the left bank of the clear, turbulent Schwarza, dashing over gravel and boulders in the deep, cool shade of fine old oak, ash and alders on our left; the ruin of Eberstein, the shooting lodge of the prince of Schwarzburg, lifts its jagged turrets and walls above the tops of magnificent pines. It stands in the midst of an immense deer park enclosed by high fences. The park is well stock with wild boar, deer and other game which in the winter is fed at the Eberstein. I counted sixty-seven deer grazing in a fine meadow. The prince can afford to devote this large tract of land to the purpose of annually enjoying the exhilarating sport of a hunt. What cares he whether it would give sustenance to hundreds of human beings now deprived of the necessaries of life. What a contrast! Across this narrow stream are thousand of acres roamed over by a few deer and wild boar, and here an old woman, bronzed and gray, is compelled to cut the grass and weeds growing by the roadside and carry it home for her goat. Perhaps she has to go and humbly ask permission for this great privilege. Neither she nor hers have a spot of ground, even under a lease, whereon to raise a handful of grass for cow, goat or sheep, or a few bushel of potatoes for the sustenance of the family. But the cemeteries are common property; everybody has a deep interest there. Is it a wonder that socialism with its noble purpose and vicious outgrowths is spreading and threatening the social fabric, when the ill fed, ill clad, poorly housed masses are brutalized by overwork and inhuman treatment, and dogs, deer, horses, lackeys and sycophants bask in the favor of those in power? True the conditions of feudal times and serfdom have been much alleviated, but the remnant of oppression is felt as keenly and bears as heavily on the shoulders of the toilers since the race rose to a higher consciousness of manhood, as did formerly the full weight of degradation.

The mountains now rise higher, become more precipitous and approach closer to the river. Bold cliffs in fantastic shapes and with fantastic names rise on either side. Isolated hamlets with small clearings hang on the steep slopes. We drove into a magnificent forest. On either side of the road, as far as the eye could penetrate, smooth, stately firs with arching branches intercepted the rays of the sun. It was a vast gothic temple, such as our ancestors worshipped in. The soughing wind, the deep, monotonous notes of rapids and cataracts, the humming of myriads of insects and the varied songs, screams and screeches of birds filled these vast naves with sacred, solemn music.

At last we emerge from the cool shades of the gorge and before us, a short distance ahead, lies the castle of Schwarzburg. This strong castle was built more than six hundred years ago and is still in a fair condition, although it bears the marks of age. It is the ancestral abode of the princes of Rudolstadt and is built on a precipitous spur of the mountain extending into the valley. It is a well chosen spot for a tollgate on this thoroughfare between southern and northern Germany. Toll or robbery were the alternatives in those days submitted to merchants with their caravans, who generally chose the former. The angry river dashes furiously against the rocky foundations 800 feet below, sweeps around the promontory, hurries through the village and disappears in the canyon below. The village on the north side nestles under the castle's walls, like a frightened chicken under the wings of the hen.

A good half-hour's walk along an ascending path through a splendid forest of conifers brought us to the Tripstein, a bold cliff 1500 feet above the sea overlooking the valley. It affords a magnificent view over wooded mountain ranges studded with ruins, villages and clearings, over the castle with its narrow courts, small gardens, and massive gateway, and over the long, narrow valley of the Schwarza, with its green meadows, yellow fields and red tiled villages that resemble a necklace of pearls, emeralds, amber and rubies strung on a silver cord.

The next morning early we took the road for Ilmenau via Paulinzelle. It was a most beautiful drive. Recent rains had cleared the atmosphere. The air was laden with the fragrance of resinous pine, blooming clover and rye and meadows filled with new-mown hay. Shady groves, sunny fields and picturesque villages alternated with each other. A "cloudburst" had struck the mountains above us a few days before and destructive floods had swept down the narrow valley of the Renne, bringing havoc and disaster, and covering garden, field and meadow with coarse debris. Houses, stables, fences, bridges, trees and even animals were carried below by the angry, turbid flood. Desolation marked its track and men, women and children, careworn, heavy-hearted, worked to repair the damages. The soil is not fertile here and the people are poor, but poverty here and in England, unlike that of the south and east, is shy and very loth to obtrude its hideous, ghastly features of want and suffering before the eyes of strangers. This modest pride of man- and womanhood under such depressed conditions is a very hopeful sign. When rags and filth are exhibited with indifference and even with ostentation the hope of progress and improvement is gone.

During the forenoon we reached Paulinzelle. This is a neat village, with a ruin in a pretty valley situated between gentle hills. This ruin is one of the loveliest of Germany. It is that of an old Cistercian abbey built nearly 800 years ago in the Romanesque style of that day. Most of the massive walls and elegant arches of the large church are in a good state of preservation. The tooth of time has gnawed at it without interruption for centuries. Frost and rain have disintegrated and decomposed the rock and mortar at the top of the thick lofty walls, the summer's dust has gathered there for ages, and so accumulated a thin layer of meagre soil for frugal plants to take root. A live hedge of dwarfish fir, ash and maple, interspersed with tufts of waving grass and flowering seeds, crowns walls and towers like the hanging gardens of Semiramis. The seed of a fir had found a promising place on a dust covered little projection on the side of the massive tower, about thirty feet above the ground. It had sprouted, and driven its little roots into the crevices of the damp, disintegrating masonry. The wedging roots had forced huge boulders apart, clasped every angle and projection with firm hold, and now hold aloft a tree sixty feet high, nine inches in diameter, which clings to the moist walls like a parasite, and sent its green top far above the battlements.

And then we sat down beneath the graceful arches, and from the gloomy nooks, from tumble-down walls and from hidden tombs came whispering voices, telling us strange tales of bygone times. They told us how long ago a brave, warlike race of freemen worshipped here in sacred groves, and then came bold, noble, saintly men, who preached a new God and a new salvation, and then came cowled monk and mitred priest, who brought cross, rosary and enlightened ideas from the east, and then the people grew fervent in their piety and built proud temples for convent, monastery and abbey, who grew rich and powerful on a people's devotion, and then came an appeal to protect the holy sepulchre and brave squire and valiant knight, adorned with the cross, knelt at these altars and vowed to fight and die for their holy religion. Few returned, and those that returned brought strange songs with them, songs that praised religion, love and chivalresque virtue, and then the culture of the Hellenes filtered through Italy and the south into these northern plains, and the people's mind expanded, and they grew restless under restraint, and then came torture and death and anathema, to quell the insubordination, and then the storm-cloud of wrath and indignation grew darker and darker, and then the first lightning rift the sky and struck the church door at Wittenberg, and then the storm broke loose in all its mad fury, lurid light blazed up in the darkness, and the earth shook from its foundation. Then, when at last the heavy clouds parted, a wide gulf was found that divided Europe, and proud temples, abbeys, castles and monasteries were wrecked and ruined, never to be rebuilt again. These stones had seen eight eventful centuries pass over them; they had witnessed the rise, zenith and decline of a mighty power. They told many a wonderful story. These old ruins are wonderfully eloquent and instructive.

Another drive of a few hours over hill and dale, past ponds and lakes fringed with rushes and dotted with ducks, geese and swans, through villages with narrow, irregular lanes, dingy cottages with clay walls and flaxen-haired youngsters playing on the green, at last brought us to the cheerful little city of Ilmenau, which played an important part in the life of Goethe. It is beautifully situated at the foot of the mountains and on the banks of the Ilm, where it debouches from the hills into the broad, fertile and populous valley. There is considerable manufacturing carried on here, and its baths are noted. Its chief attractions, however, for tourists are the summit of the mountains situated in the vicinity. The Kickelhahn, 2700 feet in altitude, is only a short walk from the city. We concluded to ascend it. A serpentine, gradually ascending footpath leads up the slopes to the summit. Wherever an opening in the timber presented a fine view we found rustic seats inviting us to sit down and rest. This thoughtful attention paid everywhere in Germany to the wants of the tourist is a pretty trait and without doubt also remunerative. Wherever tourists were expected, there we found seats provided at choice locations, and notices posted pointing out objects meriting particular attention.

After a very enjoyable walk through the fine and large timber, devoid of undergrowth, we reached the summit, and our first steps, of course, turned in the direction of Goethe's famous "Forest house," where the immortal poet loved to dwell. Here he spent many nights, solitary and alone, to enjoy nature's varying moods in storm and calm. The old house was destroyed by fire in 1870, but an exact counterpart of it was erected on the same site four years later. It is a very plain, small frame structure—a shanty—and reminds us of the bachelor's cabins in the woods and on the prairies of the far west. On a rough board in the wall near the window Goethe wrote, in 1783, the following exquisite verse, which, though robbed of its bloom in translation, may be rendered thus:

Above all the hill-tops
I rest.
Among all the tree-tops
Stirs scarcely a breath.
The birds in the forest are silent.
Patience! ere long
Thou too shalt rest.

A pane of glass covers an exact copy of the original as it was written. The house is now a huge autograph album. Hundreds and thousands of admiring visitors have recorded their names on walls, ceilings, doors, windows and floors. Every grade of society, from prince to beggar, every race and nation of both hemispheres is represented in this peculiar manner of doing homage to a prince of poetry.

It must have been just such an evening one hundred years ago that the impressions received by Goethe's susceptible soul found expression in that famous much-quoted little verse: Peace sat brooding over the scene. The sun sank behind the western hills, a sacred stillness pervaded the darkening woods, the birds went to slumber on their perches, no sound, no stir broke the deep solitude. It was silence made palpable and gave us a foretaste of infinity. A soothing calm came over our souls as amid these impressive surroundings we could enter fully into the feelings of the poet. A hundred years had swept by and that whole generation had gone. They were all at peace now. Another century and the visitor to this little house in the woods will see very few of those now living. Joy and sorrow and toil will all be over.

Then we ascended the tower close by. It is 80 feet high and the tiresome ascent up the winding stair is rewarded by an extensive and magnificent view. Around us, in the immediate vicinity, the timbered mountains with ravines and gulches and dotted with small patches of bright green clearings. To the east spreads the lovely valley of the Ilm with its many-colored fields and pastures, its red tiled towns, white washed farm houses, decaying castles and ancient churches. To the south and west the dark summits of the Thuringian mountains, which much resemble our Coast Range, and to the north in the far distance beyond wooded hills and smiling valleys, looms up the pale blue Brocken, the legend-crowned summit of the Harz mountains, where annually on the first May night or Walpurgis, Mephistopheles gathers his clans for infernal orgies. Astride a he-goat or a broom, witches and devils and evil spirits approach through the air from all sides, and woe to the man over whose house they take their course.

Silently we descended the mountain through the dusky woods and reached Ilmenau in time for the train to Eisenach. The shades of night gathered around. The twilight gleam on spire, and turret and rocky peak grew fainter and fainter until all outlines were merged in darkness. One after one the lights went out in village and town and it was past midnight when the train halted at the depot of Eisenach. This little city has some attractions aside from legends tradition and historical interests that cluster around it. Its surroundings, if not grand, are exquisitely lovely, and rival any in Germany or in Europe. Here the Thuringian mountains abut abruptly on the northern plains, and break up in a number of bold, picturesque hills, separated by deep, narrow gorges. Forests of deciduous trees, in bright green foliage, or of sombre melancholic conifers, draping slopes and summits, haughty castles on commanding eminences, picturesque old mills, hamlets and villages strung along raging mountain streams in echoing canyons, and sombre, venerable towns facing the fertile plains, make up a picture on which nature and history and the art of man have expended their best ideas, and to which they have devoted their choicest hours. Eisenach, and the Wartburg near it, are so inseparably connected by tradition, history and interest that they must be described jointly. The glory of these two places consists in the role assigned them in the grand drama of the reformation, although previously and since many prominent events have transpired here. The latter became notable only through their connection with the former, in the same manner as mediocre ancestors or descendants are elevated to a conspicuous place by their mere relationship with greatness.

So does tradition inform us that Etzel or Attila, the fierce king of the savage Huns, the "scourge of God," one of the central figures in the great German epic of the "Nibelungen," held his court here, to whom the eastern princes came to pay homage; here the Huns were subsequently defeated in a murderous battle by Duke Burckhardt and driven back toward the east; here the the famous Minnesingers of the thirteenth century, attracted by the munificence of the landgrave, found appreciation and protection; here young Luther attended school and later found an asylum when his life was considered in danger; and here the enthusiastic students of the universities congregated in the early part of the present century to lay the foundation of German unity, manhood and freedom. There are very few places in Germany so firmly rooted in the heart of the people as Wartburg and Eisenach.

We enter the city through a mean-looking suburb and the narrow, musty, crumbling Nicolai-gate, a remnant of former fortifications. The streets are mostly narrow, crooked and badly paved, like those of all provincial towns. The houses are venerable with age, and speak of times long since passed. An ancient, somewhat dilapidated dwelling stands on a corner of the "Lutherplatz," and we are informed that here the widow Cotta lived who took pity on poor young Martin as he went from door to door to sing for his bread. At her hospitable hearth young Luther found an asylum. His voice was effective then, but later on it was to sound like the trumpets of Jericho.

A little further, on the "Frauenplan," a tablet on a more aristocratic looking house informs us that here Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer, the "founder and father of German music," was born in 1685. The Bachs were a remarkable family. Four successive generations of born musicians culminated in Johann Sebastian, who rendered such eminent service to music, and whose sacred chorals never have been and never will be excelled. The Bachs, sometimes half a hundred strong, met annually at the Wartburg, in a kind of family reunion, and made the old halls re-echo with their inspiring compositions.

Then on to the Wartburg, the ancient, smiling castle on the mountain top, 600 feet above the city. The ascent commences even in the city. Here boys with donkeys awaited us, and after selecting the most patient and the slowest of these little mountaineers, we commenced the ascent. The road leads by zigzags up the steep slopes. Rustic benches in shady groves invite the weary traveler to rest. At last we reach the summit and are before the gates. A sentry is stationed on a bastion outside the castle. A few old cannons are there also. Some military appearance must be kept up, of course, but if this stalwart young Thuringian would don a coat of mail, grasp a halberd and replace the cannons by a catapult, it would be more in harmony with the surroundings, which all point to the distant past.

It is the intention of the grand duke, the present owner, to completely restore the castle on its original plan. Much has already been done, and no where does the past appear with such striking truth among the scenes of the present as here. We are carried irresistibly back 600 years, and this alone makes the castle an object worth a visit. A restaurant built in the style of the fifteenth century on a rocky ledge outside the gates offers fine views and pleasant retreats.

At last tourists had gathered sufficient in numbers to make a quorum, and preceded by a guide we proceed to the castle. We cross a deep artificial crevice on a drawbridge, and thence a dark gateway into the small court. The summit occupied by the castle is only 400 by 200 feet in extent, and so with various buildings, towers, ramparts and walls little spare room is left. The walls are mostly built on the very edge of high precipitous cliffs, which make the fortress almost impregnable. First we went to the armory, a fine collection of rare arms and the iron crysalide of valiant knights. The "Sangersaal" is shown next. It is the hall in which the "Wartburg war," the celebrated contest between the Minnesingers, took place. It is restored in the manner of that day. A fine large painting on the wall represents the defeat of Heinrich von Ofterdinger. Wagner has introduced the episode in his celebrated opera Tannhauser. From the Sangersaal we pass to the little chapel, where Luther preached to his friends and protectors during his involuntary exile. Then we went to the third or upper story, which is mainly occupied by the large banquet hall. Here the students met in 1807, and after singing Luther's grand hymn, "Eine feste Berg ist unser Gott," the Marseilaise of German Protestantism, they vowed to each other to make the German people noble, united and free. It was an awakening too early. The night frosts of a reactionary spirit set in and nipped this patriotic swelling in the bud. Dark days came, darker days than ever, because the people had caught a glimpse of light during the hour of danger when trembling princes appealed to their people. The governments tried to stamp out this dangerous spirit of the universities. They never succeeded. It burst forth again in 1848, but failed. It would have manifested itself again before this if Bismarck had not sagaciously utilized the desire for unity in the interest of the crown and his own. We are still hero worshippers and Bismarck receives credit for having accomplished German unity, when it is true that the best of the nation had labored in ten thousand ways, during seventy years, for that grand end, and were driven into exile for it. The intense desire for unity found a strong expression in these halls at a time when Bismarck had hardly finished his A, B, C.

Then we visited the room which Luther occupied as "Squire George." Through his window he had a fine view, and that was all that was attractive. The room is small and low and as far as possible has been restored in the way it was during his stay. His old writing desk and as many as could be gathered in the country to replace it, have been carried away in the way of small shavings by relic hunters. The table there now did belong to the family, however, and certainly looks old enough. The celebrated ink spot on the wall, where he hurled his inkstand in his effort to hit the devil, is judiciously whitewashed over. It will not do to pry too closely into the facts of myths and legends that follow at a distance in the wake of great men. As long as it is poetic and beautiful let the illusion be undisturbed. We must try to keep some flowers in this prosaic age.

In this room Luther translated the bible. No doubt the scenes before him, the hills, the meadows, the many-colored fields, the villages, towns and fortresses filled him with poetic inspiration and gave to the German translation that unequalled sweetness and poetic charm. It is no child of the library, but of the fields. The fiery, poetic soul of the translator and the soft, sympathetic touch of nature run through all the pages. The translation of the bible was the great, central act of the reformation. It was a direct appeal to the understanding and judgment of the people, and transferred the contest at once from the pulpit to the family fireside. A common language was evolved out of the various dialects and a central organ of German literature established. Every writer, in order to teach the people, had to write in the language of Luther. The importance of the Latin tongue and Latin institutions dwindled in proportion as the German tongue and German institutions gained the ascendancy. It is for these reasons that in Germany, a country less given to follow the church than any other Luther should still be so popular. The theological disputant is merged in the national hero. He is considered the representative of German thought in its great struggle to throw off the yoke of Rome. It is Luther's strong German sentiment that makes him admired even among many of his countrymen who yet follow the dictates of the vatican. It is this recognition of a German hero first and a preacher second, that made the whole country astir with preparations for the great celebration which was to take place in November in honor of the three hundreth anniversary of Luther's birth. Everything at the Wartburg and Eisenach was assuming a holiday air. It was months yet before that festival, yet the stream of pilgrims to this German Mecca was increasing daily. They came singly, in pairs and in large groups. Whole schools, headed by their teachers, came from distant parts, and ascended to the castle, where the children ranged themselves on the rocky platform, and their charming, well trained voices made valley and hill-side resound with the inspiring music of the grand old hymn:

> "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott."

These were touching sights. They prognosticated good to the fatherland. A nation is never permanently on the down grade as long as its boys and girls have hearts that swell with patriotic enthusiasm at the places made sacred by the presence of national heroes.

Then we descended by another route, facing the "Venusberg," the hill where Venus kept the knight Tannhauser, and then down the lovely valley lined with cosy villas, among them that of Reuter, the German Dickens, and thence back to the serene, venerable, quaint old city of Eisenach.

H. F. SUKSDORF.

The French frigate Isere will leave Rouen for New York about the end of April with Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

PIONEER DAYS.

Reminiscences of the History of Oregon of Fifty Years Ago.

The Great Multnomah Indian Nation—The Dalles a Rendezvous—A Dire Pestilence Sweeps Away the Tribes of Western Oregon.

ARTICLE II.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

When Astor's company landed at Astoria they found the great Chinook nation the actual possessors of the soil. Their rights extended east to Oak Point and included the Chehalis country north of the Columbia, and Gray's Harbor, into which the Chehalis empties. To the south they reached to Nehalem and Nestucca bays, and included the beautiful Tillamook country. Over all this region the Chinook tongue was spoken. Comcomly was a great chief and ruler of all the wide region that now comprises Clatsop, Tillamook and part of Columbia counties in Oregon and Pacific and Chehalis counties in Washington territory. Dr. McKay's mother was a princess of this mighty nation, and he is one of its representatives. It was the policy of the Fur Company to have its eminent men marry the daughters of the native rulers, to increase its power and cement a friendship that should prove enduring. That was the true peace policy, and probably resulted in preserving and cementing peace of the most durable kind.

At the very ocean side, at the mouth of the Columbia, and extending south from Clatsop Point to Tillamook Head, and thence back into the mountains toward the double peaks visible from the ocean and from the inner bay, was the Clatsop tribe, which was numerous and inclined to be warlike. They were a treacherous race but good hunters and very expert fishermen. They used bows and arrows, but made up by strategy for the want of better weapons. They ate fish, clams and wild fowl, which abounded in the inland waters. They built parks to decoy game. They made hedges of thorns and such brush and connected them with natural rock ledges, cliffs, or the base of some mountain, utilizing natural obstructions to fence in a considerable area, building outwings to guide the game into the park. Then a great number of Indians would turn out and go round a great extent of country, gradually closing in to the center, where the park was built, driving before them elk, bear and deer into the same. They were very expert in this and never failed to succeed. There was a great plenty of all game, and the Indians looked on these wild animals as our stockmen look on their individual flocks and herds. They preserved them carefully, only killing enough to supply them skins for their garments and robes and what meat they needed for food. In this way the herds did not diminish. Their game laws were effective.

In the country from the Clatsop point south, and the mountains south of Young's bay, elk and deer and bear abounded. Lewis and Clarke went down there to winter on that account. They found elk out on the plain as well as in the hill ranges near their camp. It can be imagined that when the Indians had one of their grand battues they made a great occasion of it. They carefully surrounded the game and quietly drove them to the central park by means of the flanking wings. When the circle was drawn in they would have a large number of elk, deer and bear enclosed, and then a few very expert marksmen would go inside, and with the noiseless arrow shoot down only such as could best be spared without injuring the productive capacity of the herd. Our hunters, who think it such delight to kill and destroy game, can learn much if they will study the life methods of the savages they so heartily despise.

The Indians had besides bows and arrows, for their war equipment, war clubs and slungshot for close quarters. These war clubs were made of thorn or other hard and knotty wood of the right size, and were often valued at a high price. Their slungshot was another formidable weapon and easily carried. I have one at home, that has no doubt been handed down for many years. It is made of a cow's tail with a stone weighing a pound or so sewed with sinews at the butt end. The user of it had it slung to his saddle (for it came from the upper Columbia tribes), and seizing it by what was once the flaring tail, he could bring the slungshot down with terrific force. They made no lances or spears, save for spearing fish. The Clatsops had to be managed carefully to make them friendly, but in time they became serviceable allies.

The domain of the Cowlitz Indians commenced at Oak Point and included the Cowlitz river on the Columbia. They were wedged in with little space on that river, but their rule extended back far into the mountains to the fountain head of the flow of western rivers, to Mt. Rainier itself. They were a hunting and fishing race, chiefly hunters and meat eaters, and more noble than mere fishermen.

The Wa-kan-is-sis-se tribes consisted of numerous bands that occupied large villages on the shores of the Columbia and Willamette. They were at Kalama, St. Helens, upper and lower Sauvie's island, near Portland, on the slough, on Sandy and at the mouth of Sandy, at Washougal, at Vancouver and opposite there, and on the smaller islands. There were a dozen of them, or more, each containing hundreds of busy and energetic people. The Wa-kan-is-sis-se bands were comparatively rich. They were rich in the aboriginal sense because they traded, fished and hunted. There was a great difference between the tribes of Oregon and those of the Atlantic side in one important respect. These Indians could fish in the rivers they lived on, while the Cascade and Coast mountains, which were their hunting grounds, were not further than sight could reach. The Wa-kan-is-sis-see were really the Multnomahs, after whom the region they held was in part named. Their villages were full of busy people who manufactured many articles for domestic use and for trading with other tribes. They had summer houses in one place and wintered somewhere else, for they never lived all the year in the same place. The winter houses were partly excavated and walled in with sod and logs, while their summer lodges were of the common sort that were airy and comfortable in warm weather.

We can imagine, without any great stretch of fancy, the scene Dr. McKay describes. This great tribe included in its possessions all the lower Willamette, the Columbia from the Cowlitz to Cape Horn, and numbered several thousand people, clustered in frequent villages along the shores we have outlined. They had hunting parties, going and coming by land and water, but had no ponies to ride or to pack. They had fisheries that were tended by old and young. Sometimes a mighty sturgeon became a customer they found it difficult to manage. They gathered the wild Indian hemp (the unromantic milk weed of our day), and by preparing it carefully, made good, strong fiber, which they manufactured to suit the wants of other nations. This was made into bundles two feet long, as large as an arm and carefully wrapped so as to keep in good shape. They made thread, twine, cord, nets, baskets and bags, cloth and everything required for household use, as we will hereafter show.

The Wa-kan-is-sis-see were by all odds the most powerful tribe west of the Cascades. The manufacture of canoes was an important industry, for, having no horses, and steamboats and railroads not having crossed the continent with a telephone to blaze the way, they had to journey almost entirely by canoe power. The man who made the best canoe, or invented a new kink in stem, stern or paddle, was as famous as an Ericsson could be with us. Also, imagine the river to be alive with the trade and travel of half a score of thousands who exchanged visits and boated their products or material. Imagine the villages that rose along the shores, alive with young and old. See canoes of all sizes hauled up on the shore or swiftly skirting it in social journeyings or with trips for trade. Their hunting ground was in the Cascades, back of St. Helens, a region famous for many elk and deer and bear until quite recently. But they lived principally on fish and wapatoes (resembling an onion bulb in appearance) that they dug in swamps and wet places, for in common years wapatoes were abundant and easily gathered for use. These were put by carefully for winter food. Berries were abundant in all that country, they were gathered, dried and made the most of. So it appears that the Wa-kan-is-sis-se people were numerous and the most powerful nation west of the Cascades, a fact they were aware of and made much of. They had some traits that were akin to the universal Yankee nation. They got into good circumstances by hard work and the good management of old Kesno, their hereditary chief, and then they maintained their standing by various arts of war and peace. After a while they got accustomed to guns and powder, and made it count to assert supremacy over tribes that did not have them.

The Wa-kan-is-sis-se nation were under the despotic rule of old Kesno, a great chief, who died soon after McKay returned from school in '44. Kesno was a man of fine presence and great knowledge of Indian human nature. He was tall and large framed, was heavily built, with a broad face that smiled pleasantly, and with a good eye that seemed to read other people's character. His influence was felt a long way from home, as other tribes often deferred to his views and opinions. It was greatly owing to Kesno's magnetic rule and vigorous management that his people became so prosperous. Old Kesno had a plate at the fort that was waiting for him and made him welcome whenever he came there. Such was his happy life. The red race honored and flattered him and the whites feasted and humored him until, in the course of time, he grew so placid and well disposed that he let his people depend on the ictas they fairly earned and did not get up any excursions against Wascos or Umpquas to capture slaves. They captured them by peaceful trade and had many who were literally purchased and adopted into the tribe.

Early in Astor's time his men had trouble to gather supplies about Astoria, so they made a bargain with skilled hunters, who ranged from French prairie up to Eugene, and furnished many skins and furs and much meat. Elk, deer and bear were numerous at that time in the oak timber and on the hills and prairies. Canoes ran down to Astoria, making portage at the falls. McKay went through there with his father in 1838, he says game was then abundant and grass as fine as it could grow.

While Kesno was no warlike with the whites, the time was when his people's ancestors did not welcome them as freely as the old chief himself learned to do. It was in the time of his predecessor that a party of whites, probably under Lieutenant Broughton, who was second in command to Vancouver and a man of note afterwards, came up the Columbia with a small party of men. Then the Multnomahs gathered in great numbers at Warrior's point, on the Columbia near St. Helens, and forbade their passage. This happened before McLoughlin was chief factor as well as before Kesno was their great chief. The advancing Britons fired a few rounds of powder over their heads, and they gave up opposition and were at peace ever after.

The Calapooia Indians occupied the Willamette valley above Oregon City and were a numerous and rather warlike people, though they never carried on war with the whites. Their great local center was Oregon City, with villages in favorable locations all through the valley. Bands of Calapooias occupied all valleys and points easy to build homes and near good foraging grounds. The Chemeketas, for instance, made their winter quarters at Salem, which was why they called it "Chemeketa," a name that means 'Our old home.' They fished in the Santiam, hunted in the Cascade range near by and dug camas roots on the low prairies and swamps. Berries they found wherever fires had ravaged the mountains. Their range we have described. Other bands had good ranges also. There was immemorial usage to confirm title, and that was not often questioned. It is not necessary and space will not admit of my touching all the points occupied by Calapooia bands at this time. The great Willamette valley was a common home for numerous bands constituting one great association. Kesno's people were the strongest because they were so compact, cohesive and consolidated under his great command. The Calapooias had the mountains to range in to some extent, but those ranges were in the hands of a bold race that claimed them for their home.

The Molallas had possession of the western slopes of the Cascade mountains and claimed the rugged ranges as their inheritance. They were hunters and fishers of mountain streams, living chiefly on meat and mountain roots and berries. In the mountains from the Columbia river southward to the Klamath the oldest tradition locates this peculiar people.

The Umpquas and Rogue Rivers occupied those respective valleys and streams and were rather indigestible material for the travelers of very early times. These facts will come in due time and we shall have occasion to speak freely concerning them.

As for languages, the tribes we have indicated had each a language of its own, to-wit: Chinook, Cowlitz, Wa-kan-is-sis-se, Calapooia, Molalla, Umpqua and Rogue River. The Chinook Jargon was learned for a common tongue, very simple, not complicated, easy to pronounce.

In the great gorge made by the Columbia river from Cape Horn to The Dalles the Cascade tribe lived and were not very numerous. They also had a language of their own. They were both fishermen and hunters.

The advent of the whites found these people living in native simplicity. The world in general has very little idea of the system that prevailed in the existence of the aborigines of this continent. Formidable volumes have been written containing much of value, no doubt, but failing in this respect that none of these distinguished historians have given us a glance at the familiar, every day life of the tribes. But the fact is, their existence was not merely nomadic, aimless, characterless. Occasionally men like Kesno arose to prominence who had ideas of progress, and lived up to them. The years were divided into seasons, and all had their respective duties. They provided as regularly for the coming of winter as do we. They did not till the earth, but they gathered its products and laid them up in store with most assiduous care. They hunted in the mountains in late summer and fall to kill game. They carefully dressed the skins and cured the meat. There were degrees of excellence in this, and good hunters prided themselves on their skill. It was no light task to pack in the products of the chase, including the skins of deer, elk or bear that had to be dressed, for they originally had no other material for dress. Much time was required to make up the skins when they were tanned or cured for use. Moccasins were made, caps, coats, trousers. They had few idle hours who did all this work well. Their winter huts were warmly made by sinking on some dry spot, and making a wall of logs as a foundation for their split cedar boards to rest on. These had to be warm and dry to suit the climate. In summer they gathered berries, wherever they could be found, and that was wherever fires had gone through the woods. Camas grew in swamp ground, of several varieties. Some kinds are poisonous, so care and skill was required, and they dried the roots with care. The wapato differs much from the potato it is named after as it is bulbous like an onion. It is nutritious and healthful, as is also the camas. This country has only the hazel to bear nuts, and the oaks to bear acorns. These they gathered, especially the acorn, largely when there was heavy mast, and oak forests were abundant. They fished in the spring and summer, and saved fish for winter use. They made nets and canoes for the fishing, and no small time was required before iron and steel came to them, to fashion their canoes. They gathered the milk weed, and skilfully rotted the stem to get and save the fiber. This was spun into bunches of regular size for trade. It was spun into thread, twine and rope, and woven into various uses, besides making into nets. One use was to weave it into baskets for packing pemican, the finely powdered meat of the Chinook salmon. These baskets, or sacks rather, would hold eighty to ninety pounds of pemmican. They made cloth and mats. For baskets they dug the native willow and used the finer roots, weaving them so closely that they would hold water, a use they were put to. They also used elk grass for making cloth, sacks and baskets, and made very beautiful work.

To live well as a Siwash was no work of a lazy-bones, though no doubt there were some, if not many, lazy ones among them. It is safe to say that the women had not a deal of idle time after performing their regular duties and keeping the house in order. With the men it was something of a task to keep their stock of bows and arrows in good serviceable condition. If we could to-day see a collection of all the wares and utensils that made an Indian household complete three-quarters of a century ago it would form a most valuable addition to any museum the state could possess. There would be plates of horn—they used to set a high value on the heavy head gearing of the mountain sheep, which then frequented the ranges east of the Cascades, and once rather numerous there. Their horns weigh sometimes twenty to thirty pounds, if not more, and were of a plastic nature. By soaking them after some old practice they become very soft, and could be rolled out flat or made into almost any desired shape. They were cut into dishes and plates, and by turning up their edges when soft and then drying carefully in the sun or by fire they were thoroughly hardened. They made horn spoons and cups, but their knives were often works of refined art. I have seen, not longer ago than last year, a flint knife that was as bright and beautiful as when it left the creative hand. The blade was ten or twelve inches long, double edged, finely chipped to give it an edge, and required an expert hand no small time to make it. What became of it I do not know, but it should have been secured for our state museum. There should be a fund provided by appropriation to be used by the secretary of state to pay liberally for every such relic of the past. Native cutlery may have gone back to the stone age, but a collection of flint knives and tools of a century gone would be very well worth the having.

Slavery existed among the Indians though it assumed rather a mild type of the disease. In their occasional wars they took captives as many young people as they could, especially boys, then brought them up to work at some particular trade. Probably much of the regular work was done by these, though the very common result was that these slaves, if they proved valuable citizens, were adopted and then married into the tribes and became to all intents and purposes Multnomahs. It may be as well here as any where to comment on the unhappy fact that in the way of nomenclature our state and your city met with a great loss in the failure to preserve that word Multnomah as the name of our lower Willamette and the name of the city that will be the great metropolis of the northwest coast. Multnomah has such an affluence of sound and the city so well deserves it. But two men who owned the right by some unhappy and mistaken chance to inflict a title on your locality it seems were pondering over the problem of a name. One came from Portland, Maine, and the other chose the name of the place he came from, and after serious doubting they pasted the two names on the sides of a copper cent. The cent was flipped in the air, and when it came down Portland glared on the sight and Portland it was to be. "Hinc illae lachrymae." What's in a name? Indeed there would have been a great deal in baptizing the city of the northwest and the beautiful lower Willamette with the name the river received from the children of Nature who first knew and loved it.

In those days, half a century gone, when the fur company were the only strangers and the aborigines were in full possession, they had not forgotten the ancient customs nor laid aside the religion of their fathers. One great people kept the ocean gateway and held sway along the coast a hundred miles and inland for fifty miles. Above them the Wa-kan-is-sis-ses ruled another wild region, and the Cowlitz tribes held that river and far back, a hundred miles to Mount Rainier. All the beautiful and extensive Willamette valley was held by the Calapooias. There were four nationalities and four distinct languages. At the present time there is a gentleman visiting Oregon from the Smithsonian Institution studying ethnology. He reports already that he has become highly interested in the study of Indian languages, and is astonished at the refined structure of the tongue spoken by the Wascos and the Warm Springs tribes. He says he was given to understand that the tongues spoken by our Indians were crude, simple, and scarce more elaborate than a language of signs. On the contrary he finds it complete and constructed on true principles, a language capable of conveying thought with considerable accuracy and much force. It is not probable that one tongue is strong and the others all

Among the various tribes there was maintained a system of barter and exchange that amounted to a commerce of no small extent. There was a difference between the Indians east and west of the Cascades, and intercourse was not common between the two sections. We have detailed how the Klickitats came into the service of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. It is well enough to bear in mind that the Northwest Fur Company, a rival of the Hudson Bay Company, was the successor to the Astor Company. They afterward combined, but at the time we write of, the Hudson Bay Company had not entered the field. There was no great commerce between the different sections, but we can illustrate by a sketch of life at The Dalles before any whites came to the country, what was the manner of their life and how they traded products and manufactures.

There was a tradition among the Indians when the fur company was first established that The Dalles was a great and general rendezvous for many of the tribes east of the Cascades. It was asserted that from immemorial usage they had gathered there in the height of the fishing season for purposes of exchange and trade. The Wascos were a powerful tribe always, and owned the fisheries. Other bands perhaps had rights to fish there, but the Wascos were inheritors of the adjoining land. The Warm Springs band had a place on the river, so did the Tenins and probably the John Days and Klickitats had immemorial privileges, but other tribes came to trade with these for salmon. This was sometimes dried and smoked whole, being hung to rafters and ridge-poles of their lodges. They must have had houses for the purpose. Besides dried and smoked fish, they put up pemican, which was considered the most valuable. It was salmon meat cleaned of the bones and then pounded fine after being dried, and was packed in hempen sacks of their own make. One of these bags of pemican weighed eighty or ninety pounds, and was worth a horse. There was no question as to the price being a horse, but the difference in horses was a matter of question. Those who came to trade brought such goods as they had to dispose of. The Nez Perces and Cayuses had horses to sell. The Klickitats were famous for the manufacture of war and hunting weapons. They made bows and arrows equal, in their estimation, to our breech-loading guns. The Klamaths always had dried venison and bear meat. They were not confined to these. Skins and robes were in demand, and the big horns of the mountain sheep had value to manufacture into plates and dishes, etc. After the fishing season had progressed so that the Indians had a stock to trade on, then the various tribes began to arrive. They came with ponies loaded, and went away with even heavier loads. There was sharp trading and much bargaining. If there had been whisky in the still to help the orgies the business would have assumed fearful dimensions, but fortunately whisky was not known. They did not need the incentive that would give, for they grew very excited as it was.

Gambling was a native vice they did not have to learn of the whites. At these yearly gatherings they often gambled away every last thing they had. A brave would sometimes come there outfitted with great style, his henchmen would drive there a band of horses, sometimes loaded with cargoes of great value and sometimes this same brave would bravely foot it home if he couldn't borrow a horse to ride on of some one more fortunate than himself. They would gamble off the very shirts on their backs. Horse-racing was another strong feature of these times. There were many men among the Nez Perces and Cayuses who bred horses with as much zeal as do our famous breeders of to-day. They had not only wonderful pride in their stock, but they showed considerable science in breeding them, selecting the finest stallions for the stud and breeding their best mares with great care. The science of horse breeding, and even the true handling of racers on the track, was not all brought across the plains, but was known and practiced here by the Indians we so much deprecate, centuries before our trotters and thoroughbreds came into the arena. Such was the state of trade and commerce among the native races before our day. It is well enough to study the condition of these savages, and that we learn to respect them for industry and perseverance. Their lives were often well ordered, and every month and year brought its routine of duties and labors that imperatively demanded attention. The edict that went forth, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn bread," included the North American Indian. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," included the dwellers on the Columbia and Willamette. It was always an unpleasant fact with the native races that their women were not as chaste as they should be, and it is handed down as a tradition of this annual reunion at The Dalles that all ideas of morality vanished as the riot of gambling and horse-racing became furious. The assemblage of tribes included mostly those living west of the Bitter Root mountains, in what are now Oregon and Washington east of the Cascade range, and part of Idaho.

It has been very unsatisfactory, this effort to give an idea of the condition of the native race upon the advent of the whites. History comes to us in such uncertain guise, there is so little of it. It seems as if there should be plain and abundant information concerning these people, and the searcher after results becomes annoyed and disgusted and turns away. But I cannot turn back, so must do the best I can with what material there is. If we find any errors in the narrative we can correct them afterwards. The ship Columbia came into the river and carried consternation through the whole region. Word was sent far and near that a great canoe had come and was manned by white men who were able to make thunder when they pleased. What we desire to furnish now, preparatory to writing the actual story of 'Pioneer Days' is to show what the condition of Oregon was when the first white man set foot here. The story of the native tribes is so interesting to the student of history that we would like to be able to do it much fuller justice. We can, however, console ourselves with the reflection that the first settlers along the Atlantic seaboard left little more or fuller trace and tradition concerning the Indians of that ocean shore than we shall be able to give of the Indian nations whose homes were in the Pacific northwest a century ago.

The question is often asked and never answered: What sort of religion did these Indian peoples have? At the same time they did have a religion, though it did not amount to a belief. The story of the great spirit of good and the happy hunting grounds belongs to the other side of the Rocky mountains and seems to never have crossed the continental divide. Our Indians believed in evil spirits and were continually trying to exorcise them. People who have lived on Puget sound have witnessed this business carried on in the most painful manner. They set to work to drive this creature of their imagination and of the imaginations of their crafty medicine men who are their spiritual advisers because they claim to be in constant communication with the other world—to drive it or him away from their dwellings. For this purpose whole villages have been known to go through distorted maneuvers too trivial to describe, rattling poles up the openings of their lodges for days and nights together thinking they were working great medicine. Their actions seem too trivial for children's folly, but they do it by advice of those who lead their lives. Over all the continent of North America the idea of "making medicine" prevailed, and some men have had wonderful reputations as 'medicine men.' We cannot afford to follow out this so well worn subject, but take it for granted. The idea of some occult influence that has controlling power over the spiritual and physical world prevails wherever Indians live to-day without having achieved civilized progress. This is their religion and it takes the painful form of fear of evil and evil spirits. All along the coast they believe in the power of these great medicines to kill the soul, and, strange to say, while they have no bodily fear they have the most painful apprehension of the terrors of a lost soul. It is one of the tricks of these 'doctors' to terrorize their victims. If a person is refractory, and does not comply with their demands, they approach in apparent friendliness, and with a quick motion towards the heart, pretend to seize something and put it into a box or bottle. 'There, I have your soul in this little bottle, and shall keep it there, and after so many days, if you continue to disobey my orders, I shall destroy it forever.' This is the most fearful ordeal an Indian can endure. Over on the Sound and Vancouver's island instances are given where persons have been so terrorized as to fall dead with the agony of their fear. This gives the medicine men more reputation than ever. Their superstition enters into everything they do, and they are the prey of designing men.

These Indian doctors prepare themselves for their profession with elaborate incantations, and many singular rites. If there is any lone some spot where nature has experienced some fearful cataclysm, such as the wonderful Crater Lake in Jackson county, that is the spot where they go to meet and combat with spirits and learn the wisdom of the great medicines. It is supposed they encounter supernatural influences and overcome them, and that, as reward, the spirit of all wisdom clothes them with knowledge and power. Then they go forth to combat evil spirits as long as they live. This sort of undefined fear and trembling was all the religion possessed by these tribes. There was no stated worship. The images on the prows of their war canoes were in some sort a representation of the god of war.

In this brief sketch we have shown that the natives were industrious, and pursued a system in providing for their wants. They possessed some graceful and useful arts, and were not the irresponsible outcasts many might suppose. They had some general information that might be called education. Some lines of work that might be called trades. The industrious ones got comparatively rich, and the Multnomahs, or the Wa-kan-is-sis-ses were a prosperous people. The question has been often asked and never answered, that I know of: "What became of this great people and of all the great Indian nations that filled this region with aboriginal prosperity, only half a century ago?" The answer is sadder than a tragedy.

FATE OF THE MULTNOMAHS

Along in those early years, at the very time when all the great nations we have described were rich and prosperous as we have pictured, when their villages numbering thousands by their population, occupied the shores of the lower Willamette and the adjacent Columbia, and their canoes constituting a great and active fleet were gliding swiftly over the friendly waters, and when peace lent all her blessings to make them more happy and more prosperous, there came up from the ocean a trading vessel of American nationality, loaded with goods very desirable for the Indian trade. It was named the "Convoy," commanded by Captain Dominis, a brig that had gone up and down the coast and was returning from a brief voyage to Puget sound when it put in here. It anchored at St. Helens and commenced to trade with the natives, who brought skins and furs game and meats to it from far and near. During this time some of the sailors aboard the brig, gave or bartered to the Indians of a village on Sauvie's island some second hand clothes that were probably infected with the measles. The brig went on its way and never returned to know how death and destruction followed in her wake. One sunny morning there was a prosperous people living all along those shores in their summer villages. They were peculiarly happy in many respects, for though savage born and bred, they had great influence on the world around them and possessed all that their wants required. It is a fair question for doubt if this people were not more happy than the average of their race on this wide continent. The world around held out to them full-handed all they could use. They saw the great ship come up and greeted it with perfect welcome. The whites had ever been their friends and these were also white men. They trafficked and bartered and witnessed the brig's departure with unfeigned regret. Alas, that it had ever come!

The measles broke out among them and their medicine men told them how to treat it. They had such complete confidence in these oracles of destiny as well as judges of physical ills that they never questioned their skill. They were put into their sweat houses naked, and having endured all the steaming heat the human man was capable of, they then, by the same advice, threw themselves headlong into the flow of rivers whose floods were gathered from icy glaciers and winter snows whose sources are eternal. Often congestion seized them and they died then and there, their corses floating downward on the tide as if the spirits intended they should find the "Convoy" that, having betrayed them in life, should convoy them now over the Styx to the other life. It was terrible—it is even now terrible to know that once on a time these peaceful shores were all throbbing with life and hope and before the new moon had grown old, that life and hope was swept from the face of the green earth.

There was a beautiful village on the shore of Sauvie's island, whose inhabitants used to come to Vancouver every day on some pretext or errand. Somehow they did not come there as they used to do. There were other villages whose canoes made frequent journeys along the shores, but very few of them now went to and fro—they made few trips of late. One day some person connected with the fort was going down the Columbia, and concluded to stop at this Multnomah or Wa-kan-is-sis-ses village, to learn how they got on. They had no idea at Vancouver that pestilence had fallen on all those happy people. The lodges stood in place and there was no sign of evil, save that no person, no child, ever came from friendly or curious motives to see them land. The village and many of the villagers were there, but it was a city of the dead. They lay as they had fallen and died, with no one to close the eye or fill the hands, or smooth the tangled locks. There was a tiny babe trying to nurse its dead mother. One woman was alive, and before she died told the story of the rest. There were two little boys found alive, and pains was taken to save them but the only one of all the hundreds of that fair village who survived was a slave boy they had captured in a distant foray into the Umpqua. This lad lived and grew up to be a very useful man about the fort. He was quick and intelligent, and they made much of him, which he appreciated by service that was very useful.

This village may have gone more tragically than did the rest, and the others may not have suffered quite such terrible visitation. There were three villages on Sauvie's island that shared the same untimely end. Of the entire Wa-kan-is-sis-se nation but a few hundreds remained where there had only yesterday been thousands. Ichabod could be written over their doors, "for their glory was departed." Old Kesno, their great chief, was less superstitious than the rest. When he felt the disease upon him, he was carried to the fort and treated by Dr Bailey. The good chief recovered and lived many a day, but the glory of his reign was no longer, for his braves were gone on before.

That terrible pestilence did not spread east of the Cascades, but it went far and near wherever Indians were camped on the waters of western Oregon. Up the Willamette was a place thereafter to become the capital of a great state, where a beautiful city was, some time within half a century, to shelter homes of thousands, even then, when no white man lived there, or near there, it was claimed as Chemeketa, The Old Home, by a large band of Calapooias, who went elsewhere during the summer and autumn months to hunt and fish and gather roots and nuts acorns and berries that made their winter subsistence. These Chemeketas were a happy people and the last of their old race died only lately, old Quinaby by name. He has told me that many years ago they made their home as, by all tradition, had their fathers before them, along the shore below the present town of Salem. One winter the measles broke out among them and they died off so that only a small remnant was left of the hundreds who once wintered there. So the fatal pest, and the as fatalistic treatment, prevailed over a wide region and swept the Indian race from the face of the earth.

Among the traditions handed down by the remaining Indians, is the following, that gives one version of their decease. It seems that in the early times some ship of war came to the Columbia river or some vessel that belonged to the navy and kept up the accustomed discipline and practice. It must have been one of the first ships, for they heard with terror the discharge of the morning and evening gun. They say that their fathers saw a great canoe, with immense wings, that had a great many men on board come over the bar and sail up the river. They had never seen a full rigged ship before and were terrified. At evening this great creature that had vast wings, sent from its sides a loud roar that went rolling and rattling among the hills and mountains and its echoes went up and down all the great streams. From its side where the thunder roared, came a black smoke or vapor that fell on the adjacent waters and spread every where the rivers came from. It went up all the streams, great and small through plains and mountains. Wherever that smoke went it carried death and disease with it to all the Indian tribes and the red man died from off the face of the earth where he had once been numerous prosperous and happy. But the story of the Convoy may be received as true history.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE

A DRAMATIC EPISODE

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Who has not longed at some time in life to trod the boards—in other words, to be an actor. In the language of the historic slogan, not one. I once knew a man who was deaf and dumb, blind, and partly paralyzed. "Surely," thought I, "this man cannot have theatrical aspirations." But when we organized a dramatic society in the sleepy little county seat he was one of the first applicants for admission. He wanted to play the ghost in "Hamlet," and when we told him the shade had to talk a few lines he sighed and wanted to be a court attendant or a ghost's assistant.

We finally concluded to play "Ten Nights in a Bar room," and started to rehearsing under rose-tinted auspices. In less than a week society was convulsed and divided into two factions—one supporting the movement, the other bitterly opposing it. Before the memorable night set for the production of the play came to hand there had been two or three personal encounters, a divorce suit was started, the minister of the Methodist church had been barred out of his pulpit, the rival editors of the country papers had fought a bloodless duel, and one-half of the women refused to speak to or borrow from the other half.

At last the fatal night dawned, as the Irishman said, and the green calico curtains were drawn for act I. It fell to my part to lounge up to the hotel bar and call for a glass of whisky. As I swallowed the glass of imitation liquor an enemy in the audience sang out, "How natural!" The audience tittered, and I became choked with rage. Some of our friends cried 'For shame!' and that gave me heart to proceed with my lines, after a fashion, but the opposers of the performance kept up a running fire of badinage and hisses, and when the curtains were drawn on the first act half the ladies were in tears and two of the actors were outside, fighting a gang of hoodlums. Some of the young ladies were putting on their wraps and declaring they were going home, but we prevailed upon them to remain and tough it out.

After a long delay the curtains were again drawn, and the star started in for the great delirium tremens act. "Go it, Muggins, you're natural as life." "Thought you had reformed!" "Who trusted you for the whisky?" These and a score of similar cries greeted his acting. At last outraged patience rebelled, and, advancing to the footlights he poured a round of abuse upon the offenders. At first his anger commanded respect, but sweat poured from him in rivulets, and the paint on his face became streaked like a barber's pole. That set the audience laughing. Up and down the stage the infuriated actor pranced until the people in front fairly shrieked with mirth. And he did present a ludicrous appearance. Even the members of the company caught the infection and joined in the wild roar of laughter that filled the little hall. His face had the appearance of a freshly grained piece of wood, his wig had fallen from his head and dangled down his back, and the rags that formed the raiment of the poor inebriate became loosened and either fell to the stage or dangled after him in his mad prances. Finally a daring hoodlum threw an egg at him. The aim was perfect, and the fragile missile struck the wild star directly between the eyes. This was ignominy too great for mortal, and uttering a frantic "wow" he jumped into the midst of the audience. Blinded with rage and egg he fought his way furiously towards the door. Then followed a scene that beggars description. Men swore, women shrieked, babies cried and screamed, and above it all were heard the painful pantings of the maddened actor. Vain were all efforts to seize him. He knocked men about like so many wooden images. In a few minutes he fought his way to the entrance, and looking neither to the right nor the left fled down the village street, clad only in his under garments and a coat of paint and egg. It was bright moonlight, and he created the greatest sensation that the town had known in years. Up went windows with a bang, and out came inquisitive heads. The star never stopped to answer their questions but made straight for the mill pond and plunged into its chilly waters. I believe he actually contemplated suicide, but the water was too shallow and the night-watchman soon succeeded in pulling him out and putting him to bed.

In the confusion the door receipts ($11 50) became scattered about the floor and were soon seized by small boys. This caused another wild scramble, that ended only when there were no more dimes to fight for.

Of course the performance came to an abrupt end. The curtains were closely drawn, the odious costumes were cast aside, and the actresses, tearful and hysterical, were taken home.

It was a long time before the affair blew over—not, in fact, until it had provoked numerous fights and feuds—but in time all bad feeling faded away, and eventually some of the young people plucked up courage and succeeded in giving 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' with flattering success.

N. W. DEE.

THE MINISTER TO DENMARK

Prof Anderson's Literary Work and Plans for the Future

Prof Rasmus B Anderson, of Madison, the newly appointed minister to Denmark, was in the city yesterday. Before leaving Madison, he had received a large number of congratulatory dispatches from friends in Washington and different parts of the state, and when he reached Milwaukee many of his friends in this city took occasion personally to express their pleasure at his appointment. He has long been a personal friend of Postmaster General Vilas and the latter has frequently said that Prof Anderson ought to go abroad to pursue his literary studies, little thinking that he would be the means of enabling the professor to carry out this cherished hope. A short time ago a mutual friend asked Prof Anderson which mission he would choose, that at Stockholm or that at Copenhagen, if he had his choice, and he replied, 'Copenhagen.' He preferred the Danish capital because it is the seat of the university and because of its library, art gallery, and the other superior facilities which it offered him in his chosen literary pursuits. He did not know at the time that the salary attached to the Stockholm mission was $2000 more than the Danish minister receives, but he is not inclined to express very great regret on that account. He expects to leave for his new field of labor within a few weeks, although he is not yet able to fix the date definitely, and his family will not join him in Copenhagen for some time. He has no thought of making his residence abroad permanent, and will not dispose of his pleasant home in Madison.

Many years ago Professor Anderson was an apple peddler in Milwaukee, and among his customers then was Alexander Mitchell, who conceived a warm affection for the boy, which has not been dimmed by time. It was from Mr Mitchell that Professor Anderson received one of the first of the many congratulatory messages that have been sent him since his nomination by President Cleveland as minister to Denmark. Professor Anderson received his education entirely by his own efforts. For many years he has been a regular contributor to literary periodicals, and because of his translations of leading Scandinavian authors and his works on Norse mythology and literature he has been called "The father of Norse literature in America," and his name has become a household word among all American Scandinavians. He has been as successful in business as in literature, and as a general supervising agent of a leading life insurance company, since his retirement from the university faculty, has evinced great business ability and capacity. Without neglecting his official duties he expects to find time during his residence at Copenhagen to continue his study of early Norse history, and says that he hopes to introduce to the English reading public some young Scandinavian writers who are now unknown to fame outside of their own country. He has several literary works projected or partially completed, and some of these will no doubt finish during his residence abroad.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Joseph Hatton Dilates on Henry Irving and his American Tour

A Rhapsody on English Weather—Premier Gladstone's Weak Policy and its Results. Success of Gilbert and Sullivan's Latest Opera.

[Regular Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]
LONDON, April 1, 1885.

When you read this letter you will have parted with Henry Irving, and he has assured me that he shall never make another professional tour in America. "I mean to visit the United States again, but not to act. I am as you know, perfectly sincere in telling my American friends that this is my final decision." If I have any influence with Mr Irving I shall one day induce him to 'make holiday' in the United States in such a way that he could utilize his time, and have all the enjoyment of easy and pleasant travel. He is not the man to "take a vacation" such as is necessary for a proper trip through the United States. His training and career belong to action as much as to reverie and contemplation. He is, indeed, essentially a man of action. His genius requires expression, deeds, results. He could no more lounge through a three months' tour without doing some real work than he could be induced, even to think of so long a holiday. America does not yet know how great a reader and reciter Irving is. And Miss Ellen Terry does not know what remarkable work she could do in that direction. Irving knows of what he is capable because he has done it. The public can realize what Miss Terry might accomplish because they have seen her Ophelia and her Beatrice. I hope some day that Mr Irving and Miss Terry together may listen to the suggestion contained in his letter, namely, that they will (say two or three years hence), make a reading tour of the world, beginning with New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Boston, and working their way south and west to San Francisco, and so "round the world and home again." They could give one or two dialogues with music, and they might even dress some of their scenes; then each could present individual examples of recitation, and the entertainment would be unique, especially if it included some of the new character studies which Irving will exhibit on the Lyceum stage within the next few years. I repeat that neither America nor England has yet seen what Irving can do as an individual entertainer—reader, reciter, lecturer; and it is a faint hope, but I entertain it, that when he begins to think of a real long holiday and rest from management, he will act on the ideas I am propounding to you, and that I may once again be the companion of his travels.

You only know a man, they say, when you have made a sea voyage with him. It has been my lot to have had this special experience of Irving, and to have seen him under all kinds of circumstances, and he has always been the same good fellow that he is to-day. I like to say this now because I feel that the American people know it is true. No Englishman could go to the United States and live there as Irving has done for something like sixteen months or two years, and not be found out. America's perceptive faculties are very quick, and though she will open her heart and her pocket to honor a distinguished stranger on his first visit, she requires that he should work up to the high standard she gives him, that he shall meet all the heavy draughts she draws upon his character and abilities. She can't be deceived by puffery or by taffy; she must have a real steady proof of the genius, the capacity, the nobility of nature she has counted upon and paid for in her generous hospitality. It is the second and third visits that are the true tests of her regard, the verdict comes after courtesy, first welcome and hospitality,—then to show that you are worthy. No man in my time has fulfilled all the American requirements more completely than Irving; no man has been more thoroughly endorsed. It began last year on his second visit to Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. It has culminated this year in his second visit to America, and in this third and fourth visits to the great cities, and nothing has tried and proved his position at home so entirely as his absence in America. Except in his own theater Shakespeare has failed in London during his absence, and theatrical and dramatic art has shown such signs of deterioration that even his friends have not until now realized how important a factor he is in current art. I feel a little personal pride myself in Irving's American success, having predicted it long before he had seriously listened to proposals for his appearance in the United States, having been a sympathetic spectator of his transatlantic course, and shared with him the pleasure of placing the history of it on record. Henry Irving's "Impressions of America" only professed to find together the chronicles of a unique experience; the work was more or less journalistic and altogether personal, intended to be what it will ever remain, a reliable and remarkable record of a most unique experience. A hundred years hence, when critics and others are discussing the art of the theater and the international aspects of "the profession," they will quote the 'Impressions' as the one authoritative book upon the subject, and the volume will be all the more relied upon for the reason that the authors soared, shall I say, above authorship proper—or fell below its level, if it is more modest on my part to put the point thus—contenting themselves with a mere record—and wherever opportunity offered making the record perfect and beyond question by quotations from the public press, and by perpetuating in many cases the names of the witnesses of Irving's successes, the receptions they gave him, the speeches they made and his replies thereto.

I hardly know how or why I have drifted into these commentaries on a book in which I am personally so much interested, but I feel inclined to drift in this letter. Have you ever lain in a boat on a sunny day and let her drift, taking no account of time, only listening to the music at her bow, and looking up into the sky? That is how I feel about this letter and I am thinking of a dreamy day on the Hudson and of another dreamy day on the shore of Long Island. Not that the weather in London at the moment is inspiring; for right in the midst of spring we have had a return of winter; indeed we are having more of winter this week than we have had all this season, and yet, so remarkable is this climate, that the trees are green with buds, and the gardens bright with spring flowers. Two days ago we had a snow storm, and while I write I look upon a small garden in which yellow crocuses are blooming above the winter's carpet, and tulips are thrusting forth their summer buds. And I am thinking how green and radiant the country will be when Irving and his company catch their first return glimpses of it, seeing that they will leave America before your first beams of summer have wiped out the winter's wrack and slush. [Mr Hatton evidently confounds our climate with that of the Atlantic coast.—Ed.] Your spring and the English spring. Our trees have been budding for over a month and they go on gradually getting green and leafy, until May when the thorn will be in blossom, the lilacs and laburnums in full bloom, the chestnuts all aglow and spring at the height of her glory; then follows summer with her roses and autumn with her chrysanthemums. On the other hand, the American summer is in her full radiance, ere you can say it is spring. Your climate is eminently characteristic of your people and institutions; your progress is quick, changes strongly marked, your public opinion hot and noisy; you do not rest and think, you do not lie in a boat and drift; whereas our changes are slow and sometimes eccentric; our spring begins almost with your winter, and creeps slowly along from a mere suggestion of sap and brown buds to the young and tender leaf, winter stepping in now and then to lay upon nature an icy and retarding hand. With you summer comes at a bound, leaps into life, you can almost see the leaves grow, the flowers bud and bloom; and your winter drops down like an avalanche, sudden and fierce; but we have only once in a decade anything so lovely as your fall, your golden summer with its level temperature, its poetic haze, its golden foliage. The first letters which I received last year from the Irving travelers were full of enthusiastic expressions of surprise and delight with the Canadian and American maples, oaks and sumachs. While I let myself drift along I cannot help thinking of all that has passed in this country and in connection with its government and people since Irving left London on his second and last acting tour in America.

I have more than once forecast the political situation, and done so with an accuracy that almost surprises me now that I stand in the midst of the painful realization of my predictions of bloodshed and disaster. The ruling people in England have been the English ministers. The least intelligent student of the times could see what must inevitably happen and everybody has more or less forecast what has occurred and what is occurring. I therefore take no credit to myself in this thing, since fools in the street have been wiser and more far-seeing than the cabinet, and the veriest tyro in diplomacy and government has been ahead of Mr. Gladstone, whose blindness and vanity have led England to the edge of a precipice over which she would go headlong but for the check of public opinion. If Gladstone lives long enough he will yet fulfill the saying of Lord Palmerston that he would either die in a lunatic asylum or live to ruin his country.

Mr Ashmead Bartlett, member of parliament for Eye, is not always wise or discreet in his public utterances but he has given the Russo-Afghan question very close and deep attention and during the past two years has been continually drawing attention to the advance of Russia in Central Asia. He reminds me now that in 1878 Mr Gladstone and the duke of Argyll refused the ameer, Shere Ali, the alliance he begged for, and by their inapt refusal drove him into the arms of Russia. "That blind and craven abnegation of duty rendered the Afghan war of 1878 inevitable," and Mr Ashmead Bartlett contends that a similar piece of folly is now being enacted by the present government. 'How long will Abdurrahman and his shrewd chief lamb maintain the British alliance when they find Mr Gladstone's cabinet again backing down before the legions of the great white czar? They will make terms with Russia, as Shere Ali was forced to do—and then the deluge." An alliance offensive and defensive between Russia and Afghanistan would without doubt be a very serious business for England and for India. How one is forced to look back to the wise policy of Lord Beaconsfield when one is contemplating the feeble optimism of his successor! If Mr Gladstone had not sacrificed his country to his jealous hatred of Beaconsfield, the tory settlement in Afghanistan would have been maintained; we should have had a railway to Candahar and a garrison there, and Russia would have thought of Herat as really, for this generation, outside of the pale of her advance. But Lord Beaconsfield is dead and Gladstone rules in England. He takes affairs so easily that one wonders if there is such a place as Afghanistan at all. Neither he nor his ministers knew whether the Russians were in its boundaries when they ordered them back. The Russians did, and told them they had not crossed the frontier. "Then stay where you are until we find out," was the English reply. And so they stayed, and we were thus saved a great war provoked and entered upon as if it were no more than a tea fight. Once or twice lately I have asked myself if the entire business is not after all a put up job, a scare, a game of speculation rather than a real international difficulty.

It is most certain that some great officials have made money out of the situation. I do not say there has not been trouble, and may be war, but St. Petersburg, London and Berlin have made millions of pounds out of alarming telegrams and false reports. Who is the richer for the commotion? We shall never know, of course. If one could only get at the names of the tea speculators the list would considerably astonish the public. It is evident that Mr Gladstone's government do not believe in the danger or possibility of an encounter between England and Russia. They are making no preparation for it. The war ships they undertook to order last December have actually been reduced in number during this present month of March. At the same time they promise us much. They believe and hope that for the present the Russian difficulty is settled, yet they assure us they will not relax their efforts to prepare for the worst. The *Pall Mall Gazette* draws a gloomy picture of the situation and gives some startling facts and figures about the inefficiency of the navy and the insincerity of the government. My contemporary charges Sir Thomas Brassey with directly misrepresenting the true position of things and the ministry with a breach of faith. Instead of preparing for war, they are doing far less to-day in that direction than they promised in December before "the scare" began. Surely, then, it must be a scare, a betting scheme, a game at financial pitch and toss. It cannot be a real international difficulty, otherwise the sober facts of English government in these days take all the humor out of Alice's 'Wonderland.'

While we are drifting, England possibly upon the rocks of a great war, you and I in our imaginary boat, let me recall some of the artistic, literary and theatrical events of the time. Gilbert and Sullivan have made a genuine success with 'The Mikado,' which is probably being played and sung ere this in America. It is sure to be liked on your side. The Japanese costumes and scenes will take you, and the music is "very catching." I could not help hearing the following conversation in the Savoy stalls on the first night of 'The Mikado.' "Oh, yes, Gilbert's libretto is always so much better than the music," said madame. "You think so?" replied her neighbor. "Do you know Mr Gilbert?" "I have only met him once, but I thought him charming, so genial and pleasant, and altogether without the airs some authors put on." "Yes," responded the neighbor, "but I don't think he would be much without the airs that Sullivan puts on." The curtain went up on the second act, and the conversation was interrupted. I noticed that the two ladies did not speak to each other again. For my own part I think the repartee was hardly deserved in respect of 'The Mikado.' Parts of the book are simply drivel, it is true; but some of the numbers are quite worthy of the deserved fame of "The Bab Ballads." As a whole the libretto lends itself artistically to the musician, and the collaboration is quite as perfect and harmonious a partnership as could be desired. I think the "three little maids" carry off the acting honors of the new opera. Mr Grossmith will do more with his part by and by. It gives him fewer opportunities for fun than he has in some of the other pieces, to the success of which he has so greatly contributed. Mr Barrington and Mr Temple are both admirably fitted. Seeing that Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan have held the stage for so many years, they could not have been surprised at predictions of a cessation of their popularity. They have done so much for the theater in the direction of wholesome entertainment that it is a pleasure to note in "The Mikado" every promise of a long and prosperous run. "The Magistrate," a farcical comedy by Pinero, is a great and deserved success at the Court theater. It has all the fun of a French piece without any of the French nastiness. The princess of Wales and the duchess of Edinburg and the princess' eldest son were present on the first night, and they were among the most hilarious of the spectators. The play went with a roar of laughter from first to last. The duke and duchess of Edinburg were in a box on the first night of "The Mikado," and, indeed, one meets them almost everywhere, and yet it is Lent, is it not? The attempt to establish purely American concerts in London is meeting with fair success. If the very best artists only were employed the scheme would soon become popular. Mr Furlong, the American vocalist, gave a reception at his rooms in London one day this week, prior to sailing for America. He is quite an Admirable Crichton. He showed some clever landscapes he had painted, he sang his own compositions, and recitations were given by a visitor from his own book of poems. A little English girl astonished everybody by the declamation of "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr Furlong has gone to Boston, but returns to London for the May and June concerts. 'The Hunchback' at the Lyceum, will be withdrawn at the end of this week. "As You Like It," at the St. James, is a disastrous failure, so also is Lytton's "Junius," at the Princess'. "The Private Secretary" still runs along to good business. 'The Candidate' holds its own, and "The Magistrate" is likely to prove as popular an entertainment as 'The Private Secretary.'

If ever you see the Milton picture by your American artist, Boughton, you will regret that the musician in the group has ceased playing. If in those old days our modern method of catching and corking up sounds had been invented, what a delightful and strange thing it would be now to turn out the music which the arrival of Mr Marvel interrupted at the dear old house in Bunhill fields. Cut this paragraph out and keep it until you see the picture. There is no prize attached. This paragraph is not a coupon. You can not get a share in the picture for it, or any nonsense of that kind. But it will suggest thoughts to you. Not that I consider this warning about coupons necessary. It is only intended to emphasize the practice just now in vogue among certain newspaper and magazine publishers who are spending many thousands of pounds in advertising "gifts" to those who will buy their wares. An American speculator is the leading man in this new business. He has spent, they say, $25,000 in advertising, $80,000, and $60,000 worth of presents to persons who will subscribe for one year to a new publication which is said to be worth more than is asked for it apart from the chances of prizes that include cash prizes, diamonds, pianos, organs and all manner of wonderful things. There is a law against lotteries, and when M. Mortimer of the *Figaro*, tried to introduce the coupon idea the authorities stopped him. He was an American and presumably did not understand the English law, but the new operator is also an American. Supposing he should be stopped after he has collected the subscription funds? In that case I suppose he would return the money. That would however be rather awkward for him, seeing how much he is spending and has spent in advertising the fortune he is prepared to give away. I wonder how the editor of a publication feels in regard to the circulation he has obtained, not through the merits of the paper, but from the number of cash presents and other wild inducements that have been offered by the publisher.

Several new journals have appeared, and are about to enter the lists with established journals. The *Dramatic Review* lasted two weeks as a Sunday paper and then changed its day. The *Magpie* died in a few months. Mortimer tried to do a Sunday *Figaro*, and Sunday is more and more difficult, it seems, as a newspaper day. The news trade obstruct new journals, and all the best dealers insist on closing their business. There are only three real Sunday papers in London, [illegible] and the *Age*. I have an [illegible] it is a curious illustration [illegible] that some of these American [illegible] old) are successfully reprinted [illegible] are also largely quoted, more [illegible] provincial press. Now, the [illegible] published a Friday edition, [illegible] the purpose of merging the [illegible] the weekly for, though it [illegible] only two weeks, it has already [illegible] day circulation! We are truly a [illegible] people, and don't want Sunday [illegible] the *Referee* has found it [illegible] Monday edition.

These facts in regard to English [illegible] will interest you because the [illegible] pers of America are the best [illegible] and the most original and in [illegible] the world. The *Globe* proprietor [illegible] issued a Sunday edition of [illegible] *ple*. They gave $5000 for Zola's [illegible] it will be followed by a new [illegible] for which they have paid a [illegible]

JOSEPH [illegible]

NEWS OF THE NORTH [illegible]

WASHINGTON.

There are now 161 patients [illegible] asylum at Steilacoom.

Stetson & Post's mill at Seattle [illegible] at once on a larger scale than ever.

Some new arrivals from [illegible] of establishing a foundry in [illegible]

It is said that millions of [illegible] down from the mountains [illegible] Kittitas valley.

About 10,000 head of cattle [illegible] been sold in the Yakima range [illegible] ers for $19 a head.

North Yakima now has two [illegible] the third, the *Signal*, is now [illegible] the old town to the new.

The residence of William Hackett, [illegible] valley, Yakima county, was [illegible] last week. Loss, $1000, no insurance.

Forest fires are said to be [illegible] sack river, in Whatcom county, [illegible] tion of fences and to the [illegible] other improvements.

A huge ledge of marble has [illegible] Spokane Falls. The croppings [illegible] entire side of a high mountain, [illegible] near Fort Spokane, nearly [illegible] city. There are four varieties of [illegible] taken out—the black, the [illegible] white, the orange white and the [illegible]

The census roll of Wahkiakum [illegible] for the year 1885, has been [illegible] assessor, and shows the population [illegible] to be 1365, (a gain of 357 over [illegible] 800 are males and 565 are females, [illegible] persons and 250 single over the age [illegible] 355 male and 117 female voters; [illegible] cannot read and 6 persons [illegible] that are over 15 years of age.

Walla Walla fruit growers [illegible] earliest strawberries were [illegible] frost, but the late varieties promise [illegible] yield. Most of the blackberries [illegible] killed. Raspberry bushes are in [illegible] the yield will probably be very [illegible] quantity of peaches than was [illegible] raised, mostly all on limbs next to [illegible]

The Oregon Improvement Company [illegible] contracted with the Baltimore Car [illegible] pany for the construction of a [illegible] solidated type Baldwin freight [illegible] eight driving wheels, straight [illegible] extended smoke-box and all the [illegible] ments, for use on the Cedar river [illegible] This engine will have 7500 pounds [illegible] each driver, and is guaranteed to [illegible] up a 66 foot grade. Taking this [illegible] will be able to haul a train of [illegible] empty cars up to the Franklin [illegible] into town all the cars that can [illegible] The contract calls for the delivery [illegible] at Seattle by June 1.

Wednesday afternoon two Indians [illegible] dead body of a woman into the [illegible] First ward. The Indians reported [illegible] found the body of the woman [illegible] boat on the shore of the Sound [illegible] ance, about five or six miles from [illegible] has been identified as Mrs. George [illegible] seems that about noon on Tuesday [illegible] land and Mrs Wallace started for [illegible] Whollachet bay in the steamer Cuba [illegible] to Williams' canning factory. The [illegible] so strong the crew of the Cuba [illegible] any further than Point Defiance. [illegible] the steamer at this place, taking [illegible] which was in tow, and pulling [illegible] ed to wait until the wind subsided [illegible] posed that they afterwards attempted [illegible] home and were overturned. The [illegible] McClelland has not been found yet, [illegible] little hope of his safety, as the [illegible] was found within about thirty feet [illegible] man. George Wallace, the husband [illegible] gon, where he went on Wednesday [illegible] *Tacoma Ledger*

MONTANA.

A. C. Kies's sawmill at [illegible] stroyed by fire on the evening of [illegible] Loss $3000.

The Butte opera house will be [illegible] shortly and will be opened next [illegible] ame Janauschek.

The telephone company now has [illegible] phones in operation in Butte city. [illegible] the silver city eighteen on that [illegible]

A 20-stall roundhouse is to be [illegible] Missoula this summer by the [illegible] Pacific, also, large repairing [illegible] shops.

The Drum Lummond 30-stamp mill [illegible] $82,320 during the month of [illegible] the biggest run ever made by the [illegible] $30,000.

The Alice company at Butte paid off [illegible] April 11th. Their pay roll and [illegible] for freight, salt, etc., reached the [illegible] of $52,500.

Milo Clark & Co., who drove in [illegible] from California last year and wintered them on Sun river, lost only forty [illegible] the past winter.

Travel between Butte and Anaconda has increased so greatly that the Utah & [illegible] folks have concluded to put on [illegible] the Anaconda passengers. The [illegible] Aanaconda and brought back to Butte [illegible] train from Garrison.

A dead man was found near [illegible] county, a few days ago. He had [illegible] dead about a year, as but little [illegible] left of him. From his clothing he [illegible] fied as a Scandinavian who was [illegible] last year. The last seen of him [illegible] year ago, and at that time he was [illegible] ing around from one settlement to [illegible] probably wandered into the hills and [illegible]

OREGON.

Quails are reported as very [illegible] Coos river ranches.

The stave mill at Marshfield [illegible] 1000 nail kegs per day.

The Albany *Bulletin*, a new [illegible] newspaper, has made its appearance.

A reward of $100 has been offered [illegible] covery of the body of Frank [illegible] Harrisburg last Sunday.

Most fruit is now out of the [illegible] There will in all probability be [illegible] in the Willamette valley this year.

There remains unsold in the [illegible] Albany between 50,000 and 75,000 [illegible] wheat. The rise in the price [illegible] added several thousand dollars to the [illegible] Linn county farmers.

Major James Bruce and G. B. [illegible] Corvallis, received last Saturday [illegible] the thoroughbred Angus cattle, [illegible] one, two and three-year olds, [illegible] They came from Indianapolis, [illegible]

IDAHO.

The Shoshone railroad shops [illegible] ment to 125 men.

The gold miners on Snake river [illegible] new kind of machine for [illegible] which proves very successful.

The Queen of the Hills Company [illegible] has closed a contract with the [illegible] works at Denver, by which the [illegible] the total output for 1885, [illegible] rates to be shipped by the Union [illegible]

There is a quite a rush to [illegible] Lava creek, over 100 persons [illegible] ready. The ledges have [illegible] and are easily got at. The [illegible] more ore in sight than the [illegible] Queen of the Hills together. [illegible] mine adjoining, is just as good [illegible] tension, also the Last Chance [illegible] ore brought in by the proprietors [illegible] most incredible percentage of [illegible] can be cut with a knife. [illegible] pounds shown the reporter [illegible] 000 per ton, or $5 per pound.—

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Five thousand men are on a [illegible] end of the Canadian Pacific [illegible] account of the syndicate not [illegible]

In the Cariboo district nearly [illegible] wheat has been destroyed by frost [illegible] mers are busy putting in other [illegible] wheat.

Louis Gilbait, a half-breed, [illegible] badly that death ensued the next [illegible] loops last week. He had been [illegible] spree and fell into his camp fire [illegible]

Work on the Canadian Pacific [illegible] favorably east of the Kamloops [illegible] Bray tunnels is about finished [illegible] tunnels are all completed [illegible] stopped for want of ties, [illegible] Shuswap lake.

NEW YORK NOTES.

agues Relates an Unpublished Incident of General Grant's History.

t Means of the General's Family—Personal Gossip Concerning Henry Irving and Ellen Terry—Theatrical Notes.

gular Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]
NEW YORK, April 12, 1885.

ever in the history of the metropolis was [illegible] sentiment at one to the same extent as [illegible] which has gone out from all hearts toward dying chieftain in his last hours. The eyes the nation are turned in sorrow toward that toric sick room in East Sixty-sixth street, it is no exaggeration to say that the city of neral Grant's adoption has, for the past week, on every official bulletin as to the grim hero's condition with an anxiety unparalleled in the history of any community. Roscoe kling and Clarence Seward have had charge the legal affairs of General Grant since the lure of Grant & Ward, and have been hard work trying to put his affairs in some sort of lligible shape before his death. A day or o ago I met a gentleman connected with Mr. ard's office. Both Mr Conkling and Mr. ard are very reticent as to what they have ne to bring some sort of order out of almost chaos, but this gentleman, who is in a ition to know what he is talking about, tells that confession of judgment was made by neral Grant to William H. Vanderbilt for a dred and fifty thousand dollars, advanced to by the railroad king and interest, a month ust before the public knew anything about It was only through the filing of the official uments in the case with the New York nty clerk that the matter got out at last. ording to this authority the government of United States is to-day the actual owner of of General Grant's personal property, priceless because of historical association. The general at the close of his life simply holds all his uable trophies, presents, etc., as the trustee the government. Formal documents to this ect have been made out and are already filed h the proper authorities. Knowing that this ndly arrangement with Vanderbilt, which er all simply carries into effect before his th what General Grant intended should be e after he had passed away, viz: That the ion should become the possessor of the mal relics of his greatness as well as the heir the splendor of his military fame, and owing that this was intended to save personal property from the host of ngry creditors of Grant & Ward, I ed my informant from Mr Seward's office if y suits had been commenced against General Grant arising out of the collapse of his disastrous Wall street venture. He said that there re literally "stacks of them," which in the ural order of things, would never come to t, for there was now nothing for the credito get. Still, while the arrangement with nderbilt was pending, they kept coming into office, and there were already preliminary al papers enough in re Grant to fill an ordiy sized bookcase. Certainly if Vanderbilt not dropped in to save the personal property of the general, the country would possibly e been treated to the humiliating spectacle of great soldier's effects, gathered from all ts of the world under the hammer of the tioneer. It is equally certain that it was this sideration, and not any personal advantage himself or the members of his family, that uced General Grant to reconsider his demination not to accept Mr Vanderbilt's magnimous offer of a quit claim on condition the torical effects should go to the government.

he saddest incident in the history of General nt's financial misfortunes has never appeared print until now, and as I stated above it es to me on undisputed authority from laws. When the general returned from his trip und the world and decided to make New k his place of residence for the future, a mber of leading citizens of the metropolis scribed a hundred thousand dollars to buy a se for him. After looking the ground over brown stone structure on East Sixty-sixth et, between Madison and Fifth avenues was cided upon as in every respect eligible. e price, too, was within the amount subibed—a hundred thousand dollars, but when donors came to purchase the property they nd there was a mortgage for $60,000 upon hich the holder was not willing to yield. He was entirely satisfied with his rest of some 6 per cent. and it was deterned to pay $40,000 in cash and asne the mortgage. This was done, and the aining $60,000 was turned over to Mrs. ant, the property having been purchased in name. It was decided to let the mortgage pire by the limitation of its own terms, and en it fell due to meet it. Meantime the $60,000 was invested by Mrs Grant at the current e of interest, and the family moved into their w home in the city of their adoption. When general got into the firm of Grant & Ward, d became dazed by the vista of financial possibilities which opened up to his unsophisticated s in Wall street, a family council was called, d it was deemed advisable to invest Mrs. nt's $60,000 in Wall street enterprises, which head of the household fondly believed were ying magnificent and legitimate interest. y should $60,000 be allowed to draw a begly rate of 5 or 6 per cent., when it might t as well be turning over 15 or 20 per cent. the street. The $60,000 that was clear the mortgage on the Grant home on t Sixty-sixth street was invested with Grant Ward and it was swept away with the rest. s the Grants are, in one sense merely tens of the house in which they live, and all bee the original holder of the mortgage ught he had too good an investment to let go when Mrs. Grant had the money to wipe it It is said that his loss brought to the door his family by his confidence in the scoundrel rd, embitter the dying hours of the ex-presit more than all his other misfortunes, and t the engulfing of his wife's property, some t in the west, which he had given to her rs ago cost him the most acute mental agony ile the cancer is eating its way slowly but ely into his shattered frame. A prominent sician told me a few days ago that a year d a half is the period of an epithelial cancer, h as that which attacked General Grant, and es have been known to run five years before th supervened, but General Grant's low sical condition consequent upon the break of his leg favored the rapid development of disease and the mental trouble that followed the frightful catastrophe of last summer, d his anxiety regarding the bill to place him the retired list of the army so made it ate.

General Grant's sources of revenue of late ve been the interest on the quarter of a mil of dollars subscribed for him and safely ested by a board of trustees, and his pay as a ired general of the army. Colonel Fred nt, the eldest son, has [illegible] dollar. All had went up with the Grant & Ward bubble. uck Grant (Ulysses S., Jr.) the son in law of Senator Chaffee, is not likely to want, although the latter was heavily hit by Ward's operations. Young Jesse Grant is practically penless. Nellie—Mrs. Sartoris, the general's favorite child—is well off as a member of a good wealthy English family. And [illegible] this that general [illegible] dispose as he pleases of the d held in trust for him by men who feared his trustful nature would be a rich mine sharpers and with the sagacity of prophets ose gift came from experience with Wall reet sharks, wisely put it beyond his reach, d the picture of the financial condition of the is complete. It might have been worse [illegible] but the fact remains which no doubt has unted the dying bed of the hero that, on the ength of his name [illegible] had their illies [illegible] swept away for whom and for whose [illegible] the name of Grant, however loyal they may be to the memory of one of greatest of Americans, will always have a d significance.

Henry Irving and his company have left us good and all, and when the celebrated English actor stepped on board the Arizona on Tuesday morning with Miss Ellen Terry on his arm carried about his clothes the snug sum of 5,000 as the net result of his personal tour in is country and he got a right royal send-off, th the usual accompaniments of flowers, etc., om a gay and richly-dressed crowd that ronged the Cunard deck. A theatrical agent d me the other night that Irving had in all me seventy people with him, including supes, about whom by the way, there is a ld superstition in some minds to the effect at they are Oxford and Cambridge graduates mafii, who wanted to do "the states" eaply and enlisted for Irving's war on the merican purse that his expenses were enorous, and that when you came to cipher it t he really netted nothing but glory for mself and triumph for art. My friend was a tle out as to the size of the Irving contin, but he forgot that the manager ple at the London Lyceum theater paid his ople at English rates, which made a difference in his expenses. There is a ther connected with Irving's visits to this ntry, which, as it is the talk of the clubs and theatrical circles, and as Mr. Irving and Miss ers in London, the *Observer*, the *Referee* [illegible] *Age*. I have an interest in the *Age*, [illegible] curious illustration of London [illegible] one of these American letters (a [illegible] successfully reprinted in the *Age*. [illegible] largely quoted, more particularly in the [illegible] ial press. Now, the *Age* has [illegible] ed a Friday edition, and it is to [illegible] pose of merging the Sunday paper [illegible] kly for, though it has been started [illegible] o weeks, it has already beaten the Sun[illegible] ulation! We are truly a conservative [illegible] and don't want Sunday papers. [illegible] *feree* has found it necessary to [illegible] edition

facts in regard to English journalism [illegible] interest you because the Sunday newspapers [illegible] America are the best issues of the week, most original and interesting papers [illegible] ld The *Globe* proprietors have recently [illegible] Sunday edition of their weekly the [illegible] ney gave $5000 for Zola's last story, [illegible] e followed by a new novel by "Ouida," [illegible] ch they have paid a similar sum.

JOSEPH HATTON.

WS OF THE NORTHWEST.

WASHINGTON

e are now 161 patients in the insane [illegible] at Steilacoom

on & Post's mill at Seattle is to be rebuilt on a larger scale than ever

new arrivals from Tennessee are talking [illegible] lishing a foundry in Spokane Falls.

said that millions of crickets are coming from the mountains into the west side of [illegible] valley

t 10,000 head of cattle have recently [illegible] ld in the Yakima range to Montana buyers [illegible] $19 a head

a Yakima now has two newspapers [illegible] d, the *Signal*, is now on its way from [illegible] town to the new

residence of William Hackett, in Attanum, Yakima county, was accidentally burned [illegible] ek. Loss, $1000, no insurance

t fires are said to be raging on the Nooksack [illegible] er, in Whatcom county, to the destruction [illegible] fences and to the danger of burning improvements

ge ledge of marble has been found [illegible] e Falls. The croppings cover almost [illegible] side of a high mountain, and is situated [illegible] ort Spokane, nearly due west from [illegible]. There are four varieties of marble already [illegible] ut—the black, the variegated blue and the orange white and the pure white.

census roll of Wahkiakum county, W. T., [illegible] year 1885, has been completed by the [illegible] r, and shows the population of the county [illegible] 365, (a gain of 357 over 1883), of which [illegible] males and 565 are females, 395 married [illegible] s and 250 single over the age of 21 years; [illegible] le and 117 female voters 4 persons that [illegible] read and 5 persons that cannot write [illegible] s over 15 years of age

a Walla fruit growers report that the strawberries were somewhat injured [illegible] ut the late varieties promise a bountiful [illegible] Most of the blackberries were winter-[illegible] Raspberry bushes are in fine order and [illegible] ld will probably be very large. A greater [illegible] y of peaches than was expected will be [illegible] mostly all on limbs next to the ground.

Oregon Improvement Company recently [illegible] ted with the Baltimore Car Works Company [illegible] or the construction of a thirty ton [illegible] ed type Baldwin freight engine, with [illegible] driving wheels, straight smokestack, [illegible] ed smoke-box and all the latest improvements [illegible] for use on the Cedar river extension. [illegible] gine will have 7500 pounds weight [illegible] lver, and is guaranteed to haul 250 tons [illegible] foot grade. Taking this for a basis [illegible] able to haul a train of forty or fifty cars up to the Franklin mine, and pull [illegible] wn all the cars that can be hooked on. [illegible] ntract calls for the delivery of the engine [illegible] tle by June 1

uesday afternoon two Indians towed the body of a woman into the docks at [illegible] ward. The Indians reported that they [illegible] the body of the woman in an upturned [illegible] n the shore of the Sound at Point Defiance [illegible] bout five or six miles from Tacoma. She [illegible] en identified as Mrs George Wallace. It [illegible] that about noon on Tuesday, Mr McCl[illegible] nd Mrs Wallace started for their home at [illegible] chet bay in the steamer *Cuba*, belonging [illegible] lams' canning factory The gale being [illegible] ng the crew of the *Cuba* refused to go [illegible] rther than Point Defiance. The two left [illegible] amer at this place, taking their own boat, [illegible] was in tow, and pulling to shore intending to [illegible] wait until the wind subsided. It is supposed that they afterwards attempted to sail [illegible] and were overturned. The body of Mr. [illegible] land has not been found yet, but there is [illegible] ope of his safety, as the upturned boat [illegible] und within about thirty feet of the [illegible] George Wallace, the husband, is [illegible] here he went on Wednesday morning.—[illegible] *a Ledger*

MONTANA

Kies's sawmill at Bearmouth was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 11th inst. [illegible] $3000

Butte opera house will be completed [illegible] and will be opened next month by Mad[illegible] nauschek

telephone company now have 122 telephones in operation in Butte city. Helena lacks [illegible] er city eighteen on that score.

0-stall roundhouse is to be built at [illegible] la this summer by the Northern [illegible], also, large repairing and machine [illegible]

Drum Lummond 30-stamp mill produced [illegible] 0 during the month of March. This is [illegible] gest run ever made by the mill by over [illegible] 0.

Alice company at Butte paid off Saturday, [illegible] 1th. Their pay roll and disbursements [illegible] ight, salt, etc., reached the enormous sum [illegible] 500

Clark & Co., who drove in 5000 sheep [illegible] alifornia last year and wintered 4000 of [illegible] n Sun river, lost only forty sheep during [illegible] t winter

el between Butte and Anaconda has in[illegible] d so greatly that the Utah & Northern [illegible] ave concluded to put on an extra car for [illegible] aconda passengers. The coach is left at [illegible] onda and brought back to Butte by 2[illegible] rom Garrison

ad man was found near Allard, Dam[illegible] , a few days ago. He had evidently been [illegible] bout a year, as but little except bones was [illegible] him. From his clothing he was identified as a Scandinavian who was in that vicinity [illegible] ear. The last seen of him alive was a [illegible] go, and at that time he was crazy, roaming [illegible] ound from one settlement to another. He [illegible] ly wandered into the hills and died.

OREGON

ls are reported as very plentiful on the [illegible] ver ranches

stave mill at Marshfield is turning out [illegible] all kegs per day

Albany *Bulletin*, a new semi-weekly [illegible] aper, has made its appearance.

ward of $100 has been offered for the re[illegible] of the body of Frank Rampy, drowned at [illegible] burg last Sunday

fruit is now out of the reach of frost [illegible] will in all probability be an immense crop [illegible] Willamette valley this year.

e remains unsold in the warehouses at [illegible] between 50,000 and 70,000 bushels of [illegible]. The rise in the price last week alone [illegible] several thousand dollars to the account of [illegible] ounty farmers.

r James Bruce and G B. Smith, [illegible] is, received last Saturday twenty head of [illegible] oroughbred Angus cattle, consisting of [illegible] wo and three-year olds, male and female. [illegible] ame from Indianapolis, Indiana.

IDAHO

Shoshone railroad shops give employment [illegible] o 125 men

gold miners on Snake river are using [illegible] ind of machine for saving fine gold, [illegible] proves very successful

Queen of the Hills Company of Hailey [illegible] sed a contract with the Grant smelting [illegible] at Denver, by which that concern takes [illegible] al output for 1885, the ore and concentrates [illegible] to be shipped by the Union Pacific.

e is a quite a rush to the new camp at [illegible] creek, over 100 persons being there [illegible]. The ledges have massive outcroppings [illegible] e easily got at. The Martin mine [illegible] e in sight than the Minnie Moore and [illegible] of the Hills together. The Battlement [illegible] djoining, is just as good. So is the [illegible] also the Last Chance. Some of the [illegible] ught in by the proprietors carries an [illegible] ncredible percentage of horn silver, which [illegible] cut with a knife. One chunk of [illegible] shown the reporter must go all of $[illegible] ton, or $5 per pound.—*Hailey Times.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

thousand men are on a strike a[illegible] the [illegible] the Canadian Pacific railroad track, [illegible] of the syndicate not paying wages.

e Cariboo district nearly all the [illegible] have been destroyed by frost, and the [illegible] are busy putting in other crops, [illegible]

s Gilbait, a half breed, was burned [illegible] hat death ensued the next day, near [illegible] ast week. He had been on a drunk [illegible] nd fell into his camp fire.

s on the Canadian Pacific is progressing [illegible] ly east of the Kamloops. One of [illegible] nnels is about finished. The [illegible] s are all completed. Track laying [illegible] d for want of ties, but there are [illegible] ap lake

NEW YORK NOTES.

An Unpublished Incident of General Grant's History.

The General's Family—Personal Gossip Concerning Henry Irving and Ellen Terry—Theatrical Notes.

[Regular Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, April 12, 1885.

[illegible] in the history of the metropolis was [illegible] sentiment at one to the same extent as [illegible] which has gone out from all hearts toward [illegible] dying chieftain in his last hours. The eyes [illegible] nation are turned in sorrow toward that [illegible] sick room in East Sixty-sixth street, [illegible] no exaggeration to say that the city of [illegible] adoption has, for the past week, [illegible] every official bulletin as to the grim [illegible] 's condition with an anxiety unparalleled [illegible] the history of any community. Roscoe Conkling and Clarence Seward have had charge of the legal affairs of General Grant since the failure of Grant & Ward, and have been hard at work trying to put his affairs in some sort of tangible shape before his death. A day or [illegible] I met a gentleman connected with Mr Seward's office. Both Mr. Conkling and Mr Seward are very reticent as to what they have [illegible] bringing some sort of order out of almost [illegible], but this gentleman, who is in a position to know what he is talking about, tells [illegible] confession of judgment was made by General Grant to William H. Vanderbilt for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, advanced to [illegible] the railroad king, and interest, a month [illegible] before the public knew anything about [illegible] was only through the filing of the official documents in the case with the New York [illegible] clerk that the matter got out at last. According to this authority the government of the United States is to-day the actual owner of all of General Grant's personal property, prized because of historical association. The general at the close of his life simply holds all his trophies, presents, etc., as the trustee of the government. Formal documents to this effect have been made out and are already filed with the proper authorities. Knowing that this friendly arrangement with Vanderbilt, which after all simply carries into effect before his death what General Grant intended should be done after he had passed away, viz That the nation should become the possessor of the relics of his greatness as well as the hair [illegible] to the splendor of his military fame, and [illegible] was intended to save the personal property from the host of hungry creditors of Grant & Ward. I [illegible] my informant from Mr. Seward's office if suits had been commenced against General [illegible] of the collapse of his disastrous Wall street venture. He said that there were literally "stacks of them," which, in the ordinary order of things, would never come to [illegible] there was now nothing for the creditors to get. Still, while the arrangement with Vanderbilt was pending, they kept coming into court, and there were already preliminary [illegible] papers enough in re Grant to fill an ordinary bookcase. Certainly if Vanderbilt had not stepped in to save the personal property of the general, the country would possibly have been treated to the humiliating spectacle of the great soldier's effects, gathered from all parts of the world, under the hammer of the auctioneer. It is equally certain that it was this consideration, and not any personal advantage to himself or the members of his family, that induced General Grant to reconsider his determination not to accept Mr Vanderbilt's magnanimous offer of a quit claim on condition the historical effects should go to the government.

The saddest incident in the history of General Grant's financial misfortunes has never appeared in print until now, and as I stated above I [illegible] on undisputed authority from lawyers. When the general returned from his trip around the world and decided to make New York his place of residence for the future, a number of leading citizens of the metropolis subscribed a hundred thousand dollars to buy a house for him. After looking the ground over the brownstone structure on East Sixty-sixth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues was decided upon as in every respect eligible. The price, too, was within the amount subscribed—a hundred thousand dollars, but when the donors came to purchase the property they found there was a mortgage for $60,000 upon it, which the holder was not willing to yield. He was entirely satisfied with his interest at some 6 per cent., and it was decided to pay $40,000 in cash and assume the mortgage. This was done, and the remaining $60,000 was turned over to Mrs. Grant, the property having been purchased in her name. It was decided to let the mortgage expire by the limitation of its own terms, and when it fell due to meet it. Meantime the $60,000 was invested by Mrs. Grant at the current rate of interest, and the family moved into their new home in the city of their adoption. When the general got into the firm of Grant & Ward, and became dazed by the vista of financial possibilities which opened up to his unsophisticated eyes in Wall street, a family council was called, and it was deemed advisable to invest Mrs. Grant's $60,000 in Wall street enterprises, which the head of the household fondly believed were as magnificent and legitimate in interest. Why should $60,000 be allowed to draw a beggarly rate of 5 or 6 per cent., when it might just as well be turning over 15 or 20 per cent. in the street? The $60,000 that was to meet the mortgage on the Grant home on East Sixty-sixth street was invested with Grant & Ward and it was swept away with the rest. Now the Grants are, in one sense, merely tenants of the house in which they live, and the man, the original holder of the mortgage, thought he had too good an investment to let go of when Mrs. Grant had the money to wipe it out. It is said that his loss brought to the door of the family by his confidence in the scoundrel [illegible] the dying hours of the ex-president [illegible] his other misfortunes, and [illegible] of his wife's property, some of which he had given to her [illegible] the most acute mental agony [illegible] the cancer is eating its way slowly but [illegible] into his shattered frame. A prominent physician told me a few days ago that a year and a half is the period of an epithelial cancer, such as that which attacked General Grant, and cases have been known to run five years before death supervened, but General Grant's low physical condition consequent upon the break [illegible] favored the rapid development of the disease, and the mental trouble that followed the frightful catastrophe of last summer, and his anxiety regarding the bill to place him on the retired list of the army, soon made it [illegible]

General Grant's sources of revenue of late have been the interest on the quarter of a million of dollars subscribed for him and safely invested by a board of trustees, and his pay as a retired general of the army. Colonel Fred Grant, the eldest son, has not got a dollar. All he had went up with the Grant & Ward bubble. "Buck" Grant (Ulysses S., Jr) the son in law of Senator Chaffee, is not likely to want, although the latter was heavily hit by Ward's operations. Young Jesse Grant is practically penniless. Nellie—Mrs. Sartoris, the general's favorite child—is well off as a member of an old and wealthy English family. Aid to this [illegible] the general can dispose as he pleases of the [illegible] held in trust for him by men who feel [illegible] his trustful nature would be a rich mine for sharpers, and with the sagacity of prophets whose gift came from experience with Wall street sharks, wisely put it beyond his reach. This is the picture of the financial condition of the Grants complete. It might have been worse [illegible] the precautions as the shrewd financiers who understood Grant better than he did [illegible] But the fact remains which no doubt has embittered the dying bed of the hero that, on the strength of his name hundreds have had their [illegible] swept away, for whom and for whose [illegible] there was no nest egg in the hands of [illegible] and to whom the name of Grant, h[illegible] loyal they may be to the memory of the greatest of Americans, will always have a [illegible] significance.

Henry Irving and his company have left us for good and all, and when the celebrated English actor stepped on board the Arizona on Tuesday morning, with Miss Ellen Terry on his arm he carried about his clothes the snug sum of [illegible] as the net result of his personal tour in this country, and he got a right royal send off with the usual accompaniments of flowers etc. [illegible] a gay and richly-dressed crowd that [illegible] the Guion dock. A theatrical agent [illegible] the other night that Irving had in all [illegible] people with him, including [illegible] about whom, by the way there is a [illegible] superstition in some minds to the effect that they are Oxford and Cambridge graduates [illegible] who wanted to do "the stalls" [illegible] enlisted for Irving's war on the [illegible] that his expenses were enormous, and that when you came to cipher it [illegible] he really netted nothing but glory for [illegible] and triumph for art. My friend was a [illegible] to the size of the Irving company [illegible] he forgot that the manager of the London Lyceum theater paid his [illegible] at English rates, which made a [illegible] in his expenses. There is a [illegible] connected with Irving's visits to this [illegible] as it is the talk of the clubs and [illegible] and as Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are not to pay us another visit, I may mention without being charged with ungraciousness to distinguished visitors. When Sarah Bernhardt, came to New York before she had yet confided her mature affections to the marital care of Mr. Damala, although she left a grown up young son in Paris behind her, our "best people" and our "church people" elbowed their way to see her play "Gilberte and Adrienne," went into ecstacies over her unquestioned genius, and wept over her simulated suffering, but frowningly closed every door against her. Sarah made a barrel of money for herself and Abbey, and with a shrug of her attenuated shoulders said *"Pas si bete."* If they could stand it she could. She had a veracious chronicler of her American stage triumphs with her for the Paris market, and she had not yet fallen out with Marie Colombier. When Mrs. Langtry came to us and a cable certificate of well wishes from the prince and princess of Wales was shaken before our dazzled vision by the ubiquitous press agent of the English professional beauty New York society tore its good clothes trying to get a look at a rather awkward and decidedly cold woman thread her way haltingly through a pastoral comedy, but, with one exception, not a dinner party was given for her in New York which was attended by her own sex. She was embittered and fell back on "Freddy" and *petits soupers*. But the much-married Miss Ellen Terry comes along and our "best people" and our "church people" received her with open arms, although her social relations are just as equivocal, to say the least, as those of Bernhardt or Langtry. Over in Brooklyn she got last year a reception from a very high-toned club and was cuddled by hundreds of well-known Brooklyn ladies. She was received as the guest of Henry Ward Beecher at the great preacher's house on Brooklyn Heights, and was asked to take her pick of a tray of jewels which Mr Beecher showed to her. Gems are Beecher's great weakness. He carries them around in his vest pocket and delights to look at them, though he never displays them on his person. Miss Terry was shrewd enough to select a comparatively cheap stone and she left, the pet of the household. Mr Beecher and his family were constant attendants at the Irving performances in the city of churches, and the Plymouth pastor was a prominent figure at the dinner to the actor at Delmonico's on Monday night last. Mr Henry Irving is a divorced man. Miss Terry is a much married and divorced woman. Before we talk about Irving's American tour in the language of Mr Beecher at Monday night's dinner, as "a means of grace to the whole people," had we not better cease prating about the immorality of the stage and the loose lives of theatrical people, and stop making social distinctions between the wicked Sarah Bernhardt, the beautiful Mrs. Langtry and the amiable Miss Ellen Terry? Let us be consistent at all events.

In New York the sale of Mary Anderson's villa at Long Branch is interpreted as meaning that "Our Mary" is about to break with us and to make her home permanently at the other side of the Atlantic, where she has achieved genuine success by hard study and patient devotion to her art. Mary has her eccentricities, and her respected father-in-law, Dr Hamilton Griffin, is the monumental advertiser of the age, but there is a woman whose whole life can stand the fierce light that burns upon the stage, and yet who has found fifty times more social appreciation abroad than at her own home.

The news that William K. Vanderbilt intends to make Washington his winter residence for the future has created no small flurry in New York social circles. Of all the Vanderbilts William K used to be the most profuse of entertainers. The memory of the fancy dress ball given by his charming wife at the Fifth avenue residence two years ago is still treasured up on Murray hill. But since "Willie" has met reverses on Wall street, it looks as if the rumor that the old gentleman had put on the brakes were true. Cornelius J., and his wife are liberal hosts, but their lines are not cast in the direction of stunning effects. Their musical and art reunions are charming and their household is marked by exquisite taste in every detail. Those who have been fortunate enough to be their guests speak of their frequent and quiet parties as perfectly delightful gatherings. The present head of the house of Vanderbilt, seems to think that an occasional private view of his priceless art treasures fills the measure of his obligations to society in New York. But Washington is the city of entertainments during the winter, and when the railroad monarch gets there, it will be strange indeed if he do not "branch out," if it were only to dazzle the diplomatic corps and give splendor to the social side of the Cleveland administration, in which he is said to be a thorough believer. At all events belles and beaux of New York have received the news that he intends hibernating at the national capital, as meaning that much of the gayety of the metropolis is to be transferred to Washington next season, and there is much fluttering of brilliant plumage in consequence.

DIOGENES.

GENERAL GRANT AND FAST HORSES

Mr G. W. Childs, in giving some reminiscences of General Grant, said: "While the general is fond of a fast horse, he never visited the race course at Long Branch and never entered a gambling house. He was accustomed to take long drives alone. On one occasion, while taking one of his twenty mile drives he saw on the road, a short distance ahead of him, a countryman driving a mean looking horse with a shabby buggy. Determined not to take the dust from such a sorry turnout, he gave his horse the head and tried to pass. But the countryman also loosened the lines and held his position. After quite an exciting race the general saw he was beaten, and pulled up his horse. The countryman turned in his seat, and, waving his hand, said with a laugh, 'I made you take my dust, general, and drove off. The general enjoyed the joke very much, and said he would like to meet that man again, but he never did."

From the St Louis Globe Democrat.

The Kentucky women are as enthusiastic about horses as the men. They unhesitatingly place the horses before themselves as the great attractions of the state. I remember hearing a conversation between General Grant and a Kentucky girl at the St Louis Merchants' Exchange in 187[illegible], when President Grant was visiting the St Louis fair. A number of [illegible] were introduced to the president, who, upon his [illegible] spoke in very high terms of St Louis [illegible] the fair, [illegible] "You are mistaken, Mr President, [illegible] not from St Louis," laughingly [illegible] one of the girls. "We are from Kentucky, a very fine state, you know, which possesses three things all men of taste must appreciate." Smilingly the president asked her what they were. She answered: "We have the fastest horses, the prettiest women and the finest whisky in the world!" The president replied: "Your horses are certainly justly renowned. I have some on my farm near here, yourself and party prove the correctness of your second observation, but whisky is one of the things that require age, and your men consume it so fast that it rarely has a chance to become good." The girls thought that, if General Grant could not make a long speech he was apt at repartee.

Home [illegible] and Miss Chat in New York Times.

One of General Grant's visits to Connecticut as the guest of Marshall Jewell, who took unusual pains to entertain him, serves as a text for a thrilling [illegible] Governor Jewell was determined to make the visit of General Grant to Hartford memorable. He rattled the dry bones of Connecticut's capital city. When the excitement had gradually simmered down, he was driven to the last resort of a Sunday afternoon drive. With his fastest bit of horseflesh, his visitor and himself flew along the streets in the early evening hour. Grimly in his seat sat the general, his black felt hat lapping up and down in the current produced by the mare's rapid gait. On the outskirts of the town the general, who had been leisurely looking about him, all at once broke out

"See here. What's that ahead of us?"

"Oh, that's a driving park—a pet project of ours."

"Can you get us through that gateway there?"

"Oh, yes," quoth Mr Jewell, ready to show the fine park to the observant warrior.

"All right," remarked the general, "now you just sit quiet for a bit, and I'll show you what driving is." And he did show him. Before the Hartford ex-tanner recovered from his amazement General Grant had taken the reins into his own hands, and in a second the light vehicle was whirling round and round the well kept track. The hostlers came out to the rails and watched and grinned as the plucky little mare went speedily about the circle with dripping flanks. Governor Jewell's excitement was aggravated by the loss of his high silk hat which long ago had been swept from his head. Still the pace was kept up and never slackened until in genuine alarm the postmaster general shrieked out as he jolted up and down on the cushion, "In the name of heaven, general, how long do you intend to keep this thing up?" As they slowly journeyed homeward a half hour later, the president giving up the reins remarked "It's a good thing, Marshall, to go to church on Sunday, a very good thing. We've done that. But I do tell you there's nothing that starts up a supper appetite like a whirl along a fair ground track behind a horse that's not afraid to use its legs." This was the last time the Hartford man ever trusted himself in a buggy with U. S. Grant for driver.

Archibald A. McKinnon was killed by the explosion of a blast on the Canadian Pacific railroad near Kamloops, April 5th. Two other men, named Ready and Monaghan, were injured by the same blast. McKinnon was aged 30 years and a native of Nova Scotia.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

Some Facts Recalled of Historical Interest at the Present Time.

Russia's Aggressive Policy Since the Days of Peter the Great—The Cause of the Indian Mutiny of 1857—A Few Suggestions.

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian.)

It has occurred to me that the expression of a few opinions on a subject which is now exciting the attention of the world, by one who has been in India, and has recently returned from Europe, may be of interest to your readers. Let it be assumed that they are informed that from the time of Peter the Great the dream of universal conquest in which he indulged has been handed down as an heirloom to his successors, and dearly cherished by them. Especially has the desire to acquire Turkey been maintained, since it would give her possession of the gates of the Black sea, and the possible supremacy of the future of the Mediterranean. The Crimean war was the result of an attempt by the Emperor Nicholas I to conquer and annex Turkey. England and France added their forces to those of Turkey, and Nicholas was vanquished. The joint action of England and France was not taken on account of Turkey, which has long and justly been styled "the sick man of Europe." It was the result of a combined determination of the the two greatest maritime powers in the world "to keep Russia from carrying her policy of aggression onto the high seas. Hence, after the fall of Sebastopol it was especially enacted by a convention of the European representatives that no man-of-war should be stationed in or enter upon the waters of the Black sea. When, however, in 1877 Russia again attempted to swoop down upon and gobble up Turkey, the then English premier, Benjamin Disraeli (or Dizzy, as the democratic English who love his memory love to call him, in preference to Earl of Beaconsfield) in defiance of the terms of the "treaty of Paris," ordered the British fleet to enter the Dardanelles and cover with their guns the road by which the Russian army was about to enter Constantinople. She said to the Russian, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." The Russian went no farther, and Turkey was again saved. It was satisfactory to England at least to know that by the other powers of Europe she was more honored in the breach as fulfilling the intention than she would have been by observance of the letter of the treaty. Russia, however, continued to push her conquests in Asia, with what advantage to herself may be judged from the fact that year after year her budget has shown a deficiency, and new loans have been necessary to pay fixed charges and current expenses. Of late she has been getting uncomfortably close to China and far nearer to India than suits the views of the English, who know that she cherishes a lively hatred for them for again and again thwarting her designs on Turkey. The present trouble arises from Russia's attempt to steal Afghanistan, which lies on the northeastern boundary of India and divides it from Asiatic Russia. England probably has no special regard for Afghanistan. She certainly does not seek to acquire it, but rather to preserve its independence and to have its 600 miles of territory for ever separate her own from Russian possessions. For her own advantage England will uphold Afghanistan at any cost, for she believes that should Russia obtain possession of it, Russia would be true to her past traditions and practices, and endeavor to excite sedition and revolt in India with a view to the ultimate attainment of that country. England likes Russia best at a distance, and is manifestly determined at any hazard or cost to keep at least one independent power between her and her own possessions. The present premier Mr Gladstone, who is a "peace at almost any price" man, so forcibly feels the pressure of public opinion that he is now (for the first time in his political career) directing his main thoughts and energies to the foreign affairs of the nation. Had he done so earlier the Soudan expedition would not have been the miserable fiasco it has proved. The conduct of the English and Russian governments is so distinct as to be utterly antithetical. In whatever part of the globe the English flag has been planted, history shows the result to have been the moral, social and commercial elevation of her subjects. The appreciation of this fact by her colonies and dependencies has been shown by the circumstance announced in a telegraphic dispatch of the past week, to the effect "that the colonies had all agreed to a federation with England, and that Earl Derby, the colonial minister, would at an early date introduce a bill in parliament which would consummate the federation." On the other hand, wherever Russia has made her conquests she has maintained her power by force of arms, and has exhibited small concern for the welfare of her conquered subjects. The policy of England has been to aid her territorial acquisitions to become self sustaining, her sole benefit being in her commercial interchanges, and thus England and many of her colonies have become rich, whilst Russia as has been the case with all military despotisms has degraded all the nations she has conquered, and having to keep up great armies to keep her unwilling subjects down, has been compelled to be a continual borrower, and is rapidly moving toward bankruptcy which is inevitable if she pursues her present policy, with the danger before her, if she changes it, of the immediate disintegration of the empire.

A nation that is held together by military force can exist so long as, and no longer than it possesses the sinews of war. Conquered peoples held in subjection by military force will inevitably rebel at the first opportunity that offers a fair chance of success. Russia's appreciation of the truth of the last assertion is shown by the recently reported search for arms which her myrmidons have instituted in the homes of the brave but unfortunate Poles. The component parts of European and Asiatic Russia are so diverse as to make their assimilation all but impossible, and the policy of Russia to her added territories is and has always been expressible in one word—repression. Since the war of independence, by which England lost the brightest jewel that ever adorned her crown but which was, nevertheless, one of the greatest blessings that ever befel the human race, inasmuch as it showed to the whole world the possibility of a nation's existance without emperors or kings or large standing armies, or navies to sap the life's blood of its industries since that time whatever may have been England's treatment of outside powers and interests, she has only been [illegible] to tie her colonies and dependencies to her by the power of moral suasion and the much stronger influence of commercial benefits. The lesson taught to England by the North American colonies was most salutary. It was a bitter pill with a nauseous draught added, but England was all the better for the medicine, her colonies to-day owe a great debt of gratitude to the founders of the great North American republic.

My last observations are not digressions inasmuch as they serve to show the cause of that great change which has marked the conduct of England to her colonies and dependencies during the past century. Russia has never been placed in England's position. She has never had a great distant colony or dependency. Her extension of territory has mainly been by conquest of countries adjoining her own and which she holds in subjection by the aid of a perfect network of military posts. English and Russian rule are so thoroughly antithetical that it may partly be said that the result of one is attraction and the other repulsion.

The Asiatic possessions of Russia occupy an [illegible] greater than that of England in India and all are required to keep her conquered people in subjection. And whilst India under the fostering care of the British government is growing in wealth and developing its natural resources with amazing rapidity, Asiatic Russia makes comparatively little progress, but sits in sullen, dogged discontent, glowering at its captors and waiting the opportunity to throw off the galling yoke of military despotism. This fact is as well known by the people of India as by ourselves. Nevertheless, although the natural wealth and general prosperity of the Indian empire has enormously increased under British rule, it is probable that fear of Russia rather than love of England is the cause of that intensity of loyalty which resounds from the southern extremity of the great peninsula to its northern boundary, and that the independent native princes who have offered armies and money to the English government to aid in the war are all actuated by the same passion.

In this connection it must be noted that England allows to all her subjects the same liberty of conscience and religious observance we enjoy in the United States. She certainly did some years ago make an end to certain Brahminical practices. Excited fanatics no longer throw themselves under the wheels of the cars of Juggernaut, widows are no longer burned on the funereal piles of their deceased husbands, and penance or propitiation of the gods is no more performed by thrusting meat-hooks attached to ropes and poles beneath the muscles of devotees and whirling them through the air until death or insensibility should put a period to their sufferings. These things, English humanity decided, must and should be repressed. It was done, but at the risk of the disaffection of the entire Brahminical population, the widows and those likely to become such perhaps excepted. I say perhaps, because there is an enthusiasm of religious observance amongst those Orientals of which we of more modern civilization know little. On the other hand, the czar autocrat is pope of the Greek church, as well as emperor of all the Russias. Where his armies are successful there the Greek church is established. If there were no other cause this alone would be sufficient to make the mixed Mohammedan and Buddhist population of India loyal to England when Russia, as England's foe, menaces the border lands of India. The natives of India abhor the idea of interference with their religious rites. Prior to 1857, when the Indian empire was not a recognized British possession, but merely a trading place, occupied and governed by a number of London merchants, associated under the style of the East India company, that corporation, the most extensive stock company that ever existed, had its standing armies.

The soldiers were for the most part Brahmins. The cartridges supplied to them were lubricated with hog's lard. To touch a hog or anything pertaining thereto meant to them "the loss of caste." They remonstrated with the English officers who commanded them. The subject was lightly treated, and that trivial circumstance was one of the main factors of the Indian mutiny. They united in one cry, "Death before degradation." If so small a matter could produce such great results, what must be the effect on the Indian people of the contemplation of the possibility of having a strange religion thrust upon them.

In the early stages of war talk it was difficult to believe that Russia would go to war with England on her Indian frontier. Russia knows that England can raise millions of soldiers among her Indian subjects, who will fight with fanatic zeal and fearlessness for their religion as well as their country, and Russia is deplorably short of funds. As, however, vexatious delays and fresh complications continue to occur, and preparations for war are being urgently pushed forward by both nations, and the temper of each is manifestly rising, it now appears exceedingly probable that the war fever may reach such a hight that it will be impossible to allay it without the letting of blood.

The great powers of Europe are in a bad way. Russia battling with nihilism, Germany wrestling with socialism, France seething with communism, and England troubled with her dynamitard Irish—all want something to fill the public mind. A war between England and Russia will answer the purpose. Once begun in real earnest, no one can tell with certainty where it will end, or what other powers of Europe and Asia may be drawn into the melee. Meantime the world watches and waits the rising of the curtain, with anticipation of witnessing the first act of what may prove to be the greatest tragic drama ever presented.

J. FRED CLARKE.

FLOATING HOTELS.

The Authority of Ocean Steamers' Chief Cooks—Cost of the Cuisine and Service.

New York Mail and Express.

Although seldom seen by the passengers, the chief cook of an ocean steamer is an executive officer scarcely inferior in rank to the captain or chief engineer. While, like the engineer he as far as possible recognizes the orders, or rather suggestions of the captain, still in his own department he reigns supreme. He disciplines and discharges his scullions as he pleases, and a captain would be injudicious indeed who would dare to enter the domain of the cook and dictate as to the making of a salad or the preparation of a soup. A *Mail and Express* reporter some time since formed the acquaintance of an exalted being who fills the position of cook on a steamer of one of the leading transatlantic lines, and found the dictator of the kitchen free to express his views regarding the cuisine of an ocean steamer.

"Yes, sir," said he, "you have reached the proper conception of the subject when you say that cabin passengers on our steamers are more luxuriously fed than they would be in a first-class hotel. In the first place, their appetites are sharpened by the sea air, and they require no bitters or cocktails to make them enjoy their meals. Second, the cooking, attendance, and surroundings are fully as good, if not better, than they will find in any hotel and, third, they have set before them all the delicacies of the season from both sides of the ocean."

"The cost of a voyage must be something considerable," said the reporter inquiringly.

"Yes, and to most people it seems beyond belief that over 500 persons can be safely and comfortably transported over 3000 miles of ocean inside a week, and it is a fact. The faster steamers use from 125 to 150 tons of coal per day while second rate steamers are allowed to burn but 60 to 70 tons. The largest vessels have a crew of about 100 men, including officers, and the expenses of a round trip of a first-class steamer may be estimated at from $11,000 to $50,000."

"How much do you think each person eats a day during the voyage?"

"I can not answer that, but we calculate on allowing a pound and a half of meat per day to each person. On our big trips we ship about 1400 pounds of fresh beef of the best quality. Any beef I do not approve of is not taken on board. It is served daily to the first and second cabins, the steerage passengers, and the crew. If any accident causing delay should occur we could give the first and second cabin passengers fresh meat for several weeks by placing the crew and steerage passengers on the regular sea allowance of salt pork and beef. We have three immense ice-houses on board—one for fresh fish, one for poultry and one for fresh meats, and in these everything edible is preserved."

"How much ice is required to last through a voyage?"

"Of course, the amount varies according to the season, but we manage to keep within from ten to twenty tons."

"How about butter, which is expensive?"

"We use between 1200 and 1400 pounds every trip. The cabins consume between 3000 and 8000 cigars. There is not such a large consumption of wines, ale, etc., for the price is kept high in order to prevent intoxication on board."

"How about table service?"

"On every well-regulated steamer the bed clothes, towels, table linen and coverings for all the furniture are changed every day. Two thousand napkins are used in the first cabin every day, and 1000 in the second cabin while the sheets number about 2000 and the towels 3000. Different colors are used in the covers of the furniture every day to relieve the eyes of the passengers from a sense of sameness. The steamer is newly painted from stem to stern and thoroughly cleaned out while in port at the end of every voyage, and to do this, together with the repairing of furniture and covering of upholstery, requires the services of from 200 to 300 men."

"It must take a good deal of crockery and silverware to set the cabin tables?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of about 4000 pieces of crockery in the first and second cabins separately, and about 2000 pieces of glassware. The silverware of the first cabin [illegible] 1000 pieces is valued at $4000, and the same quantity in the second cabin is worth about half that sum."

"Regarding the silverware, have you ever known of any being stolen by passengers?"

"I have never heard of such a case. Perhaps the sea air drives away kleptomania, or a wholesome fear of marine law produces the same effect, but the fact remains that the table silver is never disturbed."

"Do your guests ever complain of the cuisine?"

"Very rarely. Once in a while some eccentric, male or female states that a dish is not fit to eat. I at once investigate the affair in person. If the complaint is well founded I reprimand and punish the assistant cook who prepared and sent it to table. But I generally find that the persons complaining have probably eaten such a dish for the first time in their lives, and so imagine unutterable things about it. I have an old gentleman as a regular passenger twice every year whom I permit to make his own salad. But he is a gentleman of the old regime, and prepares his salad with the art of a master. In conclusion, I can only say that to thoroughly understand how this floating hotel is conducted you must cross the ocean with me several times."

TWO DEATHS

Ulysses S. Grant and Jefferson Davis are both dying. Both played leading parts in the tragic drama of 1861-5. Both their names will live in history. Death's summons is served upon them together, and immortality is insured to each—but of how different a kind! Grant's dying pillow is wet with a nation's tears, and the bulletins from his bedside are read with tearful interest and prayerful sympathy in every corner of the land. But "Jefferson Davis is dying" are words that waken no thrill of patriotic emotion, but fall on the ears of a world indifferent and unsympathetic. And when the final announcements come, the contrast will be still more accentuated. "Grant is dead!" A grateful nation will deeply lament his loss, and all civilized mankind will do homage to his memory. "Davis is dead!" A magnanimous nation will scarce note his departure, and the friends of freedom the world over will give thanks once more that the great conspiracy against liberty on this continent failed. There is a moral in the contrasting ends of Grant and Davis that needs not to be elaborated.—Boston Traveller.

LONDON AND PARIS.

A Gossippy Letter From the Two Capitals of England and France.

Prince Albert's Journey—The French Chamber of Deputies—Some of the Pleasantries of Parisian Journals—The Battle of Flowers.

[Regular Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, March 28, 1885.

The Prince of Wales is really indefatigable. As soon as he returns from Germany, he goes to Ireland. On the 4th of May he opens the Inventories at Kensington, and will have, for a few days before, to preside over the executive committee. Surely nobody would envy princes when they travel officially. When the Prince of Wales left Charing Cross to go to Berlin, he was dressed in a comfortable shooting suit, but next morning he had to change his costume in the railway carriage so as to arrive at Cologne with a Prussian uniform on. But that, which was right for the Rhine provinces, was wrong for Berlin, so in the evening he had to change again, when he reached Berlin, he wore the uniform of the Blucher Hussars, of which he is nominally Colonel.

The right man in the right place such is John Bull's motto. So it is with pleasure that I hear that his serene highness vice-admiral Prince of Leiningen, late captain of the Queen's yacht, is going to be promoted. This formidable and redoubtable fresh water sailor is well known for having run down a sailing boat in broad daylight and drowning three persons, who were imprudent enough to cruise in the same waters as this experienced navigator. This happened at the time when his duties consisted in crossing the Solent four times a year, a voyage of twenty minutes duration.

I find in the *Truth* the following anti-tory skit: "Salisbury, Northcote & Co beg to announce their intended removal to their new premises, Dover house where they will exhibit an entirely new stock of fancy articles. Meantime they are disposing of their old stock, consisting of exploded ideas, jingo rubbish, fair trade fallacies, prestige, etc., and a miscellaneous assortment of articles of "virtue and bigotry." S., N. & Co. trust, by [illegible] lity and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. N. B.—One of their young men is shortly expected from India with a large assorted collection of curious and instructive facts, procured from the manufacturers on the spot."

A curious land of contrasts is this old, merry England! Open an English paper, and after after reading a tale of British heroism, you will be pretty sure to come across, the next minute, some revolting tale of cowardly savagery. Can it be deemed possible that a man would seize his wife by the hair, knock her down repeatedly, and each time lift her up by the hair, punch her about the face, kick her in the chest and ribs till she became insensible, and then, when she recovered consciousness, actually bite her nose off? The magistrate would not bind over this man to keep the peace, although the woman wanted to withdraw from the charge. He sentenced the brute to six months' hard labor, granted a separation, and ordered that the wife should receive twelve shillings a week. But who will pay the twelve shillings?

Mr. Wilson Barrett is sure to contradict the following scandalous allegation which appeared in a recent number of the New York *Spirit of the Times*: "Does Wilson Barrett know that reprints of articles supposed to be derogatory to Irving have been sent to this country in the name of the acting manager of the Princess' theater?"

The Empress Eugenie will publish shortly after Easter "Some Recollections From My Life." The literary laurels of Queen Victoria would not let her sleep. What is piquant is that the famous Countess de Castiglione is going to issue her "Memoirs" at the same time. *Femme et maitresse* are going to speak.

PARIS, March 30, 1885.

The French senate seems to be now in complete harmony with the chamber of deputies, and the French are happy. When the senate showed signs of independence, it was called dangerous, but now that it will vote every bill passed by the lower house, will nobody call it useless? There is an episode of French history which, to my mind, has never been dwelt enough upon. It teaches a great lesson on the usefulness of upper houses. It was under the second empire. The French senate, was then, intellectually speaking, a body of men superior to the English house of lords, since they were picked men—chosen by the emperor, it is true, but still chosen. With the exception of Sainte-Beuve, these senators of the empire were all more or less Bonapartists—cardinals, archbishops, marshals, generals, literary men, all men of importance. The duty of the senate was to watch over the constitution and to stop any bill passed by the chamber of deputies that might have endangered the existence of the actual form of government. Well, in July, 1870, the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and on the 4th of September in the same year the chamber of deputies deposed the emperor and proclaimed the republic. Here was a grand opportunity for the senators to show their power and to earn the 30,000 francs that they received from their master. Yet what happened? Not one voice was raised by the senate against the act of the deputies. Better still, nobody thought of taking the trouble to dismiss them. In presence of the strong will of the people they packed up their traps quietly and, to the best of my recollection, even forgot to go to the counting-house to receive their month's pay. Poor senators! They seemed to have the measure of their power in stormy times to an inch.

As I predicted, the chamber of deputies have passed the *scrutin de liste* bill. Two days have sufficed to carry it. Truly, one may exclaim, they manage these things better in France than in England, where it would probably have taken two months to do the same amount of work. This bill that the chamber passed at once is the same bill that the same chamber rejected at once when Gambetta presented it. Why? Simply because Gambetta was the only politician of the day and the French will not recognize superiority in their compatriots. We are all free, brethren and equal, as you may see written on our monuments, and political talent the moment it appears must be ostracized. In Greece, at all events, they gave it ten years to live.

I was talking the other day with a worthy compatriot of mine who has lived in England over twenty years, and consequently still murders the English language unmercifully. In the conversation I mentioned a friend of ours, a Frenchman, too. "Surely, I said, "So-and-so speaks English remarkably well, don't you think so?" "Well, yes, he does," retorted my friend, "like the rest of us."

It was that same Frenchman who, some ten years ago, hearing me maintain before him (wrongly) that there was still in London a debtor's prison, answered: "There is none now, sir it is shut up. Surely I ought to know, I was the last man to come out!"

Edward Williams, the lion tamer, who was severely bitten a fortnight ago, made his re-entrance at the Cirque d'Hiver last Wednesday. Everything passed off quietly. The lions received the tamer with purrs. The guilty party went even so far as to lick Williams ears. Perhaps he seized the opportunity to whisper a few words of apology.

The French want to have bank holidays. A petition signed by clerks and shopmen has been presented to the chamber of deputies, asking the representatives to declare that Shrove Tuesday, Mid-Lent Thursday, Easter Monday and Whit Monday shall be public holidays. As the deputies have received notice to quit, this is a good opportunity of making themselves popular to the new *couches sociales*.

The *Cri du Peuple* has a good story of a young French pickpocket. The boy was arrested, with his hand in the crowd? [illegible] bitterly. "Don't cry your eyes out," said his captor not unkindly. "It is not so terrible a matter for punishment, stealing a handkerchief." "But I was getting on so well," whimpered the boy, "and I was highly thought of by my employers. I was just going to be promoted from prigging wipes to nobbling tickets."

A quadrille has just been arranged by a well known leader of fashion in Paris which is to be called the Tricolour. It is to consist of eight couples. Half the gentlemen are to wear red, the other half blue coats, with white knee breeches and silk stockings, while the ladies are all to be in white. Thus the colors of the national flag will be mingled in unequal proportions and the varying figures of the quadrille will exhibit them in an infinity of kaleidoscopic changes. This idea, says the London *Daily News*, might easily be developed further, and we may possibly see our insular ball rooms enlivened by quadrilles representing the colors of the flags of various nations. Our society is perhaps more cosmopolitan than that of any other of the cities of Europe, and a "flag ball" would not only afford an opportunity for the expression of patriotism, but would be an agreeable change from the almost exhausted devices of fancy dress. When shall we see the "concord" or the "*entente cordiale*" quadrille?

The battle of flowers was fought at Cannes on the 20th. The most conspicuous carriages were a carriage of daisies, belonging to the countess of Rougemont, a carriage of camelias, belonging to H. R. H., the countess of Caserta, and a carriage of anemones belonging to Lady Murray. The carriages of the duchess of Luynes and the duchess of Vallombrosa were among the combatants. The battle took place in radiant sunshine.

Apropos of the *entente cordiale*, a dreadful Frenchman (who ought to be guillotined for the perpetration of the pun) has solved the problem. Let, he says, the Thames (*la Tamise*) be connected with the Seine. The water of the Seine *se tamisera*, and the water of the Thames will become *saine*. Awful, isn't it?

MAX O'RELL.

A STRANGE STORY.

Recalling the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln Twenty Years Ago

One cold morning nineteen years ago, as the hack rolled into the German colony of Wartburg, Tenn., writes a Chattanooga, Tenn., correspondent to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a stranger stepped out, and, carrying on his shoulder a square box and valise, approached the inn of the place and asked for board and lodging. He was eyed suspiciously on account of his rough appearance, scant baggage and nervous manner. He was taken in and given a room. When he got inside he locked the door securely and fastened the window shutters. What he did in the room, and what he came there for, has not been revealed to the people until a stranger came through the place a few days ago, after nineteen years of companionship with him. He occupied the room and always locked it, carrying the keys with him. After being with the people some time, he was asked to participate in their pleasures and assemblies. He gave his name as Sinclair, and would entertain them with marvelous tales of travel and adventures, claiming to have been a sea captain. He soon became a great favorite with the people, but his mysterious ways and manners kept them away from him somewhat. He was of a nervous temperament, and was always watching for someone. When the hack would arrive he would always leave the crowd until it had gone and the passengers housed. His dress was of the coarsest material. He wore his beard long, and a large hat with brim down over his eyes.

The village gradually grew larger, and new arrivals were made daily. His anxiety increased, and he began to lead the life of a recluse, and when he came out would always listen and never utter a word.

One of his peculiarities was always to leave a party that began to discuss the war. One day he became almost crazy with fear, and seemed to be searching for something he had lost. He was seen to have dropped a paper, which was picked up. In it was contained the account of the assassination of Lincoln by Booth. When he was asked what he had lost, he replied something that interested him as much as his life. The paper was afterwards slipped near his door. When he discovered it the shock made him ill. He took to his bed, and was delirious for several days. In his room was the square box he had been seen to bring with him. It was a desk. Of this he raved in his wild delirium, and stated that in the drawers were disclosures that would astonish the whole country, but the keys were tied around his neck. He called the names of Spangler, Harrold, Atzerott, Payne and Mudd, and said his name was Booth.

When he got well and was told of his wild talks he was startled and denied ever having said such words. He lived afterward in the same mysterious manner until one day last week, when a gentleman from Fredericksburg, Va. was passing through the mountains with a party inspecting the coal deposits and stopped at the hotel. Sinclair was walking across the street, when the wind blew his hat off.

The gentleman, who was standing at a window, uttered an exclamation and said "Heavens! can that be Erastus Booth, the brother of J Wilkes Booth? The last time I saw was nineteen years ago in Washington, during the excitement of the assassination of Lincoln."

The people gathered around to hear his story of the last time he saw him, and to tell of his mysterious coming nineteen years ago. After listening to the two narratives, the conclusions were that he was the man. The next day, while out walking, Sinclair was passing a party, when one of the number called "Hello, Booth!" He stopped suddenly, involuntarily turned his head, caught himself, and proceeded on his walk.

That night he quietly stole away in the darkness with his desk and baggage. His going was as mysterious as his coming. He has not been heard of since.

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend in this office for a copy. The best medium to circulate to he east.

WANTED—HELP

WANTED—A NURSE GIRL, AT NO 2[illegible] TAY lor st 14a8

WANTED—A BREAD BAKER AT THE GERman Bakery 146 Third st 1'a3

WANTED—A BRIGHT INTELLIGENT GIRL to wait on a lady by the day. Address A. B care this office 1a8

WANTED—A RELIABLE YOUNG MAN WHO can furnish bonds. Call on or address 91 Taylor st between 8 and 11 A. M 18a

WANTED—A GOOD CARRIAGE MAKER FOR a jobbing-shop good wages. Apply at [illegible] Astoria Or 18a3

WANTED—A THOROUGHLY COMPETENT manager for a sawmill sash door and furniture factory combined. Must be sober energetic and accustomed to the business. Applicants to state salary and give references as to character and experience. Address [illegible] care Wells Fargo & Co Portland W P 15a6

MALE HELP FURNISHED FREE OF charge PLATO'S Agency

WANTED MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—TO BUY A SMALL STOCK OF general merchandise in the Willamette valley Address M. X. care Oregonian 15a7

WANTED—TO RENT FOR THE SUMMER, A furnished cottage of five or six rooms no children Address H. A. care Oregonian with terms 15a

WANTED—TO TRADE FROM 40 TO 160 ACRES good farm land partially improved ten miles from Portland good roads splendid location for city real estate. For particulars inquire at room [illegible] 5a1m

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT

SITUATION WANTED BY A YOUNG MAN AS warehouseman porter etc. 18 months experience. Address ENGLISHMAN care Oregonian 1 3

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A GOOD MA[illegible] stationary engineer best of references. Address D. B. care Oregonian 14a6

HELP FURNISHED WITHOUT CHARGE. MRS. PLATO Dekum block 10a

WANTED AGENTS

TEN EXPERIENCED SOLICITORS TO ACT AS general agents in Oregon and Washington Ter A. L. BANCROFT & CO 721 Market St. San Francisco

FIELD, FORT AND FLEET, BY M. QUAD OF the Detroit Free Press most thrilling and authentic history of the war ever written. Agent wanted everywhere; secure territory at once. For particulars address F. W. WRIGHT Gent Agt Box 573, Portland

MISCELLANEOUS

RAILROAD TICKETS BOUGHT AND SOLD 15a1m PUT SMITH 108 First st

FOR PIANO ORGAN SAFE AND FURNITURE moving call on Olsen & Helliwell. Office at F. S. Chadbourne & Co First and Yamhill. a1m

A. L. WEILER & CO. CIGAR MANUFACTURers N. E. cor First and Alder streets Portland Oregon. Prop's Factory No. 8 1st dis ret [illegible]

WILLAMETTE IRON WORKS BOILER MAKers [illegible] fronts and castings [illegible] repaired [illegible] Portland [illegible]

E. RICHARDS DEALER IN COLUMBIA river salmon and all kinds of fish wholesale and retail. Country orders filled. No 4 Washington street cor Front Portland Or

COLUMBIA SOAP CO. COR SEVENTH AND Grant sts., Portland Or J. H. Wassmann Propr Manufacturer of washing and toilet soap. Orders by mail promptly filled at Eastern prices. 7a1m

WM GARDNER & CO PRACTICAL PLUMBers Gas and Steam Fitters. Hot water heating a specialty. Corner Third and Alder sts. Portland.

CLAIRVOYANT TEST MEDIUM AND CARD reader. Will give seances daily regarding business and journeys marriages and absent friends also reveals the past present and future. Valuable advice in this trouble or affliction. MADAME MERIDIANT, [illegible]

SPECIAL NOTICES

B. BR. EWARD PERCY CAPT MACAULAY from Callao. Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew. C. CÆSAR & CO Consignees. 1a3

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF M. I. B. A. No 41 Matters of importance now coming before the association all are requested to attend the regular meeting to be held April [illegible] at 7:30 P M 1a

NOTICE—HEREAFTER I WILL NOT BE REsponsible for any debts contracted by my wife Louisa Collins J. W. COLLINS Portland April 1 1885 1a3

DR. G. A. DANZIGER'S CLASS FOR GERMAN conversation. Americans who want to speak German [illegible] at 80 Harris [illegible] 15a

GOLD FISH LIMES LEMONS ORANGES dates, figs, French candies, received by every steamer [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. MURRAY M. D. OFFICE S. W. CORNER First and Yamhill. Residence St. Charles hotel

DR. C. D. HOEFER—HOMEOPATHIST AND SURgeon Cambridge building Third and Morrison

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—DR. MACKENZIE has moved to the S. W. corner of First and Morrison sts over Kohn & Steinbach's clothing store. a1m

MACHINISTS

TRENKMAN & WOLFF MACHINISTS, CORNER F and Third sts.—Housework, doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions planing and moulding tools to order

LOST

LOST—A GOLD EARRING, MOSAIC HEAD IN center. Finder, by leaving it with H. Thielsen 81 Eleventh st., will be suitably rewarded. 18a2

TO RENT—ROOMS AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT—AT 65 N. W. PARK, COR D ST., small furnished room, with bath, suitable for one person 12atf

FOR RENT—ON COR OF FIFTH AND STARK, No 8, a front room, for one or two gentlemen, also a back room. 10atf

TO LET—A MOST DESIRABLE ROOM IN PRIvate family with use of bath, terms reasonable. 81 Seventh st., cor. Oak 10atf

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS, GAS, BATH, etc., convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison st., corner Pacific.

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS IN private family; use of bath convenient to street cars. 395 Yamhill street. 11m1m

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS FURNISHED COMplete, rooms en suite or single, also unfurnished rooms healthy and pleasant location. 372 First st. 8a

FOR RENT—THREE ROOMS FURNISHED complete for housekeeping, or handsome, large front bedroom for gentlemen. No 91 N Ninth st., bet. Stark and B, one block from Washington st cars.

FOR RENT—A NEATLY FURNISHED ROOM with gas and use of bathroom, terms moderate. Inquire at No 191 Seventh, bet. Yamhill and Taylor sts.

FOR RENT—ONE SUIT OF NEWLY FURnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping; also, one large front room, suitable for two gentlemen or man and wife. 30½ Yamhill, bet. 1st and 2d. 15a6

THE RAYMOND HOUSE, 208½ FIRST STREET, nearly opposite the St. George Hotel, fire-proof brick, the most elegantly furnished lodging house in Portland; rooms en suite or single. 27f1m

FOR RENT TO FIRST-CLASS ROOMERS—NEWly furnished room; gentleman preferred. McGinn's block, 182 Washington street, corner Seventh, Mrs. Bouguez. 25 1m

TO RENT—HOUSES AND STORES.

FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT—PLEASANT house, fully furnished, to rent at reasonable rates. Inquire at premises 421 Seventh, cor Hall 15a7

TO LET—THREE LARGE STORES, N. E. COR. Sixth and Stark sts., for $25 each. Apply to FRAME & CRESS, 133½ First, cor Alder 15a7

FOR RENT—STORES AND UNFURNISHED rooms, suitable for offices or light housekeeping. O & W M S BANK cor First and Pine sts. 9a1m

FOR RENT—STORE NO 172 FIRST ST NEXT door to Yamhill. Inquire of Jos. Bergman with O'Shea Bros Central Market. 14a6

FOR RENT—THREE DESIRABLE HOUSES, all in first-class order and well located, at reduced rates. F. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark street. 9a

FOR RENT—TWO HOUSES, ONE OF 10 AND the other 8 rooms, very conveniently and centrally located. Inquire at 313 West Park st. 27

FOR RENT OR LEASE—COTTAGE WITH seven rooms with modern improvements; rent reasonable. Apply at Dekum's building, room 17. 12a3

TWO STORY DWELLING OF 12 ROOMS, MODern improvements. West Park st., bet. B and C. Inquire of S. Lowengardt, 33 W. Park, cor C. 7a tf

TWO-STORY FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT; 11 rooms, pantries, closets, large cellar, etc. gas throughout. house in healthy location and surroundings pleasant. Address L. H. J. care Oregonian. 17a 1

HOTEL FOR RENT—THE WELL KNOWN COSmopolitan hotel at The Dalles is offered for rent; the house is in good repair and doing a fine business. Address Cosmopolitan Hotel The Dalles.

FOR RENT—THE 3-STORY BRICK HOTEL, Norton House containing 80 rooms, cor. First and C sts. three blocks from the railroad depots and steamship wharf. Address E. T. WILLIAMS, 171 W. Park street. 9a

FOR RENT—LARGE HARD FINISHED HOUSE, suitable for hotel or boarding house, 25 rooms, and partly furnished with bar room and fixtures. N. W. corner Thirteenth and S. rent $31 per month. Apply at ATKINSON & WAKEFIELD 7a1m

FOR RENT—IN EAST PORTLAND—DWELLings, business and lodging houses and brick hotel, at greatly reduced rates. $10,000 to loan on real estate and personal security, for long or short terms, extraordinary bargains in real estate. Apply to GREITZ & LAMBERT I st. bet. 4th and 5th East Portland. 28atf

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH BOARD.

BOARD AND ROOM, OR DAY BOARD, AT MRS. Jordan's, cor. Fourth and L sts., East Portland.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH board 87 and 89 7th st., bet. Stark & Oak 10a12t1

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE—Furnished rooms, with or without board. 148 Sixth between Morrison and Alder. 3a1m

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE, furnished and unfurnished rooms, with or without board, by day week or month. 175 Washington st.

TO RENT—MISCELLANEOUS.

$10 PER MONTH, TO LEASE FOR FIVE or ten years, ¼ of block in South Portland, two blocks from Falling school. Inquire at 129 Sixth st.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE AT 30 PER CENT LESS THAN ITS value 1700 acres of prairie, all improved. Inquire of L. B. MOORES, Salem. 8a1f

FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST farms in Yamhill county. If you mean business, call at our office and we will go with you to see it. CREIGHTON & CO Real Estate Agts, 13 Stark. 10a

FOR SALE—108-ACRE IMPROVED FARM 12 miles east from Portland, on the line of the O. R. & N. Co R. R. 35 acres in cultivation 100 fruit trees, new barn cost $1800 good house, 1 mile from railroad depot beautifully watered all the land is good, principally ash swale this is one of the best farms for vegetables grass or fruit in the state. See or address HARRISON B OATMAN 7 Stark st. Portland (31,1m

ONE, FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS OF LAND for sale on the instalment plan near the city of Portland. For particulars call on or address HARRISON B OATMAN No 7 Stark street.

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE—A DAIRY FARM embracing all of what is known as Lady's Island, consisting of five hundred and thirty (530) acres, a part of which is fine meadow has on the premises a comfortable house and barn 24 good cows, horses, sheep, hogs and farming implements said property is located opposite the young city of La Camas W T A rare bargain one of the best dairy farms in Washington territory. For particulars, terms etc. address, R. T Cowan La Camas, W. T or A. J. Welch, attorney at law 183½ First st. 24atf

FOR SALE—ON INSTALLMENTS OF $25 PER month good new house in nice locality in well worked lot 50x100 feet all graded and fenced with new stable etc price $850 without interest. Apply to J. I. COHEN P. O. box 88 Portland Or or 103 Morrison st.

FOR SALE—A NEW HOUSE FOUR ROOMS, two level lots in city limits; $1300 house, four rooms corner lot streets and sidewalks completed, fruit trees on place $650 quarter block on cricket ground South Portland one-half cash.

SUBURBAN

$2500 two well improved lots with good house and barn very sightly $650 85x233 feet with spring water, south of city

COUNTRY PROPERTY

$900 forty acres seven miles from city six acres in cultivation creek of water near railroad $300, twenty acres eleven miles east. Several other bargains on hand. J. V ALLEN 112 First st. bet Washington and Stark. 17a

FOR SALE—THE PROPERTY WHERE I REside at the SW cor 12th and Morrison sts the grounds are 100 feet square with beautiful surroundings the house is a cottage with a French roof, is convenient and well finished with modern improvements contains 12 rooms and numerous closets, there are many residences as handsomely located in the city the house will be sold with one or two lots, as purchaser may desire also two lots at the NE cor, of the same streets these are graded and fenced and have a number of them the trees along the sidewalk are very large and fine these lots front 100 feet on each street and can be divided up into 3 or 4 lots so as to make desired homes for persons requiring medium sized lots the property will be sold in parcels or together prices to suit the times reasonable credit if desired for a portion of the purchase money. The owner prefers to deal with principals only. Call at my office No 10 Union block between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. 11 1a WM. STRONG

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—A GOOD PONY FOUR YEARS OLD; broken to ride and drive in single harness. Call at the Fort[illegible] stables. 18a3

FOR SALE OR RENT—SAW MILL WITH 640 acres timber within 10 miles of Dayton. Address J W Jess Dayton W T 18a

FOR SALE—IN CORVALLIS ONE OF THE best paying boot and shoe stores in the state. Inquire of [illegible] Corvallis Oregon 2a tf

FOR SALE—A TEAM OF HORSES HARness [illegible] wagon [illegible] a good outfit [illegible] Portland.

ONE GOOD FISHING BOAT COMPLETE WITH sails and oars for sale cheap. Apply at WALKER'S boat house Portland Oregon 8a tf

RESTAURANT FOR SALE—LOCATED IN THE center of the city and doing a large and increasing business will sell cheap or trade for real estate as owner has to go to California. Apply to CREIGHTON & CO 13 Stark street. 8a6

TO MILLMEN ETC.—TO BE SOLD CHEAP for cash or on time with good security, a 20-horse J. I. Case portable skid engine and boiler, with belting and shafting complete, also, with or without same, 1 Evarts patent shingle machine, 1 bell planer 2 presses, circular cut off and rip saws also 1 Centennial surface planer 16 inch all nearly new. Apply to S. Husbands [illegible] Hood River Or 27 tf

BUSINESS CHANCES

GOOD PAYING BAKERY FOR SALE. INquire at 80 Washington street. 4atf

FOR SALE—CIGAR STORE UNDER NATIONAL hotel 17 Front street good river trade, a good bargain. 3m' m

$3500 MACHINERY COMPLETE—FOR planing mill sash and blind factory, Plato's Agency Dekum Block 12atf

$5000 WILL PURCHASE AN INTEREST in a good established business. For full particulars address Partner care Oregonian 15m

FOR SALE—VERY CHEAP CANDY AND cigar store with Ice Cream saloon. Address C. C. care Oregonian 14a7

WANTED—A PURCHASER FOR A GOOD hotel in the flourishing town of Medford doing a fine business. Address A. L. JOHNSON, Land Agent Medford Or 10 19

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN—$500 WILL BUY A coffee and chop house paying well first-class location other business interest the cause of selling. Apply to R. D Fitz No 9 Washington st. 10a1m

FLOURING MILL FOR SALE—ELIGIBLY LOcated on the Willamette river. For particulars apply to CREIGHTON & CO 13 Stark street. 28atf

FLOUR MILL FOR SALE IN THE CENTER OF the best farming country between Cheney and Moscow W. T. For particulars inquire at 166 First st, or at the Emigration Bureau 9a1m

FINANCIAL.

$3000 TO $12,000 TO LOAN ON IMPROVED city property. Apply to S. SIMON, No 127½ First st. 15a6

B. GOLDSMITH, MONEY AND NOTE BROker, No 7 Stark st. Loans negotiated; notes discounted; securities bought and sold. 1a1m

PERSONS HAVING MONEY TO LOAN IN large or small sums would do well to call on A. J. WELCH, Attorney-at-law 183½ First street. m28tf

MONEY TO LOAN, IN SUMS OF $100 TO $500, on collateral; notes discounted, debts collected. By A. J. WELCH, Attorney at Law, 183½ First street.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING APRIL 19, 1885.

"GIVE US THE OFFICES, AND WE'LL CARRY THE STATE"

The democrats of Oregon want the offices, and it is to be expected that they will make any kind of statement to President Cleveland that they think will bring them What was stated in Saturday's telegraphic report as their representations to the president is an effort to make a reason which they suppose will suit the president, and the story that the republican party of Oregon is dominated by the federal officials of Portland, whose "arbitrary rule caused the breach in the party that prevented the election of a senator," will probably do as well as any other fabrication We should very willingly see the democrats have all the offices, and should have rejoiced had the new president within the first week of his term removed every republican. But removals ought to be made in an honest manner, and without false pretenses "Give us the offices," the democratic aspirants say, "and we will carry the state and elect the senator" Possibly,—and possibly not. We should suppose, however, that open solicitation of the offices for this purpose was hardly in accord with the spirit of civil service reform After the democratic brethren succeed, upon these representations, in getting the offices, of course they will "work" them for political results at least as vigorously as the republicans ever did. The only thing that is really noticeable in this effort to get the offices is the hypocrisy of it. That is really contemptible. No republican could object to changes in the offices, if done in an open, direct and honorable way, without subterfuge or false pretenses. Less participation of officials in political matters than has sometimes heretofore been witnessed is desirable, but Oregon is unlikely to see this result through a change of officials brought about under the pressure of the democratic office-seekers and politicians that, if the offices are given them, they will carry the state.

WHERE WILL IT END?

Proceedings in the Sharon-Hill case at San Francisco seem to have been stopped for a time by the lodgment of Sarah Althea in jail Into that secluded retreat she has been borne as a consequence of her refusal to obey an order of Judge Sawyer's court. There, she says, she will stay till she dies, before she will surrender to inspection of vulgar eyes the precious certificate of her alleged marriage.

It happens to be one of the features of our courts of justice that so long as a man or woman has money to lubricate the machinery of the courts no brakes can be thrown on to stop proceedings. So long as there is a sugar plum in sight for lawyers, just so long will the wheels be kept in motion If Sarah Althea still has money, or can promise it with plausible prospects of being able to pay, her lawyers will doubtless have her out of jail, and she will be at old Sharon again, worrying him as he deserves

This case has occupied the attention of almost every court in San Francisco for the past two years. The police court, two or three justices' courts, three different superior courts, the supreme court, and the United States circuit court. The people, or at least those who feel an interest in the matter, are divided in opinion as to the merits of the case There has been perjury enough committed during the proceedings to send half the people connected with it to the penitentiary, and enough of bad blood aroused to create a small revolution Just now the case is further from settlement than it was six months ago Judge Sullivan's decision granting Sarah Althea a divorce is being overhauled by the federal court and such developments are being made as will, in all probability, nullify that decision, and possibly create a conflict between federal and state authorities.

So far, throughout the length and breadth of the case, Sarah Althea has only gained one point from which there is likely to be no appeal That was a judgment for $750, balance due on a note given by Sharon before the marriage plea was set up. This was procured in Judge Flynn's, one of the superior courts of San Francisco He held that Althea had entered into a meretricious engagement with Sharon for a term of months, and that Sharon had broken the engagement, that Hill had performed her part of the contract in good faith, hence the judgment. Judge Flynn also found that the obligations under which the judgment debt was created were rendered subsequent to the date of the marriage contract, a decision that is in direct conflict with the divorce granted by Judge Sullivan The wealth of a lecherous millionaire and the cheek of a brazen strumpet do not wash well together

There is just one satisfaction Old Sharon claimed to be a man of decency and standing, and he deserves all the trouble and all the disgrace it has heaped upon him, and the use of his money besides.

FOLK-LORE OF SHAKESPEARE

A volume has recently been written on the folk-lore of Shakespeare The term "folk-lore" is of recent origin, but it stands in literature for that which is as old as literature itself It signifies the tales, legends, traditions and superstitions of a people their ideas upon common and uncommon things their sayings and proverbs illustrative of the life around them In this species of lore no writer is so rich as Shakespeare. Long ago Dr Farmer demonstrated, and the labors of others have only confirmed his conclusions, that Shakespeare, despite all that the commentators, doctors, lawyers, ornithologists, entomologists, botanists and other specialists find, or pretend to find in his work, was anything but a man of learning He knew "small Latin and less Greek," and had but a smattering of French Even of English literature, other than what was contemporary, he was no profound student, though he seems to have read with some attention both Chaucer and the older chronicles. It is to be observed that of all those who have adopted the idea that the author of the works that go under Shakespeare's name was the learned Lord Bacon, no one person of recognized literary culture and judgment has adopted the opinion

But though Shakespeare had little learning he had incomparable knowledge His mind assimilated the very marrow of the the books he read, and, above all, seized upon what was likely to be serviceable to him in his profession of playwright. His genius was not the predominance of a faculty, but the predominance of all faculties. He is as accurate as he is keen [illegible] whether concerned with a country custom or legend, with a craftsman's detail, with a fact of nature or with a mental or emotional phase In especial, he is never diffuse Eliminating from his plays some portions addressed to the gallery scarcely a line will be found not bearing upon the development of the action of the drama. With the richest imagination and a boundless fertility, he is hardly tempted to use an extravagant epithet or to resort to an overstrained metaphor or an unnecessary illustration One secret of his power, indeed, is the might suggested by his sobriety With all this he is passing sweet. The commonest facts of human experience in their passage through his brain are transmuted, as in an alembic, into pure gold

Of this, the mode in which he deals with what is indicated above as folk lore—with the common knowledge, superstition and traditions of his time—affords a most striking proof Folk lore is not in itself poetical, though it may come to appear so as civilization removes men further from its origin Of the materials that lay in Shakespeare's hand, the contemporary folk lore was among the commonest. But it was abundant and varied, and full of potential poetry which his genius unfolded in adapting it to his purposes. For an unlearned public, no better illustration could be drawn than from such a source. It is partly on this ground, partly by reason of the scantiness of his own learning, that Shakespeare, who was troubled by no such considerations of a quasi-classical dignity as hampered the French dramatists of a succeeding age, has made so extensive and unexampled a use of the folk-lore current in his day

The New York *Times* is reported to be for sale. If so, it is the natural outcome of its course during the late political campaign The next paper up for sale will probably be *Harper's Weekly.*

MARRIAGE AS A BUSINESS VENTURE.

A suit is now pending in one of the Indiana courts, in which the husband admits plainly that his heart was coaxed to beat in unison with another by the witching influence of $60,000, which the fair one had to her credit at the bank. It is a good thing that some one has had the honesty to confess a business venture of this kind, for almost everybody knows that marrying for money has been an industry very vigorously pursued, though the secrecy about it usually makes the evidence of a circumstantial nature It is proof, too, of the charges often made that, in accord with the sentiment of our day, our girls are taught to look upon marriage as the chief end and aim of their lives. Every gift of nature, every grace of culture, all are estimated at a matrimonial market value and turned into this single channel, as though for womankind there was but one destiny Such an idea of marriage is a very low view of that which was intended to elevate both man and woman To be a wife is, in itself, no virtue. To be a mother is none Mere maternity does not refine or exalt character, though one must pity the woman who is not made purer and better for it, and pity her offspring more When matrimony is made a mere trade with old maidism, or position and wealth, it loses all of its sweetness and grace, if not its purity and glory. In the same breath in which we are told that women are "drummed up for marriage," we are told that they become "heartless and dangerous coquettes." Is there any reason why they should not become such? When they grow up with no other aim in life than to make a good marriage settlement in the dollar-and-cents view of the case, when by constant teaching marriage becomes a mere selfish, mercenary arrangement, is it strange that some of our girls should sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? In such a barter the man and woman joined by law enter, at heart, upon a career of separate interests, in which, in return for ministering to his pride and self-complacency, she seizes upon all possible compensation True marriage is slain, and there is nothing left but its wretched ghost. Over and over again the miserable farce is played to the bitter end The fruit of such lives is rotten to the very core

We are not saying that there should be no thought at all of the material or business feature of wedded life No more is a life rounded out and made symmetrical and complete by bread alone, than is married existence completed with love alone. Make marriage as sentimental as possible, refine the relation between the sexes as completely as they are susceptible of refinement, yet when all is said and done, it will be found that the matrimonial state is made up not a little of eating and drinking shelter and clothing, and accumulation If these things are wanting, it will be found that love does not wholly suffice for either comfort or refinement. That is a sensible girl who refuses to marry a man until he can see his way clear to butter and bread, bonnets, blankets, shoes, house rent and a hundred other things, the use of which goes to preserve life and the creation of happiness at home

It is one of the things for a young man to remember that he should not take a wife until he can see his way clear in a business sense There are plenty of old people who will say to him, "oh you'll get along well enough you'll spend less as a married than a single man, your wife knows how to share these burdens she'll help you save; she will be content to pinch and save for the future" Now that looks well on paper or as a picture in the mind wholly devoted to this young girl. In some cases the venture would be little or nothing at all but in nine out of ten it will prove disastrous The girl has a fairly comfortable home now she may have to work indeed, but she is more or less content. To her, this marriage means a release or change from this position It means the gratification of taste for pretty things in household affairs and dress. It means more of society, a share with her husband in the wider affairs of life She cannot, does not, shut her eyes, or keep her thoughts away from these things She expects them She expects a radical change when she marries. She is right in expecting it She is right in thinking that this man should not ask her to marry him unless he can promise them If, when she is married these expected things do not follow; if she is compelled to drop back to the commonest drudgery of a scantily provided home if she finds that her husband has no permanent resources, either in money or employment or abilities in addition to this he soon begins to find solace elsewhere and shows a disposition to boast of having provided her with a home, and this ought to content her, the usual result is that she settles down in a poor drudge, a morose, hopeless sort of woman, and what wonder? It would be less matter if it ended with her life, for she cannot endure it long But what of the children who come into such a household? Too often they are poor waifs thrown upon the world, and if, as so often occurs, many grow up without proper training, there is indefinite prolongation of the misery that follows marriage when prudence is rejected

DE MORTUIS.

The New York *Herald* takes issue with the remark of Rev Phillips Brooks that if a millionaire should die the newspapers would extol him as a benefactor, whether he had gained his wealth by fair means or foul The *Herald* says "he is, however, strategically silent as to what the ministers would say We venture the perhaps rather rash assertion that in the matter of truth telling about dead folk the press takes precedence of the clergy We have read a great many funeral orations delivered over the remains of millionaires, and we have always received from them the impression that, whatever may happen to poor men hereafter, the rich especially the very rich, always go to heaven"

As the public see a thousand press notices of dead people where they hear one funeral oration, it is probably true that if a balance were struck the newspapers would appear to a disadvantage But human nature is much the same in all professions, and the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* has been so long and so universally observed that it must be taken as embodying the general sense of mankind respecting the dead It is a comfortable and a humane maxim, if not a candid one When a man has gone where, by almost universal consent, his state is believed to be sealed, the charity that exists to a greater or less degree in almost all men's minds, hopes it may be well with him, and consideration for the feelings of those who were nearest and dearest to him forbids the expression of a harsh judgment Apart from this there is no doubt that rich folks stand a better chance to get complimentary funeral sermons and press notices than poor ones do Rev Dr Newman canonized a young man in California with vulgar extravagance a short time ago, and received a very handsome fee from the wealthy father

This maxim also embodies the feeling of most people about themselves. Only a small minority, we believe, desire to have the whole truth told about them when they are dead This has been conclusively shown by the general acceptance of the criticisms by which Carlyle and Froude have been condemned as coarse and brutal, because the latter has faithfully observed the injunction of the former that the world should have the truth of his life and of those who entered into it, for what it might be worth In reviewing Lockhart's life of Scott, Carlyle anticipated this injunction when he praised its generosity of truth that offended the conventional taste, which would have obliged the biographer to "retire, as it were, into vacuum, and write in the most melancholy straightened manner, with only vacuum for a result," producing "no biography but a vague ghost of a biography white stainless, without feature or substance"

There are many men, however, whose lives afford no material for biography, and scarcely any occasion for notice at all They have lived wholly selfish lives, and have never obtruded their views upon any general subject, of religion, politics [illegible] upon the public. All they have asked is that the public shall let them alone while living and not even take interest enough in them to see that they pay taxes upon their property They in turn ask nothing from the public, they do not seek for office they do not solicit the favor of society and live to all intents and purposes a secluded life, except as they have certain almost mechanical relations to trade and business. When they come to die they doubtless think that, as they have lived apart from the common interests of the community, they have a right to exemption from the intrusion of either praise or blame into "the cold *hic jacet* of the dead" Society, however, has never willingly accorded to such men the undisturbed position, living or dead, that they covet. They are more tolerantly judged than their equally selfish neighbors, who are continuously seeking office, and pushing for social and political prominence, while evading their obligations to the public with equal tenacity and success.

And yet we are not prepared to accept the vein that a man has the right to live as he pleases, provided he keeps within the law, and does no positive injury to society, and, when he dies, have nothing said about it. There is a positive as well as a negative side to life, and every man owes something to society although he may feel the need of nothing more than a secure and unobstructed place to make money in We cannot adopt such a man's theory of life, however complacently we may follow the maxim that bids us say nothing, if we can say no good of him when dead Saying nothing is itself a terrible condemnation If epitaphs, funeral sermons and press notices are only commonplace, they reveal the fact that the feeling of natural reverence for the dead has restrained us from telling that which might be very damaging The real truth about such men who live wholly to themselves has been expressed in a forcible couplet to the effect that the blank about them when dead implies that when living they were a blot upon the world

No one to love no one to thank
Creation's blot creation's blank

THE publication by the New York *World* of an old speech of Mr Phelps, our new minister to England, in which he uttered the extreme sentiments of his party concerning the war, is criticised by the republican papers of Vermont, which recall more vividly his later and more deliberate expressions on the side of the Union, and in acknowledgment that the north had justice and right on its side A few years ago Mr Phelps delivered an address on Judge Prentiss, who represented Vermont in the United States senate when Webster, Calhoun and Clay were members of that body In alluding to Mr Calhoun he said "The undisputed leader of southern political thought, he was the author of the constitutional theory that terminated after many years in the war of the rebellion, that the Union is a partnership of the states that can be dissolved at will, not a government by the people, perpetual in its character Utterly as it has since been refuted, there was a time when in Mr Calhoun's hands it seemed well nigh unanswerable Northern men gathered in dismay and said, "Can it be answered?" One man came to Mr Webster with the question "We shall see, sir," said Webster, "we shall see tomorrow," and on the morrow the country did see, and never forgot. They saw the southern idea utterly demolished, with a logic that convinced all minds and an eloquence that melted all hearts Then and there was it that the "lost cause" was lost. The lofty and noble proposition set forth by Mr Webster, that our government is greater than a partnership and more durable than a contract, a union now and forever, with which liberty itself is one and inseparable, sank deep into the hearts of northern men and remained there. It was this conviction that brought them up to the demands of the final crisis. They were thrice armed when their quarrel was shown to be just."

There is a law in Nevada which makes it a misdemeanor to treat a man to liquor in a saloon A man meeting a couple of friends, presents each with dime, saying, "I believe I will go into the Palace saloon and take a cocktail" The three go in, and no one treats the other This is a cumulative illustration of the fact, proved by all experience that any law which is not based upon the genuine sentiment of a majority of the community will be evaded will be a dead letter, and so far-forth a degradation of and hindrance to the enforcement of all law The penalty for stealing in England was death until public opinion forbade any conviction for stealing Juries would not condemn to the scaffold a man for taking unlawfully a shilling This is not to say that there should be no regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquors. There should be, but the law should be one that is based upon the actual sentiment of the community

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The Russian army, though enormously large, is reported to be wholly unfit for war on account of the rottenness of the government system of equipment and supplies This is not at all surprising The whole system of Russian administration has been honey combed with corruption from time immemorial, and the taint of fraud and plunder extends from the highest to the lowest, from the grand dukes to the lowest station masters, It was the revelation of this and of the consequent inefficiency of his whole empire that broke the iron heart of Nicholas more than the defeat at Sebastopol, and the last war with Turkey showed an equal degree of lassitude from the drainage of blood by innumerable leeches Russia could concentrate five times the number of troops that England could on the borders of India, but it is doubtful if she could feed them a week

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The men who boarded the Tillie E Starbuck to solicit seamen to take lodgings in Turk's boarding house, by pleading guilty, escaped the full measure of punishment authorized by law, It was stated rather inconsiderately in yesterday's paper that runners might evade the law by boarding a ship before it reaches port If this shall be attempted by any of these enterprising men, they might get themselves into trouble, for they might not agree with the court on the important question of what constitutes a port. The court might hold that a vessel, was in the port of Astoria, for example, as soon as she had crossed the bar They would at any rate discover that the law would not be interpreted purposely by the court, so as to favor their nefarious business The law is a just and equitable law and it is for the interest of seamen and masters of vessels to have it faithfully obeyed

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It is reported that the proprietor of the *West Shore*, Mr L Samuel, has decided to remove his publication from Portland to Tacoma. He can get contracts for advertising at Tacoma to "boom" the place, and special assistance also from the Northern Pacific railroad In a certain sense a publication like his may be useful to a locality that has not yet passed beyond the "boom" stage When Tacoma shall have grown up to the proportions of a city like Portland it will have no further use for publications like the *West Shore* Mr Samuel may again move on to some country town

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The Boston *Herald* one of the "mugwump" journals that supported Cleveland, puts the case brutally It says "The people pay their president salary enough to maintain 'a little style,' and they will enjoy seeing him keep it up" The *Herald* doesn't believe a president should make simplicity an excuse for tucking away in bank most of his $50,000 a year

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Russia seems to be getting decidedly the advantage over England in the Afghan dispute The question now seems to be not whether Russia will fight, but whether England will fight Russia holds her ground in Afghanistan and seems to have the best of the diplomatic end of the business What is England going to do about it?

The Union League club of New York has reaffirmed a resolution, first adopted in 1883 declaring that "no person should be admitted to the club whose views upon public matters do not agree with those of the republican party" It is a republican club, and no man who is not a republican ought to seek admission to it

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If the federal officers in Portland were the means of preventing election of a senator last session it seems a little singular that they should now be urging the governor to call a special session of the legislature to elect a senator Some stories fail to cohere

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It is learned that John P Ward, appraiser of customs at Portland, has resigned his office. The resignation was sent on to Washington about a week ago The name of democratic applicants for the place is legion. The office is worth $3000 a year

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Some of the Late Productions of our Publishing Houses.

Personal Gossip and Literary Notes—Extracts and Information of Interest to all Book Lovers and Buyers

SERMONS BY REV MATTHEW SIMPSON, D D, LL D Edited by Rev George W Crooks Published by Harper & Bros., New York.

In a neat octavo volume of 454 pages Mr Crooks has presented twenty five of the late Bishop Simpson's sermons. As the editor says in his preface, "the sermons in this volume are not closet sermons so far as I know they were never, two of them excepted, committed to writing by their author Nearly all were secured for reading by my own reporter They have, therefore the marks of extemporaneous discourse They are fresh, vigorous and have, as one might say, the breeziness of open air They make no pretensions to polish of diction the form of speech, however, is simple and natural but always intense. It has been my aim to preserve, in the reproduction, the intensity which was so marked a feature of their delivery" All readers of the volume will admit that the work has been done well Each sermon breathes the spirit of the man from whose brain they spring, earnestness and loving kindness being discernible in every sentence There is no skepticism to be found there no trifling with latter day methods of scientific thought, but plain, vigorous remarks on the doctrines of Christianity as he saw them There is a freshness in all that makes them recall the author's presence, and gives added pleasure to their perusal For sale by W. B Ayer & Co

PARADISE FOUND A study of the prehistoric world By William F Warren, president of Boston university Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co, Boston

To a large and rapidly growing class of readers any book which deals with questions relating to the origin of the human race and kindred subjects, has a peculiar and absorbing interest. Of late books of this nature have been multiplying, and as the investigations of all branches of scientific research are continually bringing to light facts long hidden from the mass of humanity, it is not likely this class of readers will decrease in numbers until the whole system of the universe is laid bare to their inspection. In this volume of President Warren's has been gathered a great number of facts, a great number of suppositions, and much that is interesting in the conclusions drawn from both The object of the volume is to show that the "Garden of Eden" of the Hebrew bible was located at the north pole, in a region now submerged by water To this theory the author brings the support of ethnology, geology, climatology, astronomical geography, anthropology and tradition He has ransacked libraries, delved into books without number and must be given credit for enormous research if for nothing else. There are many conclusions in the volume that will meet with much opposition in various quarters, and it may be said that tradition, when it is sought for in mythology, can not always be accepted as representing physical facts From time immemorial the races of the world have looked backward to what they considered the original home of the human race, and surrounded it with all the glory of a paradise. In this all powerful intuition may be found the essence of truth. It will hardly be questioned that at some former remote period the cradle of the present human race was to be found in a region possessing many of the characteristics of an edenic condition But where that cradle was remains the subject of conjecture, even after the publication of President Warren's book The teachings of the "initiates" of esoteric Buddhism state that in the grand system of cyclic evolution several great races have been nurtured, developed, and sank into comparative insignificance in the history of our planet. In the course of their development there have been vast convulsions of nature, in which continents once teeming with life have been submerged beneath the sea. Lemuria, which existed thousands of centuries ago is supposed to have been located in the Indian ocean, of which part of the present India was the northern extremity Atlantis was a continent of still later date, that portion known as the island of Poseidonis having sank at least 11,000 years ago in a grand convulsion of nature Still another continent is supposed to have existed at the northern pole To all three of these continents is attributed the home of the earliest human race by various writers A few years ago Ignatius Donnelly in an exceedingly ingenious book, "Atlantis," endeavored to prove that the lost continent of that name was the original "Garden of Eden." His book is full of information, and there is much that may be regarded as truth in it, but like that of Mr Warren's, the surmises of the author may sometimes be found wanting solid foundation In researches of this kind there is much to excite the enthusiasm of the theorist, and the student of cosmogony as well. Mr Donnelly's theory of the "Garden of Eden" is as well fortified as that of President Warren's, and has this advantage, that the existence of the Atlantean continent has been proven to the satisfaction of most inquirers into the early history of the present human race, while that of the Polar continent is yet a matter of conjecture

But the truth or falsity of these suggestions does not impair the value of President Warren's book as an embodiment of extensive research into a most interesting subject. No one can read it without having his or her ideas broadened by contemplation of the grand possibilities that may lie within the grasp of science, in unfolding the hidden pages of the dawn of human history Whether the Hebrew "Garden of Eden" was in Lemuria, Atlantis or at the North Pole may not matter greatly, but the solution of the question will always be sought, and exert a fascination over the multitude of minds, incomprehensible to the mass of humanity Accepting the explanation of the esoteric Buddhist cosmogony, all may have seen the dawn, progress and decline of a great human race In that case all will be right, in one sense of the word Taking this book, therefore, merely as an attempt to prove that the "Garden of Eden" of the Old Testament was located at the north pole, it will hardly carry conviction to the mass of its readers As an interesting compilation of facts and theories relating to cosmogony and similar subjects it is valuable and should be read by every person of intelligence For sale by W B Ayer & Co

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR Published by Harper & Bros, New York.

It is seldom that a man lives so long that he has prepared the history of an active life for posthumous publication that he tires of waiting for death and presents them to the world in the form as an autobiography yet Sir Henry Taylor at the age of 85, has done so Sir Henry Taylor was a friend of Southey, and an acquaintance of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Tennyson and Browning of Hallam, Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle and Lecky, and of the eminent statesmen of his time He was born with the century, and in his autobiography presents the reader with many interesting portraitures of the literary giants of the first half of that century An occasional picture of some of those of the present day is given Of the premier of England Sir Henry says

[illegible]

Few will begin the venerable writer's life history without reading all Its humor is rich and at times extremely delicate, and as a descriptive sketch is as interesting as a novel. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

John B Alden has changed the form of his *Novelist* to the size of the *Book Worm*, a convenient size.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the first edition of George Eliot's life is already being sought after by collectors

Mrs. Rose H Thorpe author of the poem, "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," resides at San Antonio, Tex, and talks of going to California to live.

Marshal MacMahon, the French general, is preparing his memoirs for private circulation among his friends It is supposed the book will eventually reach the public.

Mr W. D Howells has taken the "Old Manse" at Concord, Mass, for the summer Mr Robert James, a brother of Mr Henry James, is also about to take up his residence in Concord

"Watch and Clock Making," by David Glasgow, and "A Love's Extremes," by Maurice Thompson, a story of which the scene is laid in North Carolina, will be published by Cassell & Co

In a few days Messrs. Scribner's Sons of New York will publish a new novel of the north and south, entitled "Across the Chasm" The author is a southern lady, whose name is not divulged.

At the sale of Mr Edward's library at Trentham vicarage, Colonel Johnes' edition of Froissart fetched $275 the first edition of Walton's "Angler," $122 50 and the first edition of Robinson Crusoe, $47 50

Miss Jean Ingelow, who has seldom written for any American publication, magazine, journal, or what not, is soon to have an original poem in the *Independent* which is strong in its list of English contributors.

"The Adventures of Jimmy Brown" is an amusing little volume containing the ludicrous adventures of a boy whose mischievous antics got himself and many others in trouble It comes from the press of Harper & Bros and is for sale by W. B Ayer & Co.

The unpublished novel by the late Col Fred Burnaby will probably see the light during the coming autumn On account of its severe political tone, it will be issued with a biography, with which, it is said, it will be blended The biography will be written by a friend.

Twenty of Mirabeau's letters were recently sold in Paris His handwriting was peculiar, his letters being almost straight, written vigorously, without flourishes or loops and pressed so close together that the lines appeared to have no break in them, the work being almost tacked together

From Cassell & Co, New York, is received the catalogue of the sixtieth spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, with notes and illustrations of ninety-five of the paintings on exhibition The pamphlet also contains sketches of the artists and much other interesting matter

"Dr Chapin's wit," said Henry Ward Beecher, recently, "flashed like the spokes of a wheel in the sun" One day he sat on Rev Dr. Emerson's hat, and then instantly arose and passed the crumpled thing to its owner, saying "You ought to thank me for that, for your hat was only silk, but now is it satin"

General Alvin P Hovey, in *The Current* of April 11, under the caption Purifying the Ballot," shows that such existing laws as require governmental officers to swear they have not corrupted voters are inoperative for want of penalty, the Holman Bill of last congress should become a law, because it imposed penalties for infractions, and would therefore be found efficient

In a reminiscence of Fletcher Webster, published in the *Bay State Monthly* for April, is quoted an expression that Daniel Webster used regularly every year to his son "Fletcher, my son," he would say, "let us go up to Franklin to-morrow let us have a good time, and leave the old lady at home Let us have a good old New Hampshire dinner—fried apples and onions and pork"

The two volumes of Mr George W Williams "History of the Negro Race in America from 1619 to 1880" have been put into one by G P Putnam's Sons The work has apparently undergone no revision, but, with all its faults, it is a valuable contribution to the social and political history of the country and at the present reduced price it will doubtless become more widely known

G P Putnam's sons have ready "Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute," by Gen T F Rodenbough U S A, which will put the reader in possession of the facts of the present difficulty between England and Russia. The same house has in press "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," from the pen of its junior partner, Mr Theodore Roosevelt, known before he "bolted" Blaine, bones and all, as the "Young Reformer"

The Earl of Lytton's new poem, "Glenaveril, or the Metamorphosis," will be published in six books, a book each month, by the Appletons As it has already been announced it is a picture of modern London life Other books to be issued by the firm are "The Nature and Reality of Religion," a controversy between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer, and "Louis Pasteur, His Life and Labors" by his son in law, with an introduction by Prof Tyndall.

General John D Imboden, who, with other ex-confederate generals, will contribute to the May *Century*, was one of three officers appointed to examine into the condition of the transportation and commissariat of the confederate army after the battle of Bull Run, and report upon the reasons why the success of that fight was not followed up by an attack on Washington General Imboden tells in the *Century* the result of this investigation which, he relates, was embodied in a report to the confederate administration—and suppressed.

A pamphlet has been prepared and published by Charles Scribner's Sons which will be a great boon to those who are laying the foundation for a private or a circulating library It is a library list, containing about one thousand titles, which includes the most standard works in all branches of literature Prices are given of the best and also of the cheapest good editions Beside the value of the list to librarians, it will be found also of exceptional usefulness as a priced reference catalogue of standard books The price of the pamphlet is ten cents

Mr Quaritch, the London bookseller has many peculiarities. Perhaps one of the best known is his attachment to an old felt hat in which at any great sale he invariably appears. He has had it for years and obstinately refuses to part with it. Its shape is well known to frequenters of "the rooms" One gentleman, a well known collector, had a great desire to possess the head piece as a memento of the great book seller, and tried, but in vain to induce him to part with it. Failing in persuasion, he tried to soften Mr Quaritch with gold But still in vain—even when the collector offered £5 for the old tile Mr Quaritch when the bidding had reached this point, declined all parley and retired—still happy in the possession of his hat. The market value to a Jew broker of the hat would be sixpence to ninepence

The *American Journal of Archaeology* is the name of a new quarterly magazine published in Baltimore which will be the official organ of the Archaeological Institute of America, and will aim at furthering the interests for which the institute was founded Its advisory editor is Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, and its managing editor is Dr A L Frothingham of Johns Hopkins university Among its special editorial writers are Dr Alfred Emerson of Johns Hopkins university, Mr W Ludlow of this city, Professor Allan Marquand of Princeton college, Mr A R Marsh of Harvard university, Mr Charles C Perkins of Boston, Dr Charles Waldstein of Cambridge university, England, and Mr Justin Winsor of Harvard university. Besides these some of the greatest archaeologists of Europe have been engaged to write for it The first number contains five articles, together with miscellanies, book reviews, summaries of periodicals, and interesting items of archaeological news American archaeology will receive special attention and will be under the supervision of Mr Justin Winsor and Lieutenant William H Dall, U S N The magazine starts out well and ought to succeed

Messrs Funk & Wagnalls of New York will publish, early in May a book by Dr Schaff, under the title "The Oldest Church Manual," called "Teaching of the Apostles," with illustrations and fac-similes of the Jerusalem Ms and cognate documents, with full discussion of the subject This will be the first and fullest work on this remarkable book recently discovered by Bryennios, the metropolitan of Nicomedia. It will give the text of the "Teaching," in Greek and English, with a commentary, and all the cognate documents (the apostolic church order, the constitutions, the seventh book of the apostolic constitutions) with translations and a number of chapters of discussions connected with the subject The chapters will give an account of the manuscript and its discovery a sketch of Dr Bryennios an analysis of the contents an estimate of its theology and general value They inquire into the age and authorship and its relation to the similar documents of the first and second centuries The questions of the primitive mode of baptism and the administration of the Lord's supper and Agape receive large attention so also the primitive officers of the church mentioned in the *Didache*, as apostles, prophets, bishops and deacons. The book is an important contribution to the history of the post-apostolic age A unique feature of the work is the illustrations and fac-similes of the Jerusalem monastery and the library where the MS. of the *Didache* was found, two pages of the MS itself (which is now almost inaccessible), and several baptismal pictures from the Catacombs. The fac-similes were obtained by friends in Constantinople, and have never been published. The book also contains an important communication and a letter from Bryennios, of Nicomedia, the discoverer and first editor of the *Didache.*

Sir Henry Taylor, in his autobiography, mentions his contributions to the *Quarterly*, and gives this sketch of Jeffrey and Gifford "Of the two editors, Jeffrey and Gifford, Jeffrey, with the aid of Sydney Smith and Brougham, had achieved the higher reputation for brilliancy and wit but Gifford's talents were not perhaps inferior to his, nor his wit inferior either, though he was a graver man, and was now getting old and weak in health Both were kind men in life both were merciless and remorseless as writers. Southey said to me of Gifford that all his gall was in his inkstand The same might have been said of Jeffrey But they had had to fight their way in life in their youth, and they, like many others then and since—myself for a time—adopted the evil habit of regarding literary life as a fair fight, of which the honor and glory belonged to him who could use weapons of offence with most skill and effect. Under cover of this view they 'corrupted their compassions,' and they hardened their hearts to acts of literary cruelty and wrong, dealing death strokes at the feelings, and hopes, and fortunes of this or that literary aspirant, perhaps with one or another plea or pretext of a public or a party purpose to be answered, but in reality with little other object than of raising their own credit as journalists by the force and brilliancy of their writings."

ADDED TO THE LIBRARY

The following new books were received and added to the Library Association of Portland during the week

History of the Huguenot Emigration to America. By Charles W Baird, D D 2 vols.

American Political Ideas. By John Fiske

Principles of Physics, or Natural Philosophy. By Benjamin Silliman, Jr

The Encyclopedia Britannia, ninth edition, vol 18. Orn-Pht.

Trajan The History of a Sentimental Young Man By Henry F Keenan.

The Adventures of Jimmy Brown By W L Alden.

Autobiography of Henry Taylor, 1800-1875 2 vols.

Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia. By Augustus C. Hare

Interrupted A Story by Pansy

The New Book of Kings By J Morrison Davidson.

The Diamond Lens, with other Stories. By Fitz-James O'Brien Collected and Edited with a Sketch of the Author, by William Winter

The Log Cabin Series, No 1—The Lost Trail. By Edward S. Ellis.

Boy Pioneer Series, No 2—Ned in the World By the same.

No 3—Ned in the River By the same

American Men of Letters—Nathaniel Parker Willis By Henry A. Beers.

The Duchess Emilia. A Romance by Barrett Wendell.

The Chevalier D'Eon De Beaumont. By Captain J Buchan Telfer, R N

American Presbyterianism, its Origin and Early History By Charles Augustus Briggs, D D

The Century Magazine vols 28 and 29

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, vol 69.

Presented to the Library association of Portland by Mr H. Thielsen

The Swedenborg library, edited by B. F Barrett, Vol 1—Death, Resurrection and the Judgment vol 2—Heaven being the Substance of the Official Report of a Credible Eye-witness vol 3—Freedom, Rationality and Catholicity, vol 4—Divine Providence and its Laws, vol 5—Charity, Faith and Works, vol 6—Free-Will, Repentance, Reformation and Regeneration vol 7—Holy Scripture and the Key to its Spiritual Sense vol 8—Creation, Incarnation, Redemption and the Divine Trinity vol 9—Marriage and the Sexes in both Worlds vol 10—The Author's Memorabilia, vol 11—The Heavenly Doctrine of the Lord, vol 12—Swedenborg, with a compend of his Teachings. New Church Popular Series. Vol 1—The World Beyond vol 2—The New Church Theology vol 3—The New Life vol 4—True Character of the Bible vol. 5—Doctrines of the New Church vol. 6—Key of knowledge vol 7—Is a New Church Possible.

Presented to the Library association of Portland by Mr H. L Pittock MORNING OREGONIAN vol 24, from August 4, 1884, to February 3, 1885.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR

NEW ODE

Oh I'm the Russian Bear
[illegible] is my fare
And when I growl the animals all tremble
I know a trick or two
In fact I've played a few
When it suited my convenience to dissemble
Ha! [illegible] now I see,
It thinks that I will flee
[illegible] the road that leads to Herat
Tremendous goodness, how the lion roar
That's a sound I've heard before
[illegible] a pile of kopecks I don't fear it
New [illegible] style
What [illegible] little wile
[illegible] Gladstone he'll remember
I will lure him to my cave
[illegible] save
And then this growling lion I'll dismember
Yes, I'm the Russian bear
I am covered o'er with hair
And I tell the lions I never have been curried
There's a lion in my path
That will surely feel my wrath
If its movements hence are presently not hurried

DIED

In this city, April 18, 1885, William J Holman, eldest son of Mrs. M. Keith aged 30 years. Funeral from residence corner North Sixth and D streets, Sunday, April 19 at 3 P. M. Friends of the family are invited to attend

MAY STYLES of the famous Domestic Patterns Portland Hair Emporium 163 Fourth street

MAY STYLES of Butterick's Patterns at Wass' Hair Store 83 Yamhill street

NEW TO-DAY.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.
(Of Portland

The Best and Cheapest on the Coast—Thoroughly Renovated at the Opening of 1885.

The International of Portland, which under the able management of Mr Lewiston has always held the first place among similar establishments in this country, is without exception the best conducted caravansary for the general traveling public on the Pacific coast.

No money or pains are spared to render every department thoroughly satisfactory to all its guests, without partiality, and its unprecedented success is best evidenced by its constant and increasing flow of patronage.

The things which specially recommends this house are its convenient location, within three blocks from all railway depots and steamer landings extensive and excellent accommodations, comprising over one hundred large, light and airy apartments commodious, convenient and pleasant parlors sitting and reading rooms, an abundant and most satisfactory table, the faithful manner in which all contracts entered into by its gentlemanly and obliging agents are carried out, the exclusion of Chinese from its service, and its most reasonable rates, 25 cents per meal or $1 per day

The International, intermediate to distance all competitors, has recently undergone a most thorough renovation throughout, comprising cleaning, painting, calcimining and the frescoing and ornamentation of its dining hall, now one of the very handsomest in Portland

Mr Lewiston and wife give their personal supervision to the most important details of its management and the former, from his thorough personal knowledge of the northwest, not only performs the office of a genial host, but cheerfully and readily gives disinterested and valuable information and advice concerning the most desirable locations for settlement

The sanitary and fire regulations of the house are most complete and efficient, and in every respect it meets the requirements and expectations of its patrons Families, especially ladies and children, receive every attention to make their sojourn comfortable and homelike

Guests are conveyed to and from the hotel free in the International omnibus, which meets all trains and steamers

BIDS FOR BUILDING BRIDGE.

SEALED PROPOSALS FOR BUILDING A bridge on the Macadam road near the Red house in accordance with plans and specifications on file with the clerk will be received at the office of the county clerk up to Monday the 25th of April, at noon The bridge to be completed within sixty (60) days after letting contract The successful bidder will be required to give bond in the sum of $500 for the faithful performance of the contract. The right to reject all bids is reserved By order the county court.

J. C. MORELAND County Judge.

NEW

FOR FINE ALL-W... dressmaking, LITT...

A WOOL GRADER WA... Best references given... Oregonian

FURNISHED HOUSE OF ... rent reasonable to ... M R T, care Oregonian.

RECEIVED TO-DAY NEW ... brocades in the leading ... Litt's the leader Third and ...

WANTED—TEN ... apprentices at ... Morrison st. Apply between ...

FOR SALE—FOUR ... South Portland; ... view on high ground ... cheap Apply at office, ... & CO

FOR SALE—7½ ACRES ... East Portland dairy ... state of cultivation. ... barn, etc. Will be sold ... & CO 13 Stark st.

IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE ... burger, etc. ... Pickles, Sauer Kraut, ... Beef Tongues, etc. ... lowest rates. Mrs. M. ...

WANTED—A MAN OF GOOD ... business ability to ... pany that produces the ... Air Brush Process, good ... Address T J O'Brien, ...

WANTED — INFORMATION ... the fate of George ... Rado who were lost ... Also the boat named "Alfa ... pied Address K. B., care ...

LOST OR STOLEN—A ... setter dog. Any person ... is requested to return him to ... ward will be paid for information ... ery. WM. S. SIBSON, ... or office of Sibson, Church & Co.

ELMA, CAPTAIN ... ralso Neither the ... consignees of the above ... ble for any debts that may be ... 1983 TAYLOR, YOUNG ...

FARMS FOR SALE ... land near Carlton; ... hill county Also ... 140 under cultivation; ... land, except about ... house barn, orchard, etc. ... 13 Stark st.

TO GOOD ...

I WANT AS MANY HANDS ... providing they are ... room to work in shop, ... ble parties. LITT, The Leader.

DRESS STYLES!—... designs for spring wear. ... fine work. MRS. ... Dressmaker.

MRS. DUNL...

HAVING RETURNED FROM ... resume the management of her

KINDERGART...

and class for the training of ... 20 at 246 Washington street.

THIRD ANNUAL ...

JUVENILE PARTY GIVEN ...

J. W. Varney to his ...

AT THE PAVILI...

Friday Evening, ...

TICKETS, 50 C...

After the party all have the ...

—THE—

"...

CHOICE, FAMILY ...

PATENT ROL...

FLO...

Takes the Lead ...

Introduced!

For sale by leading dealers ...

SIBSON, CHURCH ...

GENERAL AGENTS ...

Portland Flouring ...

S. W. Cor. Third and ...

We shall offer MONDAY ... of Spring ... all wool ... per yard.

BLACK GOODS DEPA...

A superior ... Cashmeres ... Veiling ... Serges En...

Our stock ... terns, Am... gandies, S... all the new...

COLLINSON & ...

NEW MARKET ...

Last week ...

Monday ... and ...

"STORM BEA...

ADMISS...

CASINO OPER...

Corner ...

THE ROYAL MI...

First A...

Popular Prices ...

Box Shee...

TIVOLI ...

Commencing Monday ...

BERLIN ... THE CALIFORNIA ...

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY ...

Sick headache ... and limbs, ... mouth, etc.,

Enclose ... to this office ... medium to c...

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1885.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

CHURCH NOTICES.

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST

NEW TO-DAY

FOR FINE ALL-WOOL DRESSES ... dressmaking, LITT leads.

A WOOL GRADER WANTS A SITUATION ... Best references given. Address "Grader," ... Oregonian

FURNISHED HOUSE OF FIVE ROOMS ... rent reasonable to gentleman and wife. Address E. T., care Oregonian

RECEIVED TO-DAY NEW TWO-TONED ... brocades in the leading shades; pattern ... the leader, Third and Alder

WANTED—TEN DRESSMAKERS AND ... apprentices at Pilger's dressmaking ... Morrison st. Apply between 8 and 11 A. M.

FOR SALE—FOUR FINE LEVEL LOTS ... South Portland, good location and ... on high ground, fine residence lots ... cheap. Apply at once, 106 First st. ...

FOR SALE—24 ACRES 2 MILES FROM East Portland ferry landing all under state of cultivation. Orchard and small fruit ... barn etc. Will be sold at a sacrifice ... CO 13 Stark st.

IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE, CREAM, ... burger, etc., Eingemachte Herring, ... Aixes, Sauer Kraut, Pickled Beans, German ... of Tongues, etc. Assortment of family groceries ... lowest rates. Mrs. M. Baum, 85 Morrison st. ...

WANTED—A MAN OF GOOD ADDRESS ... business ability to represent an ... company that produces the Finest Portraits by the ... Brush Process, good pay ... territory ... Address T. J. O'Brien, 18 Sixth st., San ...

WANTED — INFORMATION CONCERNING the fate of George King, Antone ... who were lost at Fisher's Landing ... on the boat named "Alls of P. F." which ... Address K. B., care Oregonian office.

LOST OR STOLEN—A LARGE RED ... setter dog. Any person having him is ... requested to return him to the undersigned ... and will be paid for information leading to his ... W. M. S. SIBSON, N. W. cor. 11th and ... office of Sibson, Church & Co., Portland, Or.

ALMA CAPTAIN ROBERTS FROM ... and raiso. Neither the master nor the ... consignees of the above-named vessel will be ... for any debts that may be contracted by the ... TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., ...

FARMS FOR SALE—250 ACRES OF ... land near Carlton, one of the finest ... county. Also 890 acres close to ... under cultivation, balance oak grubs ... land, except about 40 acres which is ... house, barn, orchard etc. CREIGHTON & ... Stark st.

TO GOOD DRESSMAKERS.

... WANT AS MANY HANDS AS I CAN ... providing they are first-class. Having no ... room to work in shop I will give work out to ... parties. LITT, The Leader

DRESS STYLISH!—New and ... designs for spring wear. Prices reduced ... work. MRS. G. E. BURKE, ... dressmaker.

MRS. DUNLAP

HAVING RETURNED FROM THE EAST ... resume the management of her

KINDERGARTEN

... class for the training of teachers, Monday ... at 246 Washington street.

THIRD ANNUAL GERMAN

JUVENILE PARTY GIVEN BY

W. Varney to his Private Classes

AT THE PAVILION,

Friday Evening, May 1st.

TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

After the party all have the privilege of dancing

—THE—

"[illegible]"

CHOICE FAMILY

PATENT ROLLER

FLOUR

Takes the Lead Wherever Introduced!

For sale by leading dealers, and by

SIBSON, CHURCH & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS OF THE

Portland Flouring Mills Co.

[illegible]

N. W. Cor. Third and Morrison

DRESS GOODS!

We shall offer MONDAY APRIL 20, a large ... Spring Dress Goods comprising all grades of ... wool fabrics in the new shades at 40c, 75c and ... yard.

BLACK GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Just Received

A superior stock of Black and Mourning Goods ... Ottomans, ... French Buntings, ... Vigognes, Bison cloth, ... Grenadine, Camel's Hair ... English Crapes, Cashmere Shawls, etc.

WASHING FABRICS.

Our stock of Ginghams, Seersuckers, Shirting ... American, French and Persian Lawns and ... Scotch Zephyrs etc. is very large, ... the newest and best goods of the season.

An examination invited.

OLLINSON & APPEL

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER

J. P. HOWE, Lessee and Manager.

... week of MR. AND MRS. McKEE RANKIN ... their All Star Company

... Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights ... Robert Buchanan's thrilling melodrama,

"STORM BEATEN,"

With a phenomenal cast.

Friday ... performance of THE DANITES ... attraction, great special bill ... ADMISSION—50 ... No extra charge for ... reserved seats at Prentiss

CASINO OPERA HOUSE,

Corner East Park and Washington Streets ... A. S. GROSS ... Proprietor and Manager

TUESDAY, APRIL 21.

Grand Opening Summer season with Grosse's Comic Opera, in 3 Acts,

THE ROYAL MIDDY,

First Appearance of Louise Lester, Helen Moore, Neville Courtney and Edwin Stevens.

Popular Prices, 50c and 25c.

Box Sheet ... at ... Bros. ... between ... can be had without ... extra ...

TIVOLI THEATER.

... NEW COMPANY

Commencing Monday Evening, April 20

BERLIN LADY ORCHESTRA! THE CALIFORNIA MARVELS. HINDOO JUGGLERS!

And a Brilliant New Company,

ADMISSION ... cents. Reserved seats ...

Family Matinee Saturday at 2 o'clock

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED ... to ... meddle with or tamper with any electric light ... belonging to this company ... the police have ... company ... giving the name of ... company ... Electric Lighting and Power Co. of Portland, Oregon ... F. F. MOSELEY, ...

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in ... limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and ... mouth, etc., entirely cured by the use of

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

Enclose 10 cents and the address of ... this office for the statistical ... medium to circulate in the east.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1885.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND April 18 7 49 P. M.

Place of Obs'n	Hight of Bar.	Chge in last 8 Hrs.	Ther	Wind Direction.	R'n in all of inch	State of Wth'r
[illegible]	30.12	05	45	Calm	00	Clear
[illegible]	30.10	04	49	S	00	Fair
[illegible]	30.08	03	43	N	00	Clear
[illegible]	29.92	-06	74	NW	00	Clear
[illegible]	29.92	-05	53	SW	00	Clear
[illegible]	30.03	-02	45	NW	00	Fair
[illegible]	[illegible]	06	49	N	00	Clear
[illegible]	30.14	04	46	NW	00	Clear
[illegible]	30.13	[illegible]	41	SW	00	Clear
[illegible]	30.07	04	45	Calm	00	Clear

Maximum thermometer 57 minimum 3[illegible]

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

For sale at the following places:

- ..., First and Morrison.
- ..., Third bet. Morrison and Alder
- ..., near cor. First and Jefferson
- ..., 166 First.
- ..., First and B.
- ..., First bet. Salmon and Taylor
- ... hotel, Third and D.
- ... candy store, Fifth and Morrison
- ..., Fourth and Morrison
- ...'s, 52 Morrison.
- ...'s, First and Washington.
- ... Stowe's, First and Ash.
- ... Borelli's, First and G.
- ...'s, northwest corner First and Salmon.
- ..., First and Columbia.
- ..., Fourth and L streets, East Portland
- ... M. Baum, 85 Morrison.
- ..., 167 First.
- ..., southwest corner First and Oak
- ..., northwest corner First and Oak
- ... News Co., 130 First.
- ... house news stand, Fourth and Alder
- ... house news stand, Fourth, corner C
- ..., Fifth and Morrison
- ..., First near Salmon
- ..., First, bet. E and F
- ..., 118 First.
- ..., 41 Washington.
- ..., First.
- ..., 65 North First.
- ..., 31 North First.
- ..., First and Market.
- Also at the counting-room of THE OREGONIAN, ... Front and Stark.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Sand Point yesterday to arrive over the Northern Pacific 30-day: T. B. Hubbard and wife, K. McKenzie, J. H. Burke, C. E. Worst, Jas. Kelly, J. Burbank, Pat. Brannan, Peter McKnight, Andrew Johnston, O. C. Norting, Peter Northing, Charles Johnson, J. Gorman, C. J. Griffith, J. M. McLaughlin, C. A. Napec, J. Gilpe, E. A. Gilman, wife and child, Mrs. Finley, Joseph Finley, Miss Emily Finley, V. L. Eastland, M. T. Enos, Alex. Murray, E. E. Rice, twenty-seven through, third class, and twenty five to local points.

Passed Huntington to arrive on the Oregon Short Line: B. D. Sherman, J. R. Lewis, wife and son, E. Gowdy, and thirty immigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES.

North Portland chapel (Unitarian)—Sunday school at 3 P. M. Religious services at 7:30 P. M.

North Portland M. E. Mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets—Sunday school 3 P. M. Preaching 4 P. M.

St. Stephen's chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets—Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. Sunday school at 10.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church—Sermons by the pastor morning and evening. Sunday school at 12:15. Young people's praise meeting at 6.30 P. M.

A. M. E. Zion church corner of Main and Eleventh streets. Sunday services at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 2 P. M. Services at 7 30 P. M. Rev. W. A. Mitchell, pastor.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets, Rev. Geo. W. Foote, rector—Services Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Fridays and holydays at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 9 45 A. M.

Unitarian church corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, minister—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school at 12.30. Theme of the evening sermon, "The Prodigal's Elder Brother."

Hall Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets—Preaching by the pastor at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Topic for the evening, "The Ears of the Bible." Sunday school 12 15 P. M. Free seats in all services.

German Methodist church cor. North Eighth and Davis streets—The pastor, Rev. F. Boon, will preach at 11 A. M., and 7 30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Singing practices on Friday night.

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets—Rev. William R. Stevenson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sabbath school 12.30 P. M. A cordial invitation and welcome is extended to the public.

First Presbyterian church, Albina—Regular services at 11 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. Elder William C. Cole will conduct the morning service in the absence of the pastor, who will be present in the evening. Sunday school at 3 P. M. At same hour also at Multnomah school house.

First Congregational church, corner Second and Jefferson streets—Services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor. Morning subject, "Evidences of Conversion." Evening subject, "Divine Justice and Mercy." Sunday school and Bible class at 12.30 P. M.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. by the Rev. J. H. Acton. Sabbath school at 1 30 o'clock. Young People's Christian Union prayer and praise service at 6.30 P. M. Congregational singing and free pews. All are cordially invited.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, cor. Taylor and Eleventh. Sermons by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Caswell, at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Subject for morning, "The Mission of the Spirit"; evening subject, "Ventures." Sunday school at 12 15 P. M. Children's class at 4 P. M. praise service at 7 P. M. Seats free, ushers in attendance.

Seamen's Bethel and Sunday School Mission—Corner North Third and D streets, Chaplain Stubbs, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Bethel Home Lodge No. 4, I. O. G. T. of the World, Monday at 8 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 30 P. M. and open temperance meeting by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. Friday at 7:30 P. M. Strangers cordially invited.

Plymouth Congregational church, corner Fourteenth and E streets—Divine service at 11 A. M. Preaching by Rev. A. W. Bower of Mt. Zion. A full audience desired. Sabbath school and Bible class at 12:30 P. M. In the evening, hour of service, the writer, the Rev. G. H. Lee, will deliver his sixth discourse in the series of expository studies in St. John's gospel. Seats free and a Christian welcome for all.

First Baptist church, corner Fourth and Alder. The pastor, Rev. J. L. Ankeny, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Morning subject, "The Children of the Criminal and Perishing, How Saved?" In the evening the sermons to the young people will be continued. Subject, "Rational Recompense or Amusements that Help and Amusements that Hurt." Baptism in the evening. All are welcome. Strangers invited.

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS

St. David's church, Rev. J. W. Sellwood, rector. Regular services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday school 9.30 A. M.

Baptist church, corner of Seventh and C streets, Rev. G. B. Hobart, pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 30 o'clock.

Congregational church, Holladay addition, Rev. ... Hood, pastor—Services at the usual hours both morning and evening. All are cordially invited.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Ninth and ... streets, Rev. S. P. Wilson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sabbath school at 1 30. Seats free, all are invited.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and ... streets—Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., of Portland, will preach in the evening. The morning service will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. D. O. Chorm... Sabbath school at 12 30.

Zion Evangelical Church, situated on corner of Sixth and V streets. Services on Sunday, the 19th, at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Subject of morning discourse, "The Coming of Christ's Kingdom"; evening, "The Gospel of the Kingdom." An opportunity will be given at both services to contribute to the cause of home missions. Sunday school at 9:45 A. M. Praise service before preaching in the evening. Services are conducted in the English language. All are welcome. C. C. Poling, pastor.

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST

Letters remaining in the postoffice, East Portland, Oregon, April 18 1885:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Campbell, Miss Viola
Crocker, Mrs Clara
Engeler, Annie
Hedden, Mrs
Hall, Miss Addie
Hemer, Anna M
James, Josie
Jacobson, Annie K
Jahn, Miss Etta
Martin, Mrs Nonnie
Martin, Mrs J A

Nelson, M S [illegible]
O'Brien, Mrs Annie
Robenstein, Mrs
Ross, Mrs May
Seaman, Miss Laura
Smith, Helen P
Shannon, Lucy
Williams, Mrs I
Wyatt, Miss [illegible]
Wood, Miss Emma L
Walker, Miss [illegible]

MEN'S LIST.

Anderson, Jake
Berg, Henry
Bohm, S
Carr, John C
Cline, Pete
Fischer, J B
Hart, Robt
Hume, John F
Kaiser, Ed
Kieling, W H
Lee, Henry
Smith, J
... E A

James, J W
Kelly, [illegible]
King, J J
Myers, John
McDonald, [illegible]
McCullum, J [illegible]
McDowell, A A
Neil, George
Nelson, Nels
Peck, Edward
Rankin, James
Pen[illegible], Byron
Reiges, F M

Richardson, [illegible]
[illegible]
Schram, [illegible]
Thompson, [illegible]
[illegible]
Wilt, [illegible]
W[illegible]
Watson, A
[illegible]

M. [illegible], [illegible]

Carriages and Buggies ... repainted and thoroughly ... Work guaranteed superior to any done ... North Pacific Manufacturing Co. ... Telephone No. 225.

Buffum & Pendleton, agents for the Lawton ... Shirts.

... East House, south side Stark st.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Hon. C. M. Cartwright of Crook county is at the Holton.

The State of California reached San Francisco at 9 A. M. yesterday.

The new Esmond hotel will be open to the public the last of this week.

Margaret Mackay yesterday obtained a decree of divorce from Donald Mackay.

Mrs. Dr. Whitney, late of Cheney, W. T., has permanently located in this city.

W. B. Welch began suit yesterday against William Underhill to recover the sum of $317 87.

Joseph Mount, representative of M. B. Leavitt, is in the city. He accompanies the McKee Rankin troupe.

James Anderson of Pendleton was brought to this city yesterday by Deputy U. S. marshal S. L. Morse, under arrest upon a charge of selling liquor to Indians.

The First National bank has taken steps to foreclose its mortgages against Joseph Bachman and others, which secure an indebtedness amounting to $5843 34.

Sheriff J. T. Dealy of Baker county returned yesterday from Salem, where he lodged in the penitentiary George Denton, a thief, sentenced to imprisonment for two years.

In the suit of James C. Fox against the Astoria and Coast transportation company a garnishment was placed upon money in the hands of James Lotan, to the extent of $952 45.

J. W. Strange, who has been writing the senate journal for the printer, finished his work on Thursday. Yesterday he came down to Portland, where he will remain a few days, and then making a trip to Union county before returning to his home in Roseburg.

Albert Kelbish, a young German in the employ of L. D. C. Latourette, of Oregon City, was splitting rails the other day when a piece of steel flew off the wedge and buried itself in his groin. The physicians could not find it and it still remains buried in the flesh.

Geo. Kruse of Oswego hauled 105 tons of pig iron one day last week from the casting house to river, equivalent, loading and unloading, to handling 210 tons. He is only 20 years old and the feat is considered remarkable, as it was his first experience in handling pig iron.

While Charles Case, a brakeman on the East Side road, was coupling cars near the lower depot yesterday, he was caught by the bumpers and his back and stomach badly jammed. He no doubt received serious internal injuries, but how serious cannot yet be determined.

STILL SERIOUSLY ILL.

Hon. Henry Warren, of Yamhill county, who was taken seriously ill while in attendance as a member of the Legislature, is yet unable to attend business and his general condition seems to be unchanged. His ailment is heart disease, and the least exertion seems to cause a relapse which prevents him from taking needed exercise.

CHILD ADOPTED.

William Fitzpatrick and wife made application to the county court yesterday for permission to adopt an infant named Charles E. Greenburg and change the name to Charles E. Fitzpatrick. There appearing to the court to be no objections thereto an order was made authorizing such adoption.

THE TIVOLI.

"Hearts of Oak" will be given for the last time at the Tivoli this evening. It has drawn excellent houses during the week, and should fill the theater this evening. Langrishe has negotiated for the use of all the scenery and wardrobe of the "Black Crook," and intends producing that famous spectacle in grand style in this city at an early date.

REMARKABLE GROWTH OF A POPLAR.

Seventeen years ago a lady rode into Salem from Yamhill county, and when she alighted from her horse on the premises now occupied by Samuel Bass, in East Salem, she stuck the small poplar riding-switch, she had brought with her, into the ground and left it there. The other day J. P. Veatch made over a cord of wood of that same riding-switch. It measured twenty six inches across the stump.

NEGLECTED THE WAREHOUSEMEN.

Sigler & Struble, warehousemen, brought suit yesterday against ex-Sheriff Sears, for the sum of $160 alleged to be due for the storage of certain goods. During Sears' term of office he attached some property to secure a debt claimed by other parties, and in the settlement of this suit the parties interested failed to provide for the payment of the warehousemen. Not knowing just who should pay it they bring suit against the sheriff, who ordered the goods stored.

FIRE IN A DWELLING.

About 6 o'clock yesterday morning the residence of E. D. McKee, corner Ninth and Salmon, was discovered to be on fire, and an alarm was telephoned in. The fire burned between the walls at the rear end of the building, and did not make much headway, but considerable water had to be thrown before it was extinguished. It probably caught from an ash barrel in the basement. A good deal of furniture was damaged by removal. The loss to building and contents is about $700, fully insured. The building is owned by H. C. Leonard.

MORE IN LOVE THAN EVER.

Messrs. Geo. Ady and D. L. Sturgis, the Denver railroaders, who think Portland is the finest city west of the Missouri river, went trout fishing up the Clackamas yesterday. They had only six hours' sport, but Ady managed to fill his creel with eighty-three speckled beauties, while Sturgis killed sixty-seven. Several of the trout weighed more than a pound each, and Ady's *chef d'œuvre* was a salmon trout weighing three pounds. He will have it stuffed and take it back home, as positive proof of this country's greatness. They are more in love with Oregon than ever.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Phil. Kearney Relief Corps No. 7, department of Oregon, W. R. C., was instituted Friday evening at Albina by Mrs. Agnes Finemore, department secretary, assisted by the officers and members of Geo. Wright Corps No. 2 of Portland, and officers were elected and installed as follows: Miss Lizzie Wilson, president; Mrs. Barnes, S. V. P.; Mrs. L. M. Benedict, J. V. P.; Miss Ione Wilfon, secretary; Mrs. Hillier, treasurer; Mrs. M. Wilternood, chap.; Mrs. Hoag, con.; Mrs. A. M. Ross, guard. After the installation a bountiful repast was spread, of which all partook with evident relish, and social enjoyment ruled the hour.

CARELESSNESS BY CARTRIDGES.

Friday morning the wife of Thomas Hubbard, who resides a few miles north of Salem, while sitting in front of the parlor stove at her home, was seriously wounded in the breast and knees by the discharge of a capped cartridge, which was in the stove. A surgeon extracted some fine particles, and the wounds, though painful, are not necessarily dangerous. As to how the cartridge found its way into the stove is a mystery, but it is supposed to have been unknowingly picked up and placed therein together with the fuel by some member of the family in replenishing the fire a few minutes previous to the explosion.

CAMP FIRE ON WHEELS.

Arrangements have been made for a limited number of the G. A. R. and their friends to go to the encampment at Portland, Me. Tickets will be good for ninety days with stop over privileges. This will give all who wish to go a grand chance to visit once more the old homestead and friends. Quite a number of the G. A. R. boys are going as the rates of tickets and the accommodations are reasonable. Excursion will leave here May 20. All who may wish to go should call on Mr. Summers of Olds & Summers, 183 First street, who is going with the party himself and will give all the particulars.

ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY CONCERT.

Masonic hall was well filled last night on the occasion of the concert of St. Andrews' Society. The following programme was rendered:

Pianoforte Selection of Scottish Airs.
Song—(Bonnie) Coming o'er the Stream, Charlie ... Mrs. Irwin
...
Violin (?) solo ... M. Von Otter[illegible]
Song—Come Under My Plaidie ... Jeannie Winston
S[illegible]—The Macgregor's Gathering ... Mr. W. H. Kinross
Song—Robin Adair ... Mrs. Irwin

Miss Edgar, who was down for two numbers, could not appear, on account of illness. Mrs. Irwin's songs, as usual, were well received. Mr. Kinross invariably enthuses a crowd when he feels like singing, particularly a crowd of Scotchmen, and last night he was just "at himself." Of course Miss Winston took the honors of the evening with her ballad. Thrice was she enthusiastically encored and gave "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Caller Herrin'" and "Highland Johnie."

CONVICTED AND FINED.

Mark M. Dee, Frank Silva and Thomas Ward, the three sailor boarding house runners who were arrested for going on board a vessel and endeavoring to entice sailors on shore before the ship had been in port twenty four hours, were yesterday found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $25 each, which they did. Judge Deady also administered a severe reprimand to the men and intimated that if they were again brought before him for a similar offense, the punishment would be heavier. The men openly asserted yesterday that while they had violated the law there had been an unjust discrimination against them, that Chaplain Stubbs, of the Mariner's home, is permitted to go on board of vessels in his religious capacity as soon as they arrive, and that while distributing tracts he also leaves his business cards. On this charge they propose to bring him before the court and have employed a lawyer to draw up a complaint, which, however, has not yet been filed.

JUVENILE PARTY.

On Friday evening, May 1, Prof. Varney will give the third annual german to his private juvenile classes, at the Mechanics' pavilion. The building will be decorated and the floor canvassed for the occasion. Those who attended a similar party last year know in advance just how pleasant it will be to look on and notice how excellently Prof. Varney has taught, not only dancing, but ball room etiquette. He has been teaching private classes in this city (never any public ones) for the past five years, and during the season just passed, his classes aggregated nearly 250, most of whom will doubtless be present at the party. After the children have finished their elder friends will be permitted to dance.

I. O. O. F. CELEBRATION.

The various lodges of Odd Fellows of this city and East Portland will celebrate the sixty-sixth anniversary of their order on Saturday, the 25th inst. In the afternoon the lodges will march in procession to the public plaza, where the exercises of the order will take place. The Portland Uniform Degree Camp No. 1 I. O. O. F., will act as escort to the visiting lodges, and in their handsome uniform will be quite a feature of the procession. Mr. Wm. J. Shipley will act as grand marshal, Hon. M. C. George as president of the day, and Judge J. J. Walton, grand master of Eugene City, will deliver the oration. In the evening a ball and concert will be given at the Mechanics' pavilion, which promises to be a grand affair.

WHY HE SURRENDERED THE HORSE.

When Colonel W. W. Chapman strolled out to his fine clover patch, near Twelfth and Jefferson, yesterday morning, he noticed a horse making a hearty breakfast from the fragrant plant. He didn't care for the clover, but he didn't want his block ruined by hoof prints, so he telephoned for Henry Wilmer, the poundmaster, who arrived horseback in hot haste. Seizing the loose animal's rope, Wilmer tied it to the pommel of his saddle, and receiving Colonel Chapman's thanks, started down Jefferson street. In less than ten minutes Wilmer returned minus the horse he had "arrested." "Where's the other nag?" asked Colonel Chapman. Half apologizing, Wilmer answered: "Well, you see, as I was passing West Park street, I met a man who pulled a six-shooter on me and wanted to know what I was doing with his horse. He wouldn't let me explain, but kept me covered until he got close enough to cut the rope, and then told me to get out as fast I could. And I tell you I was glad to get away."

MR. HAGEMAN'S BENEFIT.

The complimentary testimonial given Maurice Hageman prior to his departure for the east, at Turn hall last evening, brought out many of his friends, the hall being crowded in every sense of the word. The popular comedian doubtless feels that his efforts here have been appreciated. The programme consisted of the bright operetta "La Rose d'Auvergne," selections by the orchestra and solo numbers. In the operetta Bessie Louise King, Arthur H. Bell and Mr. Hageman, appeared, furnishing a short season of fun. Eva Ballou sang "The Hour of Sweet Repose," Frank Valerga, "La Vasilo"; Frank Blair, "Romance" by Kaltenhusen; Louis Dammasch, "When the Quiet Moon is Beaming," George Wilkinson, "Toreador" from Carmen, and Jeannie Winston, "Tell Me, My Heart." All the numbers were well received and the soloists responded to encores. Louise Edgar was unable to appear, because of illness. The zither solo by Emil de Neuff was a gem. After the concert the hall was cleared for dancing.

FOUR MEN RESCUED BY TWO STEAMBOATMEN.

Captain Parker of the steamer Messenger, which runs between Olympia and Seattle, furnishes the following account of the rescue four persons from watery graves:

Wednesday as the Messenger neared the southern part of Vashon island, Captain Parker observed what he thought to be an upset boat, about one and a half miles distant, to which were clinging four persons. He called the attention of his passengers to the object. He turned his boat in the direction thereof and soon came up to it, when he discovered that he was right. The seas were running very high at the time, the waters being lashed into billows ten feet high by a southwester. It was impossible for the steamer to near the upset boat. Accordingly, Herbert Parker, mate, and Henry Stumer, a deck hand, at the risk of their lives, put out in a boat to rescue the drowning men. After considerable difficulty they got the men from their dangerous position, and taking them into their boat returned to the steamer. There the greatest precaution had to be taken, so as to avoid further accident by reason of the high seas. As the little boat came alongside the steamer ready hands took the occupants aboard. The rescued men were found to be R. Simpson, Mr. Ivey, J. Simpson and his son Joseph, who were bound for Vashon island in the sloop Peggy from Seattle. They encountered, however, the severe southwester which upset their vessel, and for two long hours they clung to its sides, awaiting help from they knew not where. But help did come, just accidentally, in time.

The members of Charley Reed's minstrels were aboard of the Messenger and witnessed the daring and dangerous feat of Herbert Parker, assisted by Henry Stumer, in successfully rescuing the four men. When the latter were gotten in safety aboard the steamer there arose a tremendous shout of joy from the company at the heroism displayed by the rescuers. A purse of $25 was made up by the minstrel company and presented to Herbert Parker, who shared it with Henry Stumer, who assisted him so well.

The rescued men are doing well. The boy was frozen almost stiff when he got to the steamer and very much exhausted.

EASTERN WAR INDICATIONS

The Situations of England, Russia, France and China Freely Discussed by Everyone

Many different opinions [illegible] but all agree that I. W. Baird's Mammoth Minstrels is the best of burnt cork companies. Their positive appearance at the New Market theatre one week commencing Monday April [illegible] is assured. Speaking of their recent appearance at Denver, Col., the *Republican* of that city [illegible] as follows:

The best minstrel show that Denver has ever seen was presented at the Academy of Music last night to an audience which filled every seat and every inch of standing room in the theatre. Shortly after 8 o'clock a policeman was stationed at the entrance to inform late comers that there was not even standing room. It was altogether the biggest audience that ever assembled in the Academy, and we may say the most pleased one. The entertainment which Baird's Minstrels give is not like the average burnt cork show. The jokes are new and there is a variety of [illegible] running through it that livens it up and makes it wonderfully attractive.

After the first part, which gave great satisfaction, nearly every number receiving an encore, the real fun began. We will not attempt to go into details, [illegible] to say that the [illegible] by Professor [illegible] were the most hazardous ever witnessed [illegible] and were in themselves worth the price of admission. The songs and dances of Messrs. Mack and Keno [illegible] and of the Leech Brothers were more than pleasing, the singing of the Electric quartette was excellent and received several encores, and the musical specialties of Harris and Carpenter were especially good. The entertainment concluded with a very funny farce entitled "Americans Abroad." There will be a crowded house at the Academy every night this week. Baird's minstrels have "caught on," so to speak.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular convention of Ivanhoe Lodge No. 16, K. of P., held Monday evening, April 13, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The third and last step has been taken and our brother, Past Grand Chancellor Robert Nowe, has been summoned from this [illegible] among us to the [illegible] of the Supreme Chancellor of the universe;

Resolved, That in his death [illegible] citizen is removed, a devoted [illegible] and kind father is gone, and an honored member is withdrawn from our castle hall forever; in this sad bereavement we remember his virtues and extol his good deeds; to his bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy, our deep regrets.

Resolved, That in commemoration of our late brother the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for the period of sixty days, and that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the lodge.

F. B. MARTIN, [illegible]
WM. DOUGHTY, P. C.
H. S. [illegible], K. R. S.
Committee.

NEW RESTAURANT

[illegible] original Italian Restaurant is now [illegible] well known caterer, and will be conducted entirely on the European plan. We will make it a specialty in French and Italian style. The proprietor informs the public at large that he will spare neither money or pains to make this a [illegible] worthy of the people's patronage. We will endeavor to please one and all. Don't forget the number, No. [illegible] B street, Portland, Oregon.

Wiley B. Allen's Removal Sale

Will close Monday night. Music half price. Instruments cost. Remember Monday is last chance.

Artists' Materials

Sanborn, Vail & Co. of S. F. have a branch store, 5 Washington street. Reasonable prices.

A course of Historical Lectures by Rabbi C. A. Danziger Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at Ahavai Sholom Synagogue.

Buffum & Pendleton, 153 First street, have just received a new line of Paddle's valises.

AMUSEMENTS.

The importance and value of the McKee Rankin engagement at the New Market can hardly be overestimated. Such acting as we have been entertained with during the past week embodies the essence of the spirit imbued by Irving—symmetry and general strength of representation.

It is really an extraordinary company that is associated with Mr. and Mrs. Rankin. Ransack all the stock companies in America and it would probably be impossible to collect a stronger or more representative organization. Where can be found four such handsome, sturdy, deep-voiced specimens of masculine vigor as McKee Rankin, Daniel Harkins, Theodore Hamilton and Frank Mordaunt? These men learned to act in the old school and they have not disregarded the best teachings of the modern. They have every detail of their art at their fingers' ends. A better character actor than J. J. Wallace could not be discovered were one to go through the entire profession with a search warrant. The juvenile man, Joseph Holland, is good. There is plenty of pure theatrical blood in his veins. His father was the rare old comedian George Holland, whose death filled the entire profession with sorrow and whose obsequies first brought the now famous "little church around the corner" into prominence. A celebrated New York clergyman was asked to conduct the funeral services, but loftily declined. "I dare say they may do it at the little church around the corner," said the good man. The whole country rang with indignation over such intolerance, and the "little church around the corner," whose rector exhibited true Christian spirit, has ever since been regarded with interest and affection.

McKee Rankin is a great actor. His versatility is marvelous. Here is a man who has played pretty much everything in his time, from Rip Van Winkle to Othello, and there is no record of his ever playing anything badly. His personation of the old forty-niner, photographic in its fidelity to nature, is a gem of acting. His Sandy McGee in "The Danites," stalwart, vigorous and hearty, is a work surprisingly fine, full of excellence in pathos, in tenderness, in homely frankness of character, and in subdued but intense forcefulness. It used to be said of Mr. Rankin, when he was at the Union Square theater, that no actor on the stage could put on a kid glove with such grace as he. Then he was playing polished roles in high bred (sometimes hybrid) society dramas. To see him in "'49" and "The Danites" one would think he had never worn anything but blue flannel and cowhides, and that he had handled rifle and pick all his life. But with all their naturalness, the miner heroes, as presented by Mr. Rankin, are idealized. A halo of romance is cast around them by the exquisite skill with which their innermost heart workings are laid bare.

Mrs. Rankin has simply captivated everybody who laughed at her Carrots and cried over her Billy Piper. Two more widely divergent roles could scarcely be conceived, but it is hard to tell in which one Mrs. Rankin is the more admirable. She is a glorious little woman, with the most winsome personality imaginable. She is a dramatic kaleidescope. She is an artiste from the roots of her hair down to her gaiter tips. Isabel Morris is a graceful and self-possessed young actress, who has the true dramatic instinct, supplemented by careful training. She is evidently a very ambitious girl, best fitted for serious and emotional roles. Report credits her with some remarkably fine work in "Storm Beaten."

The coming week will present the Rankin company in a series of farewell performances. The crowning attraction has been reserved by a shrewd management. "Storm Beaten" is announced for the first four nights and Saturday matinee. Its production by a company of such remarkable artists will constitute a memorable event. "Storm Beaten" is an adaptation by Robert Buchanan, of his own thrilling novel "God and the Man." When it was first produced in America at the Union Square theater, two years ago, Mr. Rankin (who had given up acting to look after his Third avenue theater) was persuaded to create the leading role. He played Christian Christianson (for nine weeks (for which he received $800 per week) and his performance stood as a model for those who came after him. Mr. Rankin holds the Pacific coast rights to the play, probably the most dramatic and picturesque of all the English melodramas. It created a sensation at the Baldwin, San Francisco, quite recently. The houses were packed and the endorsements about as strong as could be written.

The play has a healthy tone, more so than is usual with melo-dramas. It inculcates the idea of love in all its aspects, the punishment of sin, and leaving vengeance to the almighty God. The tale is told in six acts and is about as follows: A long standing feud of generations between the families of the Orchardsons, the aristocrats of the neighborhood, and the Christiansons, neighboring yeomen and tenants, leads to the latter's ruin. The squire's son, Richard, betrays and discards Kate, the sister of Christian Christianson, who vows vengeance. Christian falls in love with Priscilla Sefton, the daughter of a Quaker minister, and his love is returned, but the villain Richard seeks to take Christian's life and secure her for his own. Kate is crowned Queen of the May, then discloses her shame to the minister, in one of the strongest scenes in the play. As the Seftons, with Richard, are about to sail on a voyage for the benefit of Mr. Sefton's health, Christian finds his sister almost dead in the grounds of the Squire's house. She confesses to him, and he, burning with vengeance, sails on board the same vessel under an assumed name. He encounters Richard, attempts to kill him and is put in irons. Priscilla and Christian declare their mutual affection. Christian is sent down below, and Richard attempts to get him out of the way by setting fire to the ship. Christian is saved and the fire extinguished, only for the ship to run into an iceberg. The result is the ship goes free, and the two enemies are left alone on an ice floe. Christian, as he thinks, kills Richard by throwing him into the ocean, after a terrible struggle. Left alone in his ice cave, Christian gives way to remorse and prays that Richard's life might have been spared. So it turns out to have been, and Richard, starving, again encounters his old enemy. They struggle again, and Richard is once more in Christian's power. He spares his life, however, as Richard promises to atone for the wrongs he has done. Both are rescued and the complications are adjusted in the last act by ingenious treatment on the part of the playwright.

The cast is simply a phenomenal one. McKee Rankin personates the stalwart young villager, Christian Christianson. Joseph Holland is the villain Orchardson. Theodore Hamilton is the irascible and purse-proud squire. Frank Mordaunt is the grand old Puritan preacher. Mrs. Rankin is the winsome Quaker maiden, and Isabel Morris is the wronged village belle. Messrs. Harkins, Wallace, Edmonds and Ray are also fitted with strong marked characters. The scenic effects will be as complete as the stage resources of the New Market will permit. They will at least be novel and unique.

For Friday night there will be a special revival of "The Danites," the occasion being the 2000th performance of this vigorous drama. A special performance is announced for the closing performance Saturday night. What happier selection could be made than "'49"? Our playgoers cannot afford to neglect the events of the week. It will be a very long time, indeed, before they have another opportunity to witness such fine acting. The business of the past week has been excellent. The matinee yesterday was a crusher, every foot of space being occupied.

Last night the house was packed and "The Danites" excited unbounded enthusiasm. The Rankin company has created a genuine sensation, and its splendid work is the theme of general comment. Crowded houses are ensured for the rest of the engagement.

EAST SIDE NOTES

Dr. M. J. Patton, who has been sojourning in southern Oregon for his health, has returned home much improved.

A special meeting of the ladies' auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. was held at the association room yesterday afternoon at 2 30.

The Band of Hope meets every Saturday at half past three at the W. C. T. U. hall. Under the direction of Mrs. Capt. Kellogg and Mrs. R. Robb as secretary, much good mental and moral training is being done for the little folks.

H. C. Hall, the saddler, allowed the business part of a stitching machine to catch the top of his forefinger yesterday. A hole was pierced through it, and in pulling it away the nail was torn off. The wound is small, but ugly, and will take a long time to heal.

A man whose eccentric actions and inconsistent language have attracted attention around town for several days, was taken in charge by the marshal Friday. After satisfying himself of his insanity by an examination before the recorder, he took him before the county authorities, by whom he was adjudged insane and committed to the asylum. He was committed under the name of Frank Fritch—the name he used most frequently.

The suits of P. W. Severson and William Dalton are to recover general taxes paid under protest, and which the city refused to refund, or any portion thereof, when requested to do so, after judgment in their favor by the supreme court. It will be remembered they acknowledged their liability to the extent of the valuation appearing on the county roll, and made a tender of city taxes in accordance therewith, but this being refused they paid the full amount assessed by the city under protest. Being successful in the litigation which ensued, they demanded a return of the full amount paid, with the result stated. Dalton's claim is $75 54, with interest from August 22, 1884, and that of Severson $83 47, with interest from September 1, 1884. J. W. Kern and E. O'Doud, also plaintiffs in the former suit, have similar claims against the city, but do not sue for payment, evidently because the result of pending suits will govern the matter.

The regular meeting of Pioneer engine company occurred Friday evening, of the proceedings of which the following notes are furnished: A committee was appointed to make a correct list of the members with the dates of admission, and the secretary was directed to furnish a list of those entitled to exempt certificates. The secretary was also instructed to notify those in arrears to settle within a month, with the alternative of expulsion. Not more than fifteen members answered to roll-call at the recent fire, the rest being fined for non-attendance.

At last meeting the following programme was carried out by the children. Music by the Band of Hope; recitation by Christie Lamman; instrumental piece by Louise Ross; recitation by Maud Kenworthy; song by Ione Stevenson; recitation by Jennie Parrott, "My Little Sister"; dialogue by Louise Ross, Bell McEwan and Zoe Hunsaker; recitation by George McCoy; a quartette; solo by Alice Willson, "The drunkard's lone child"; recitation by Zoe Hunsaker, "Who is she"; song by the school, "Dare to do right."

M. Gardiner, wife and six-year-old son were visiting Mr. J. S. Royal, on the Asylum road, near Mount Tabor, Thursday, and the boy being left in their wagon alone for a few minutes while it was standing in front of the latter's residence, used the whip to the team, causing them to run away at a furious pace. At the junction of another road, about a quarter of a mile distant, the horses made a short turn and overturned the wagon on the boy, breaking his right leg just above the knee and bruising him badly in several places. He was conveyed back to Mr. Royal's by the father who had hastily followed, and the fracture reduced and wounds dressed by Dr. Dan. Rafferty, who was summoned. The horses became relieved of the wagon by the accident and continued their speed to town, where they were captured and driven back, after taking necessary rest and refreshment.

THE CASINO

The first opera season is over, the artistes who have so studiously and conscientiously amused and delighted us for five months have sung their last song and made their last bow in response to applause, always well earned and never sparingly awarded. Dispassionately considering the past season and admitting on behalf of Mr. Gross' management that it has been admirable, it goes without saying that in no point did he act with greater foresight than in the engagement of Miss Winston. While from the critic's standpoint it has been justly asserted that in certain roles in which Miss Winston essayed the female character, the maximum satisfactory result was not attained, she has been in the most part a brilliantly artistic success. Accepting this as incontrovertible, it is not too much to add that she is entitled to the first claim of credit from the management for any substantial harvest which may have been reaped as a result of a laudable yet precarious enterprise.

Mr. Bell, upon whom has fallen the arduous work of rehearsing the company in the stage business of a series of operas rapidly produced, has proved in every instance equal to the occasion, and first nights have always done him credit. On the stage in his capacity as actor, he has been a valuable adjunct. He has an innate sense of humor which invests the comedy of any part he plays with much that is original. He is withal a refined gentleman and his broadest fun never offends. Miss Bessie King had a legion of friends and admirers ready to welcome her engagement in the Casino company, and she leaves with two hearty admirers for every one she had. Mr. Hageman needs no better proof of the estimation in which he is held than the palpable proceeds from his crowded benefit at the Turn Halle last night. And to-day all these pleasant people will leave for operatic pastures new. These few words are written in hearty appreciation of the talents they severally possess and of the good faith and ability with which those talents have been exerted for our amusement. Outside the professional circle they have made many friends, and on behalf of itself and others THE OREGONIAN bids them all farewell, *bon voyage*, and continued success.

On Tuesday evening the Casino will re-open with the "Royal Middy" by Genee, cast as follows:

Maria Francesca, Queen of Portugal ... Louise Lester
Donna Antonia, First Court Lady ... Nevill Courtney
Don Domingos de Barros, Master of Ceremonies ... Edwin Stevens
Lamberto, a St. Quentin ... secretly married to the Queen ... Frank Valerga
Don Januario de Fernandez, Court ... in Brazil ... Harry Gates
Francisco Bernardino ... Harry Love
Jean ... Charlie Colby
Norberto d'Alvarez ... George Wilkinson
Diego, a Midshipman ... Louise Edgar
Roderiquez, Lamberto's servant ... Walter Lawrence
Mungo, Francisco's servant ... Frank Blair
Fanchette, a Parisian actress ... Hattie Moore

All the new members of the company have arrived. There is every reason to expect from so strong a combination and the repertoire selected a successful and enjoyable summer opera season.

THANKS AGAIN

Mr. B. Campbell has our thanks for another free ad. Once again:

First—The public are invited to cross the river and compare the fine cars of the Short Line and Northern Pacific railroads, attached to our fast trains leaving every day at 1.30 P. M., and satisfy yourselves as we have done.

Second—The Short Line have no Dining Cars. You have to grab your hat, grab your meals and jump off and on the train as the bell rings. The Northern Pacific have Dining Cars. You can eat your meals comfortably as you roll along. No fear of being left.

Third—We will and do give you better accommodations for the same money than Mr. Campbell. For full information as to extra charges, and as to the facilities we give you, we will sell you round trip tickets if you wish to go May 20th with us; come and deposit your money, so as to secure your sleeper, and we will guarantee satisfaction. The facilities we give are fit for our party. All come on.

JOHN N. CHILD, Cor. Morrison and Second.

Mr. Child is [illegible] succeeded in carrying the excursion [illegible] beyond the limit of facts and will this ... [illegible] ... to carry it farther than to state: We are fearless of a public inspection of our emigrant sleepers as compared with any others. The fact of a railway running dining cars does not necessarily imply that better eating or more palatable food is dispensed than can be had at regular dining stations, which on the Union Pacific railway are run under the management of a syndicate who are required to and do keep the tables up to a good standard, with ample time for passengers to eat.

Mr. Child fails as yet to tell the public what his facilities are for return from St. Paul, which are nothing more or less than those afforded the ordinary emigrant in emigrant sleepers. For my line to offer additional accommodations, or the [illegible] rate would entail serious results.

With an assurance that we require no deposit ... [illegible] ... the excursion ... [illegible] ... east last year, we will allow the subject to drop.

Correspondence regarding the excursion should be addressed to B. CAMPBELL, General Agent Oregon Short Line, Portland.

ARMY NEWS.

Judge Advocate General Swaim, U. S. A., who was recently suspended for twelve years, will, it is said, be placed on the retired list before next winter.

First Lieutenant John O'Connell, Eighth Infantry, has resigned his commission, and will retire to private life. His resignation promotes Second Lieutenant John J. Haden.

Dr. F. W. Stone, son of Captain E. W. Stone, Twenty-first U. S. infantry, is a candidate for appointment as assistant surgeon U. S. army, and will be examined by the medical board in New York city.

Captain William R. Parnell, First cavalry, having been found by the army retiring board incapacitated for active service, has been ordered to proceed to his home and report by letter to the adjutant general of the army.

General George D. Ruggles of the adjutant general's office, on duty in Washington, has been ordered to duty at San Antonio, Texas, and General Thomas M. Vincent has been ordered from duty at San Antonio to Omaha. The orders go into effect June 1.

Lieutenant General Sheridan has decided to appoint Captain George W. Davis, Fourteenth infantry, to the position of lieutenant colonel and aid-de-camp on his staff, made vacant by the resignation of Major Volkmar. The order for the appointment will be made as soon as Captain Davis is relieved from his present duty as assistant to Colonel Casey, in charge of the Washington monument.

Major Samuel S. Elder of the Second artillery, for the past ten years instructor of law at the artillery school at Fortress Monroe, Va., died April 6 of pneumonia. His remains were taken to Harrisburg, Pa., for interment. His death will result in the promotion of Captain William Sinclair of the Third artillery to be major of the Second artillery. First Lieutenant W. A. Kobbe to be captain of the Third artillery, and Second Lieutenant G. P. Scriven to be first lieutenant. Major Elder was a native of Pennsylvania. He entered the Second artillery in 1853 as a private, and within a year he had reached the rank of corporal. He was made sergeant in 1855, and first sergeant in 1857. His term of service expired in 1858. In 1861 he entered the First artillery as a second lieutenant, soon reaching the rank of first lieutenant. He was commissioned as brevet captain in 1862 for gallant service at Antietam, and in 1863 he was made a captain. In 1864 he received a commission as brevet major for gallant service at the battle of Olustee, Fla., and a short time after he became a brevet lieutenant-colonel for gallant service at Drury's Bluff, Va. He became a full major in 1882.

Lieutenant Colonel James J. Dana of the quartermaster's department, was placed on the retired list of the army April 9. His retirement promotes Major Charles A. Reynolds to be lieutenant colonel and Captain G. C. Smith to be major. A vacancy occurs to-day in the grade of assistant quartermaster with the rank of captain. A large number of applications for the position have been filed. The office can be filled from the army or from civil life, and much anxiety is evinced by army officers to know the policy of the president in relation to filling positions in the army from civil life.

TOOK STECHHAN AT HIS WORD

How Lotta's Fountain in San Francisco Came to Receive a Coat of Carmine

S. F. Alta, 13th.

Manager Stechhan and a couple of friends were seated in the business office of the Standard theater yesterday morning, discussing the relative merits and success of Alma Stuart Stanley's new piece, "Paintin' 'er Red," when about 9 o'clock a gentle rap was heard at the door, and upon invitation a man entered the room and stood quietly before the manager and his friends. He was of medium height, sharp featured, and looked for all the world like a regular down-east Yankee.

"Well, what do you want?" said Mr. Stechhan.

"I want to see the manager," was the reply, in a low, uneasy tone.

"I am that individual," said Stechhan, "so please state your business."

"I want a job."

"You do, eh? Well, are you an actor? If you are, what is your line of business?"

"I ain't no actor," said the man, "I am a painter, and as I heerd you was havin' a good deal of paintin' done fur your new show, I reckoned as how you might gimme a job."

A bright smile immediately suffused the jovial features of Mr. Stechhan, who is an inveterate practical joker, and suppressing an audible chuckle, he said, "I guess about the only thing you can do is to go and 'paint the town red,' as I have no other employment for you."

This phrase did not seem to impress the man as was intended, and he said: "Where'll I commence?" "Oh, you can begin on the Lotta fountain if you like, and when you get through with that, finish up on the lamp posts." The man quietly slid out at the door, and nothing more was thought of the matter, as it was not supposed that the fellow would be such a dolt as to follow out the ridiculous instructions of the joking manager. Late in the afternoon, however, as Mr. Stechhan was going home to dinner, he noticed a ladder leaning up against Lotta's fountain, upon which was a man working industriously away in the laudable effort to give the fountain a coat of bright red paint. To say that Stechhan was startled would not express it—he was literally struck speechless. His agitation was still greater when he moved up closer and discovered that the artist was no other than the individual who had called at the theatre in the morning. The poor manager could stand no more, and fled the spot like a haunted man. This strange action on the part of the manager did not interrupt the painter's work, and when he quit the scene of action, at nightfall, the fountain had received a coat of vermilion, from the very top down to the water taps. The result of this ridiculous affair can only be surmised. Later in the evening it was learned that the ambitious artist's name is L. Kuhn, and his residence is on Clementina street.

It is expected that Jabez Swan, who has for some years had a copyright on all the repairs to this "mecca" for the thirsty, will take some action towards the prosecution of this bold poacher on his "white lead" domain.

For many years Daniel Webster kept an exact account of his professional receipts, and for two of those years the accounts have been published. In the first of the two, when he was about 37 years of age, his receipts, omitting "several small affairs," amounted to $15,181. The largest charge was $2000. There were twenty-four retainers in the year, amounting in the aggregate to $1310. The second published account covered the years 1832-3, when Webster was 50 years old. The amount of receipts for this year was $7220. The largest fee was $500. There were only forty-four items, and of these eighteen were retainers, amounting to $2330. "A very poor year's work," says Webster. "Nullification kept me out of the supreme court all the last winter."

The Repeated Sermon

Christian Advocate.

At one time when the writer was pastor of the Summerfield church the Rev. Heman Bangs was the presiding elder. His appointment to preach was for Easter Sunday. He came and preached an admirable and appropriate discourse on the resurrection of Christ. At the close Mrs. Anna Knapp, a widow of fourscore years and daughter of the holy Seth Arnold, one of the pioneers, came to the altar and in the hearing of the writer thus addressed Uncle Heman, as the venerable preacher was affectionately called by those who had known him long: "Brother Bangs, I enjoyed your sermon very much. I heard you preach it forty years ago. I liked it then. I heard you preach it again twenty three years ago, and it was good then, and to-day it was as good as ever." Uncle Heman, with that look that those who saw it will never forget, of mingled good humor and a quizzical spirit, replied: "Well, Sister Knapp, has there been any change in the facts about the resurrection of our Lord in the last forty years? If it was good the first time you heard it, why should it not be just as good now?" Said the old lady: "Well, Brother Bangs, we shall soon be where you won't have to make an argument to prove it, as you did to-day." Neither their piety nor the infirmity of old age had dulled their wits.

Moses Gets Left

Wall Street News.

My brudder Moses never get rich if he vhas in der [illegible] pizness [illegible] thousand years.

Don't he try? [illegible] Go on [illegible]

Dot dem [illegible] make somepody rich. Der troubles mit Moses vhas dot he vhas too excited. Vhen he [illegible] dot England and Russia go to war he put $300 into wheat, and in five days he lose efery cent.

What should he have done?

Keep dot money in his pocket and mark his stock up 20 per cent.

THE HOTELS

QUIMBY.

A J Howell, Butte, M T
Jose Morris, Sullivan
Frank Fretwell
D M Sullivan, Jr
P F Blarnidge, Chicago
W H Cameron, Dalles
H N French, Boston
I Clark, Walla Walla
J Woodman, Vancouver
Miss Elmore, Vancouver
W H Stafford & wf, Lafayette
[illegible]
A [illegible]
Mrs Phillips, Rockford
J H [illegible]
[illegible]
F D Lanes, Walla Walla
J Smith, Corvallis
T M Snow, Seattle
L Holm, Ontario
Dr B Bussey, Tacoma
Phil A Wood, Tacoma
J L Smith, Lenton Co
A R Laurel, Sedalia
F M Merrill, Corvallis
W A Church, St Paul
W Young, England
E M Hunter, Belfast

D Morris, Sullivan
F D Clair
Call Young
John Chrystler
J S Cameron, Dalles
C Hilton, Boston, Mass
H Stacy, N P R R
J D Brayant, Virginia
Mrs Looney, Vancouver
A S Christian & wf, Van
Kall Grinberg, La Crosse
[illegible], Blackville
[illegible], Stillwater
M [illegible]
[illegible]
C O Mera, Missoula
W S Carter, Eugene
J H McQuarrie, Tacoma
F B McCalhon, Oregon
J Thomas, Dalles
W M Robinson, Tacoma
C W Cline, Corvallis
B Holgate, Tacoma
S D Ralston, O & C R R
Mrs S F Howd, Oregon
T T Brody, St Paul
R McClellan, Belfast
J W Murre, Scotland

INTERNATIONAL.

Don Arms, Nanaimo, B C
Morris Everett, do
Ervin McEwan, Victoria
E Halleck, do
T McCullough, Minn
Jos Young, wife & chdn
Ossian, Ia
[illegible], Kansas
Henry B[illegible], Dallas
F Harrison, Ft Dodge
X Ebeger, Woodburn
H Thompson, Iowa
H A Anders[illegible]

F Cook, Madison, Wis
Chas Kuhn, do
J H Herbert, Denver
Patrick [illegible], Omaha
Mrs Surrell, Neb
J J Bishop, Pittsburg
Mrs Smith & [illegible], Col
D R Hancock, S F
D B Hill, St Joe
H J Martin, Franklin
I I Spaulding, Victoria
F H Long, Butte city
O Thompson, do

MERCHANT HOTEL.

Jas Brown, Astoria
D Potter, [illegible]
J [illegible], Fort Hope
J Blomhart, Canton
J S Stevens, Fort Hope
W C Squire, Olympia
J W Comer, Portsmouth
Jas Parker, Ont
W M Cross, Salem
H J White, Astoria
F M Coffort, Baltimore
J J Stewart, Tacoma

J D Hartyon & wf, San Jose
F R Brooks, Walla Walla
J F Siglin, Marshfield
R D Thomas, Neb
A E Wagner, Seattle
N W Winter, New Wilmington, Pa
T S Crysler & dtr, St Paul
W N Powell & wf, Chicago
F A Welch, Princeton
A J Chapman, Idaho

HOLTON HOUSE.

O Barnadille, San Fran
Jas Woodward, do
J F Atherson, do
G Sumner, Dalles
C W Cleen, Baker co
A M Gibson, Corvallis
W I MacEwan, The Dalles
W B Wilshire, San Fran
A L McKechon, Chicago
A M Patterson, Kalria

Geo Ady, Denver, Col
D L Sturgis, do
C M Cartwright, Hay Ck
J B Rinehart, Union
W F Rinehart, Summerv
Mrs J H Rinehart, do
J Canning, Detroit
R Johnson, Corvallis
F B Irvine, do
H R Hubbard, Fairview

GILMAN HOUSE.

Mr and Mrs B Ives, N Y
Mr and Mrs J A Wicks, New York
Thos Cruse, Montana
J W Barnes, Walla W
H S Rowe, do
W Paul, Steilacoom

M F Holman, San Fran
T R Kirkman, Chicago
A I Hall & wf, Brit Colum
A E Price, do
O V Gerzabek, San Fran
F McKay, do
F Corbly, Steilacoom

Children can't be poisoned by the use of Red Star Cough Cure. No bad effects.

GRANT IN 1861.

His Remarkable Foresight on the Political Aspects of the War.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 12.—There is printed in this morning's *Globe-Democrat* the following letter written by General Grant in 1861 to his father-in-law in this city, prefaced with the editorial assertion that this letter has never before been made public. It is a document of rare views expressed on the rebellion and of especial interest just now, that all eyes are turned toward the dying chieftain:

GALENA, April 19, 1861.—Mr. F. Dent—*Dear Sir:*—I have but very little time to write, but as in these very exciting times we are very anxious to hear from you, and know of no other way but by writing first to you, I must make time. We get but little news by telegraph from St. Louis, but from all other points of the country we are hearing all the time. The times are, indeed, startling, but now is the time, particularly in the border slave states, for men to prove their love of country. I know it is hard for men to apparently work with the republican party, but now all party distinctions should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the integrity of the glorious old stars and stripes, the constitution and the union. The north is responding to the president's call in such a manner that the rebels may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field not only 75,000 troops, but ten or twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them too. It is all a mistake about the northern people being so sensitive. In times of the present no people are more ready to give their own time or of their abundant means. No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the southerners have been the aggressors, and the administration has stood surely on the defensive—more on the defensive than she would have dared to have done but for her consciousness of strength and the certainty of right prevailing in the end. The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the union. But for the influence she will have on the other border slave states this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina, and she should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt. In all this I can but see the doom of slavery. The north does not want, nor will they want to interfere with the institution, but they will refuse for all time to give it protection, unless the south shall return soon to their allegiance, and then, too, this disturbance will give such an impetus to the production of their staple, cotton, in other parts of the world that they can never recover the control of the market again for that commodity. This will reduce the value of the negroes so much that they will never be worth fighting for ever again. I have just received a letter from Fred (Frederick Dent, Jr.). He breathes forth the most patriotic sentiments. He is for the old flag as long as there is a Union of two states fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve he will go it alone. This is not his language, but it is the idea, not so well expressed as he expresses it. Julia and the children are all well, and join me in love to you all. I forgot to mention that Fred has another heir, with some novel name that I have forgotten. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

The White, New Home, New No. 7 American and Eldridge B, sewing machines at Garrison's sewing machine store.

Buffum & Pendleton—New line of spring and summer Neckwear and Underwear.

The will of Guy Little of Bismarck, Dakota, recently probated, leaves about $50,000 in trust for the benefit of Pembroke academy, at Pembroke, N. H., subject to the life interest of the widow.

RED STAR

TRADE RED STAR MARK.

COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

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Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

We are pleased to announce that we have succeeded in securing the sole agency of the

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KID GLOVE { 5-Button, $1 25 per pr

And have just received another invoice of this justly popular make, which is acknowledged to be the best Glove ever imported at the price.

Also Agents for the celebrated

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KID GLOVES,

Making our Glove Department the most complete on the Coast.

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MOORE'S REMEDY

—FOR—

POISON OAK.

MOORE'S REMEDY Cures and Prevents Poison Oak. Cures Piles, Burns, Cuts, Removes Sunburn and Freckles, Cold in the Head or Lungs, Croup, Etc.

An Invaluable Family Salve.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Twenty five cents a Box ... Try It.

Out in a Snowstorm.

"There are some things that leave indelible marks on a man's memory. Nothing which happens afterwards can efface them. And when memory is perpetually assisted by some bodily pain or trouble, it becomes all the more vivid."

The speaker was Mr. Jonathan Sullivan, the popular druggist of Boston. No man in trade is better known there or possesses a greater host of friends. His place of business at the corner of Beacon and Tremont streets is a familiar landmark on those crowded thoroughfares.

Continuing Mr. Sullivan said:—"I was in the service of the Government during the war—those terrible years from 1861 to 1865. I remember particularly one winter. A severe snow storm was raging, and the boys keenly missed the snug homes they had left in the distant North. At the time I was suffering from an external injury, and the exposure gave me my first taste of rheumatism—something much worse and more difficult to cure than an ordinary wound. Few of us were in danger of being bayoneted or shot, but everybody everywhere is daily in danger of contracting rheumatism in a more or less modified form. Most pains that clearly traceable to other causes—are rheumatic. They may be in the joints in the back or in any of a hundred places, they may come to-day and go to-morrow or they may remain for years, or for life."

"I suppose yours ended with the war," said I.

"Unhappily it did not," replied Mr. Sullivan. "I have suffered from it ever since. Whether I shall ever get rid of it altogether I can't say, but one thing I can say: that the most certain, speedy and efficient relief I have ever found for it is Benson's Capcine Plaster. I deal in medicines, as you know, and am consequently acquainted with everything that is used for all kinds of maladies; and, without denying the virtues of other preparations, you may quote me as saying that Benson's plaster is the safest, surest and quickest. Yet every time I feel a twinge of the old trouble I think of that snowstorm during the war."

WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile.
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings
Skimmed the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger and bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth and love and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Even by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrow'd—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrow'd.

An excellent thing it is—when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness—
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever bent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strongest thoughts, and wild, unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

NAN.

A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN,

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"I hate it all, oh, how I hate it!"

It was Nan Allen who made this outburst, sitting in the comfortable "sitting-room" of a New England farm-house, and rocking to and fro in a New England rocking-chair. Considering how the world wags in general, and that one of our greatest statisticians has told us that one in every seven of the inhabitants of Great Britain dies a pauper, it would not seem to a well-regulated mind that Nan had much to complain of. It was late in October. The "fall cleaning" was over—stoves were set up in the many rooms of Farmer Allen's house, cleanliness reigned, and the warmth within defied the menaces of the "hard winter" which every one was predicting.

The look of homely well-being, without one ray of beauty to brighten it, made foolish Nan's very heart sick. The close heat of the air-tight stove went to her head, and she sighed as she wondered vaguely what life meant. Others beside herself wondered what Nan Allen's life meant. She was a conundrum, which so far no one had taken the trouble to guess, though we have all seen other such conundrums in plenty. She was the daughter of parents without one ray of imagination. She had grown up in a home where the "Evangelical Family Library" did duty for literature, and Fox's "Book of Martyrs" was the nearest approach to a romance. And yet Nan was a beauty-lover and a dreamer. I doubt if under the most favored circumstances she could have written a book or painted a picture. Hers was the sympathetic, not the creative, imagination, still the love of beauty had been born in her. Starved into silence by her circumstances, it ached on in her heart.

As a child she had been content with the sunsets that burned the western hills, the roses that rioted in the old garden in June, the sturdy autumn flowers that lifted their haughty, handsome heads to face the November blasts. She had been what the New England people called a romp; that is, she had climbed trees, and roamed far afield after berries, tamed squirrels, and coasted down hill when the winter had glazed the hillsides with snow and ice. Occupied with these pleasures she had failed to realize the barrenness of her home life—the utter want of grace and beauty in all its appointments. But one day the bud becomes a flower, and one day Nan ceased to be a child. Then her life confronted her just as it was—barren and narrow and monotonous, and with no apparent hope of better days. And in the summer just past she had made a friend, who had opened to her a glimpse of another world. A girl not much older than Nan herself had been sent to Ryefield to board. Miss Amory was not very strong, and while her mother had led forth two older daughters to the glories of conquest at Saratoga and afterwards at Newport the family doctor had decreed for Blanche a quiet summer, and had persuaded a brother physician at Ryefield to take her into his family.

In some of Miss Amory's walks she had met Nan Allen, and suddenly they had become friends. Blanche Amory with her patrician grace, her fair face and her perfect toilets, had dawned on Nan as a revelation of what life might be. It seemed as if her very dreams had taken shape. She surrendered herself heart and soul to the new comer. Miss Amory, in turn, was delighted with Nan, in something the same way in which she might have enjoyed an unaccustomed school of art, a fresh musical sensation, a new country to travel in.

She had never before seen anything like this girl, so frank, so honest, so humble, yet so proud, so appreciative yet so ignorant, so well-bred yet so unaccustomed to society. Miss Amory from Boston, used to all things and tired of most, read this new page of human nature with ever fresh delight.

From this young high-priestess of the proper, quick-witted Nan caught speedily the jargon of art and society. She had longed vaguely hitherto for something other than she had known. Now her desires defined themselves; for she learned what she ought to wish for. Her very soul hungered within her for pictures and carvings and Turkish rugs and old china, and the other things which all seemed common and necessary as daily bread to the girl from Boston.

Nan used to wonder how Miss Amory would endure life at Ryefield when the short cold days should come and a wild-wood, moss-carpeted drawing-room was no longer among the possibilities. Would this patrician creature be able to endure the things Nan's own soul loathed? Happily the fair Blanche was spared the ordeal. While still September days were keeping the world warm Miss Amory's oldest brother came to take her away from Ryefield.

Of course Nan Allen saw her friend's brother, and in Quincy Amory she, a second time, discovered that her unformed ideal had taken shape. This, then, was what a man should be—so polished, so graceful and with such clothes! It might be inglorious, she owned to herself, to consider the clothes; but after all they were a revelation, and they, as much as his intonation, his walk, emphasized the difference between Boston and Ryefield. He was very gracious to Nan—for his sister's sake, no doubt—but he could not help knowing that she was a pretty girl, a far prettier girl, if the truth must be told, than even Blanche Amory.

Miss Amory was blonde, tall, slight, with clear blue eyes, well cut features and reposeful manner—a kind of human Easter lily. Nan was a spicy rose, thorny, perhaps, but fragrant and provoking, with her dark, curling hair, her dark, bright eyes, her petite figure, her red lips, and her cheeks like the sunny side of a peach. Quincy Amory quite shared his sister's regret when they bade bonny Nan good-bye at the Ryefield station.

That parting was a month ago, and meantime October frosts had chilled the air, and the vivid autumn leaves had blown down with the gale, and Mrs. Allen and her maid of all work had done the fall cleaning, and here, in the midst of all the comfortable, commonplace, unbeautiful surroundings which her soul loathed, sat Nan. How she hated the rag carpet on the floor, and the mats braided out of the old clothes which could do duty as garments no longer, and the kerosene lamps round which their betraying odor always lingered, and the air-tight stove, and the mottoes wrought in worsted work that hung upon the wall. Was it a sin to hate it all, she wondered. Here, to be sure, here and not elsewhere, her lot had been cast, and it might be that she ought to be grateful for it.

"No, that is too much," she said aloud. "Patient, if you like; but not grateful?"

And just then John Payne came in. I have not mentioned John because Nan had thought so very little about him during the past summer. And yet he had been a part of her life ever since she could remember. When she went to district school John, three or four years older than herself, had been her companion. John had brought her fruit and flowers, and guided her sled when she coasted, and waited on her whims like a faithful dog; and she had taken all John's services as simply and as much as if they were a matter of right, as she ate her breakfast. But when Miss Amory came into her life John went out of it. She had no need of him then; and he had been very busy all summer, and was wise enough besides to know when not to intrude.

But now he came in, in the October afternoon, to say something which he began to think he had left unsaid too long. He had entered by the back way, and had seen that Mrs. Allen was in the depth of sweet pickle. He was, therefore, not likely to be interrupted. Here sat Nan, piquant, willful, dark-eyed, rose-sweet Nan, with a look on her face, which, to say the least, offered no vantage ground to sentiment. Something might have whispered to John that the occasion was not favorable—but though he was country bred he was, after all, no coward; and he chose to make his own occasions rather than wait for them. Nan looked up, as he came in, somewhat listlessly.

"Ah! Sit down, John. No doubt the stove will make your head ache. It does mine; but we must get used to it."

John sat down; but the warmth of which he began to speak was not that of the stove; and suddenly Nan found herself listening with a curious interest while he told her that he had been in love with her ever since he could remember. Nan was not a self-conscious girl; and she had really never thought of John Payne in this way. She looked curiously at him as he spoke. She had never considered what he was like before. He was a strong, resolute, handsome fellow. There was no denying that he was handsomer than Quincy Amory. But then—his coat! And his hands were hard, and there was—yes, there *was*—the slightest suspicion of what Mr. Amory would have called a Yankee twang in his voice. And as for loving him—why, of course she loved John; she always had, but it wasn't in that way. If only it had been Quincy Amory!

"Why, I'm sure I don't know, John," she said, candidly, when his "winged words" had been spoken. "I never thought of your feeling like this. I don't see why you weren't contented to go on just as we always have. That was nice enough, I'm sure."

"Nice enough for you," John answered firmly, "but not for me. It's very little I've seen of you the past summer, and I've found out that I want a good deal more."

Nan shook her curly head and sat for a space deep in consideration.

"I don't seem able to think it out quite so suddenly," she said. "Give me till to-morrow. Only one thing, John; if I said yes you would have to go away from here."

"Yes?" John said inquiringly.

"Yes, certainly, John. I dislike rag carpets—I hate braided mats—I loathe air-tight stoves. Life here is stagnation. If I—if what you wish were ever to come to pass it could not be until after you had made a life for yourself somewhere else. You are clever enough for that, aren't you, John?" and she looked him over reflectingly.

"Yes, I believe I am," he answered with a half vexed laugh, for this was not at all like the love scene with his thornless rose which he had pictured to himself. "I have sometimes thought myself that I might make a broader life somewhere else, but perhaps I was too impatient to win my wife to be willing to go away from a certainty, and wait, heaven knows how long."

"Well, but, John, dear, that's the only way you *could* win me. There is only one certainty, and that is that I will *not* live here. Now go away, and I'll try to think it all out by to-morrow night."

"I've been asking Nan to marry me," John said, pausing in the kitchen to speak to Mrs. Allen on the way out.

"You don't say so! Will she?"

"I don't know yet; I shall find out to-morrow."

And John Payne went his way. Mrs. Allen understood Nan well enough not to speak to her—and that night the girl did more serious thinking than she had ever done before. She sent her thoughts back through her seventeen years of life, and she found John Payne all along the way. She was very used to John, certainly. But did she love him? She was not sure. Perhaps she felt all that other girls did who married—and it was only the same thing in her that sighed for impossible rugs and pictures and old china, that cried out now for a romantic lover, a more dazzling lover. Any way, no one but John was likely to love *her*, she thought; and if she ever were to get out of Ryefield it must be by means of his taking her. With that for a conclusion to her thinking she went to sleep.

Late in the next afternoon John came again.

"Well?" he said, standing before her and putting out his strong hands.

"Oh, sit down, John—you make me nervous standing there. I've thought it all out. I'm pretty sure I like you well enough; but I can't stay *here*. It must all depend on whether you make a home somewhere else."

John's eyes grew cold and his lips stiffened a little.

"You mean that you will promise to marry me after I have gone out into the world and won such a measure of success as seems to you worth accepting?"

"Yes, John."

"You are a shrewder young lady than I gave you credit for being, my dear. But you are right enough, no doubt. You hate this narrow life and all its small economies. Why, indeed, then, should you bind yourself to live in it? I have made my plans. I thought once of studying law, but that is slow business. I have written to-day to Uncle Jared Smith, my mother's brother. He is one of the great merchants of New York, and he has always promised to find me a place with him if I would come. He has no son of his own, and there would be a reasonable chance, if I pleased him, of my being taken into the firm. Would that suit you?"

Nan's eyes fairly danced. New York! Why, that would even be better than Boston!

"Oh, you dear John!" she cried eagerly. "And when will you go?"

"In the latter part of November if Uncle Jared is ready for me then. Are you in such a desperate hurry for me to leave?"

"Oh, John, don't look at me like that. The sooner you go the sooner it will come to pass won't it?"

And John smiled a little grimly, and made up his mind that it was really just as well that they were not to be married at present. Perhaps his thorny little sweetheart would care more for him after she had tried for a year or two what life would be like without him. Even now she gave him all she had to give. Was it well to complain of a rose tree because it could not be an oak, especially if one loved the rose?

For the next month all went well. Uncle Jared rejoiced by letter over the prospect of having his nephew with him. All John's arrangements were made for leaving home, and Nan's gay smiles brightened the gloom of the season; for Nan was in love with the prospect of ultimate New York, if with nothing else. And so the time went on until the 21st of November.

On the 23d John Payne was to leave Ryefield. He talked over his plans with Nan, the night of the 21st, for the hundredth time. She found them a very safe subject, for as long as she had known John she was very shy of him as a lover, and would rather hear him talk of anything else than that love of his that was so strong and so genuine that it came into her life somewhat like a persistent north wind ruffling a garden of roses. When John went away he held her hand for a long time, and looked deep down into her eyes till she grew petulant, and asked him what he saw, and what was wrong. And John smiled a puzzling smile as he answered:

"Nothing is wrong, I think. What does not exist can not be wrong. I have got to wait for your heart to be born. I shall come to-morrow night for good-bye."

But long before the next night news had gone abroad in Ryefield that Ezra Payne, John's father, had been seized with paralysis. At first the doctors had thought there was little hope for his life, but they began to be more cheerful about him after a few hours.

What would this mean to John? Nan wondered. That night of November 22d, Nan's father, always a good neighbor, went to watch beside his old friend. The doctor was there also, and John got away and came to Nan.

"This is not good-bye in the sense I expected," he said; "but I suppose it is good-bye in another way, and a long good-bye, too. Nan, have you realized that now I must stay in Ryefield?"

"*Must*, John?"

"Yes, must, even though it should cost me all the joy of my life. I, and no other, must care for my father and fill his place. There is no help. I have thought and thought, and there is no other way. I cannot leave my plain duty undone. But I do not bind you, Nan, to the life of Ryefield. You shall be free."

"And you won't mind?" Nan whispered, timidly.

"Mind!" The word came like a cry from John Payne's lips. Then he held himself in with a strong hand and spoke very quietly. "No, I won't mind. If you mean by that, be angry. I will not blame you. You were honest with me from the first, and we do not look for a rose to bloom in the storms of winter. Good bye, little Nan, whom I have loved all my life."

There was a deep note in his voice that brought the tears to Nan's eyes. She sat there silently after he was gone, wondering whether, after all, love might not be worth more than some other things, and whether any one else would ever love her as John did.

That very week an unexpected invitation came to her to pass two or three months with her summer friend, Miss Amory. Blanche had not forgotten her then. Proud and glad as she was of this, she would have been no less so had she known how urgently Quincy Amory had jogged his sister's memory.

Nan was quite used to have her own way, and she got it in this instance. A week's time found her at home in the Amory mansion, under the shadow of the dome of the State house. Blanche's two sisters had gone on a visit to an aunt in Baltimore, and Blanche was lonely enough without them to give Nan an eager welcome. And now, indeed, Nan felt that she had just begun to live. A grub might feel thus, she fancied, when he first discovered he was a butterfly. Here, in this ancestral home, where British officers had danced stately minuets when Massachusetts was a colony, were all the delights of which Nan had vainly dreamed. Pictures, china, rugs, carvings, old silver, curios from every country under the sun—the glory of all the kingdoms of the world! Ah, this it was, to live!

Papa Allen had not sent his only child away with an empty purse, and Miss Amory helped to choose the simple yet dainty costumes that made the pretty country girl ten times prettier. And if Quincy Amory had been touched before by her wild rose charms, he found them in this new setting yet more beguiling. And since he, the only son of his father, could afford to please himself in marriage, he began to say to himself, "Why not?" Doubtless Nan might have said, "Why not?" too, if such a wild thought could ever have crossed her brain, as that this man to whom she looked up with such unbounded and admiring homage, *could* care for her. To be loved by the most princely man she had ever seen—to live always in this new world of beauty—no, Nan's fancies were not strong-winged enough to soar so high.

But as the weeks went on, and she grew used to luxury, it began to fill her heart not quite so full as at first. Sometimes, in the midst of all the glories that surrounded her, her thoughts went back to Ryefield, and she heard John's voice say once more:

"Good-bye, little Nan, whom I have loved all my life."

Quincy Amory did not ask her to marry him until she had been his sister's guest for three months. It was the very last day but one of February when, one night, he found that she, a little tired, perhaps, of pleasure, had stayed at home instead of going with his sister to a party, as had been planned. Here was his ready-made opportunity, of which he availed himself in the most high-bred and polished manner. Perhaps there was an indescribable something in his voice and bearing that brought it home to Nan that he was conferring upon her an extreme distinction instead of seeking from her, as John Payne had done, the crowning grace and glory of his own life.

If he had made his offer the first month Nan was there, while yet she was dazzled by the splendor and nobility of everything, I have little doubt but that she would have accepted it. Now that she had grown used to things, they had less power over her—and she began, instead of contemplating the glories of Quincy Amory's birth and state, to ask herself if this high-bred, listless young man really loved her. Suddenly she asked the question out loud:

"Are you quite sure you love me, Mr. Amory?"

"*Quite* sure, indeed. *Could* I have any other motive?"

And his words and his tone lent force to her already keen sense that it was something akin to the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor which this Mayflower-descended young man was proposing to bestow on her. What imp of the perverse was it that would not let her say yes?

"Please, I must think a little," she answered quietly, just as she had answered John Payne before. "I will tell you to-morrow night."

And Mr. Amory seemed quite at ease. No doubt he approved of the delicacy that would not be too eager. It suited his taste, and even enhanced the girl's value in his eyes. He talked then about indifferent subjects—some new paintings at the art museum, the photographs at Doll & Richards' from the pictures of "The Hermitage," a coming performance of the "Passion" music.

Nan was glad, at last, when she could civily get away to her own room and think the whole thing over. A soft coal fire was burning in her grate and it lighted the luxurious room with its warm, soft hangings, sleepy-hollow chairs, and the dainty little writing-table with all its pretty appointments. This was just what Nan longed for—what she had craved dumbly as long as she could remember. She had only to say "Yes" to have it, and all it symbolized for her own for always. What was the drawback? Why did she hear and hear, over and over again, that last good-bye of John's? *Was* it possible that she, too, had loved him all her life—*all* her life—and had never known it until now? Was it because it was another, and not John, who offered them to her that all the external things she had craved so long seemed to her, in this hour, of no account? She thought late into the night, and then she slept a fitful sleep, in which she dreamed that John Payne and Quincy Amory were each pulling her, one to the right, the other to the left, and she woke with a little cry on her lips lest she should be torn in two.

The next morning she said to Miss Amory: "I must go home to-morrow. It will be the first day of spring."

And, despite all persuasion, she kept to this resolution. Quincy Amory heard of her purpose with no misgivings. It seemed natural that after having promised to marry him she should think well to go away. Her delicate sense of propriety was one of her charms. He went without a misgiving to find her in the library, whither she had betaken herself after dinner.

"Well, my willful wild-rose," he said gayly, as he took his seat beside her, "are you ready to answer me?"

"Quite ready, Mr. Amory."

He smiled.

"Don't you think you could learn to say Quincy, now?"

"No, Mr. Amory, for I shall have no right."

The careless smile died on his lips, and his eyes looked into hers with a sudden grave inquiry.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you do not like me?"

"Oh, no, no; I like you so much. I mean only that is *all*. It is not enough, is it?"

"That depends. Do you care for any one else in that way?"

Sudden blushes turned Nan's face scarlet.

"I'm afraid that is it," she said. "I did not know it till last night. It was only when I came to think what it would be to stay away always from Ryefield that I began to understand what I felt for some one I have known all my life."

"No doubt you are quite right," he said a little stiffly. "Of course you are right, if there is some one else."

The tears gathered in Nan's dark eyes.

"Don't be vexed at me," she said, humbly and sweetly. "I am not at all the girl you ought to marry. You should have someone who is used to your world and all the ways of it. As for me—I belong to Ryefield."

The best and noblest side of Quincy Amory came out, then and there. He took Nan's little brown hand and raised it to his lips.

"You are a good, frank, sweet girl," he said, "you would have been the one for me had you loved me. You did not, and it is my loss."

He was so good and gentle that Nan half thought she had made a mistake, even then—but deep down in her heart she knew better; and she went on her way the next day with contentment.

She took the father and mother at home by surprise. They had looked for her in the spring, but not on this first day of it, when March was coming in, keen still with the cold of winter, and wild with turbulent gusts.

"Dear me!" her mother said, using the New England woman's natural form of invocation, "*dear me*, I expect you'll seem pretty strange to you here, now you've got used to gas and furnaces and all kinds of city fixings."

And the truth was it *did* seem strange, and the rigid, bare, unbeautiful usefulness of everything was not one whit more attractive to beauty-loving Nan than of old.

"How's John?" she asked hastily, changing the subject.

"John! Oh, I guess he's pretty well, but he's got his hands full. They say old Mr. Payne's no good at all; but he hasn't any notion o' dyin'. And John tends him, and sees to his mother, and keeps everything going on the farm; and it's no wonder if he *has* grown thin and looks kind o' worn and peaked like. He's had a hard time doin' *his* duty, John has."

Nan wondered if people always had hard times doing their duty, and secretly concluded that this was probably the case.

How did John Payne know that she had got home? But, somehow, people always did know things in Ryefield, and it was nothing strange that John should come walking in after supper was over. Mrs. Allen was helping her "girl" wash up the dishes. Mr. Allen was helping his "man" do the chores. And Nan sat alone in the sitting-room, where the kerosene lamp did duty for gas, and already the air-tight stove made her head ache. Or, after all, was it not something else and not the stove? Was it that she was regretting a little the lovely rose-hung, wax-lighted room, where she had been wont to sit all this year and look into the fire? Did she possibly regret that with her own hand she had shut against herself the gate of that Beacon Hill Eden forever?

John came in quietly and saw her before she saw him—saw her with eyes into which grew a strange tenderness. Soon she felt his presence and looked around.

"Oh, John!" she cried, and there was unmistakable gladness in her tone.

"You *are* glad to see me then, even after Boston?"

Nan looked up into his face. The old, loving light was in his eyes. No, he had not changed.

"Come and sit down," she said, "and I'll tell you how I feel after Boston."

John sat down, but he kept his hands quietly before him—those hands that always used to be seeking hers.

"John!"

It was a low tone, with a little quiver of pathos in it.

"John!"

"Yes, Nan."

"I hate rag carpets!"

"Yes, Nan."

"And I hate braided mats and kerosene lamps and air tight stoves, and—life as it is in Ryefield. But there's one thing I hate worse yet, John."

"Yes, Nan?" this time with a note of interrogation.

"Yes, I hate worse my life—my life at all—where you can't come in at twilight, and where I'm far, far away from somebody who said he had loved me all my life."

John grew pale suddenly. Watchful Nan saw the color leave his face, and the hands that had not yet sought hers were trembling.

"Nan," he said, "do you quite know what you are saying?"

"Yes, I *quite* know. You see I *didn't* know last November—but I went away and found out."

And why should I play Paul Pry at the rest of the interview, since, after all, the story ends like a fairy tale, with—"And so they were married."—[Copyrighted 1885. All rights reserved.

There is one law suit in America almost as old as the English possession of the country, and it concerns no less valuable property than a good slice of the city of New York itself. This is the claim concerning the farm of Anneke Jans, the widow of one of the earliest Dutch settlers who departed the city of New Amsterdam and this mortal life in 1637 or 1638, and whose spouse afterwards married Domine Bogardus. The farm was afterwards merged into the King's farm, owned by Trinity church, and the first trial as between the corporation and the heirs of Anneke Jans took place long before the revolution. The case is not settled yet, and that veteran guardian of the interests of New York, Mr. James W. Gerard, tells the story of the farm and of the suit in the forthcoming May *Harper's*, with the help of a number of illustrations.

The May number of *Harper's* promises to be very strong in its stories. Miss Woolson's story of "East Angels" grows in the strength of its study of characters as well as in interest as it proceeds; and "At the Red Glove," the anonymous story, illustrated from sketches made at Berne, the scene of the story, by Mr. Reinhart, draws to its close. The short stories include "Constance Royal," a strong dramatic story, told in the three pages by Jeanie Spring Peet; a humorous one-story set forth in "Passages from the Diary of a Hong-Kong Merchant," by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"); and a charming story by Lucy C. Lillie, with a full-page illustration by C. D. Weldon.

IN WAITING.

Oh, hand me down my spectacles—
Oh, hand them down to me,
That I may read and know indeed
If our good Grover C.
Hath bid me stand at his right hand,
Where I have longed to be.

Oh hand me down my microscope—
These specs ill serveth me;
But I have hope the microscope
Will give me power to see
My noble name where lasting fame
Intended it should be.

Alas nor specs, nor microscope,
Nor aught availeth me;
My name is missed from all the list,
Where it should surely be!
And if, ere long, affairs go wrong,
The blame's with Grover C.!
—*Washington Star.*

DR. ZAMORA'S PATIENT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN,

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Dr. Leon Zamora sat in his verandah, smoking a cigar. Upon the carved stone balustrade beside him stood a goblet half full of iced sherbet. The doctor sat in the clear shadow and appeared to contemplate the lovely prospect of semi-tropical sea and shore. His house stood on a hight overlooking the antique town—a town of irregular streets and high shouldered buildings, with projecting windows and arched doorways. Here and there clusters of palm trees supported their dark, waving plumes on delicate stems; to the right, a great river merged slumbering into the sea. The sun flung a broad mellow radiance and delicious breaths of coolness came up from the ocean.

Into the still and immortal life of this spot, Dr. Zamora had entered, some three years ago, as quietly and unremarkably as a shadow of the evening. Though reserved in manner, he was by no means an insignificant man. His white and lofty forehead, finely modeled about the temples, was shaded by his curly black hair, tinged with gray and dominated heavy brows and black, deepset eyes, with clear, calm gaze, that never either kindled into wrath or melted into tenderness. A heavy gray mustache and imperial concealed his mouth and chin. His figure was slight, and his gait grave, deliberate and dignified. His bearing was courteous, but cold and impassive; his smile faint and contemptuous; his voice musical but metallic. He seemed less a man than a serene abstraction of certain human qualities.

He brought no wife with him to the old town, nor was he known ever to seek a woman's company. On the other hand, he was a man of wealth, learning and great skill in his profession, his reputation in the little community was unrivaled; and people consulted him as they might some wise volume containing infallible panaceas. Doctor Zamora, in short, held the position of a kind of deputy providence, seldom thought about until he was needed, but believed in implicitly. Professionally, he was known to every one; personally, to none.

II

As Dr. Zamora sat smoking, the noise of carriage wheels coming up the street attracted his attention. Without altering his position, he could see the vehicle and its occupant. She was a woman in the prime of youth and beauty. But her anxious and nervous manner evidenced acute distress of mind. As the doctor's eyes fell upon her, they dilated, and he suddenly grew very pale. For several moments he remained motionless, save for a labored breathing, and a tremulous grasp of his hands upon the arms of his chair. But, when the wheels passed before his door, and the bell sounded in the court below, he sat erect and drew a firm breath. When the servant came to tell him that a Senora desired to see him on a matter of life and death, he appeared as serene and cold as usual.

"Bring hither a chair for the Senora," he said, "and say that I await her."

A short time elapsed,—short, that is by the watch, but, perhaps, an eternity to Zamora. Then a rustle and a figure advancing through the darkened room announced his visitor's approach. As she entered upon the balcony the doctor arose and bowed courteously.

She began to speak abruptly and impetuously. "Doctor Zamora, I was told to come to you—that no one but you could cure my husband—"

At that word the doctor lifted his hand, and looked his visitor in the face while a faint, mocking smile stirred his gray mustache.

The lady stopped, her beautiful lips apart, her eyes fixed in a gaze of amazement and dismay. Then she uttered some incoherent words, raised her hands across her breast with a gesture of fear and repulsion, and her face and neck empurpled with a hot blush.

After contemplating her for a few moments, the doctor said coldly:

"Be seated, madame. Your husband, you were about to say—"

"This is horrible. They said Doctor Zamora—"

"You were rightly informed, madame. I bear that name, and you may place every confidence in me. If your husband be unwell, I can cure him."

"What shall I do?" murmured the lady, pressing her hands over her face. She stood dizzily, and would have fallen had not the doctor placed a chair for her. She sank down trembling, and her eyelids closed.

"You are yourself indisposed, madame," observed the doctor. "The heat is great; you have over-exerted yourself. This scent will revive you." He held to her nostrils a phial containing a fragrant perfume. "And now, lose no time in telling me what you desire. If the case be urgent delay might prove fatal."

She fixed her eyes upon him.

"Would not you be more fatal than delay?" she asked.

The doctor smiled.

"I would do my best for him, as for any creature entrusted to my care. But if you prefer to seek other advice, you know me well enough to know that I leave you free to follow your own will."

"Yes; I know you in that speech," exclaimed the lady in a low but passionate tone. "You left me free—too free. Would you do your best for any human creature confided to your care? The human soul that was entrusted to your care you left free to be tempted and destroyed. And yet, perhaps, God is more merciful than you think?"

"I will not say that I am surprised at this attack," remarked the doctor quietly, "but I must confess that—under the circumstances—I fail to comprehend it."

There was a silence. The lady sat with her hands clasped on her knees and her face raised toward Zamora, who leaned negligently against the balustrade of the balcony. At length she spoke.

"I am at your mercy; and even such revenge as yours should be satisfied to see me imploring your help. For what has been I take all the blame upon myself; but you could inflict on me no punishment so humiliating as this that I inflict on myself. I ask you to save him. In asking it I give my life for his; for life, after such a degradation, would be a burden and a shame. If you have waited these three years for a chance to wreak your hatred on me, your time is come. It will never come again."

The wild and restless energy of this appeal, enhanced by the hushed tone in which it was uttered, seemed to have some effect on Dr. Zamora. He stroked his moustache and meditated.

"Do you love this—this husband of yours, madame?" he finally asked.

"Enough to try his life at your hands," she answered, sinking on her knees.

"As a physician," continued Doctor Zamora, "I have certain professional customs. I demand in return for my skill certain equivalents; from some, one thing, from some another. Money I seldom ask for, for I am wealthy; but I cause my patients to feel, when the cure is effected, that we are quits. I have said that I was ready to attempt the cure of your husband; but I have not yet named the equivalent. Are you prepared to give it?"

"Anything—my life!"

"Not your life, by any means. I merely require you, as soon as he is restored to health, to leave this town, never to return. You will leave it alone, concealing from him your route and your destination. Never henceforth will you either see him, or hold any manner of communication with him. Do you agree?"

"Will you fulfill your part?" she demanded.

"I will," he replied.

She panted, her face quivered, and was now red, now pale. At last she said, with a gasp as if the words tore up her life by the roots:

"Then I consent! God hear me, and judge between us!"

"So be it," said the doctor gravely. "And now, if you please, I will go with you to your husband. On the way you can tell me of his ailment. He shall be brought to my house, and you shall witness my treatment of him. Afterwards——"

He made a significant gesture. The lady bowed her head in assent.

But, as they left the balcony, a thought struck her. She turned upon him:

"You will not let him know that you are—that——"

"He shall know that I am Dr. Zamora, madame," said the other, coldly, and making way for her to pass.

III.

Dr. Zamora's private room was as cool, as quiet and as secluded as the doctor himself. The floor was of tinted mosaic, partly covered with rugs of India matting. The walls were of polished woods; in the vaulting ceiling was a window of stained glass. Across a deep alcove at one end was suspended a screen or veil of some silken fabric, through which an observer, himself invisible, could see the interior of the room. There were large-leaved plants in marble vases, low chairs and tables and, in the center of the room, a broad couch, curtained and draped with the finest lawn. A jet of water played through the mouth of a bronze lion's head into a marble basin attached to the wall. A delicious coolness and freshness pervaded the apartment, which was remote from all external noises and influences.

Here were three persons—Dr. Zamora, the lady and a man who lay at full length on the couch. He was tall and of powerful build, with broad chest and massive limbs. His features were too rugged to be called handsome, but were full of masculine pith and ability. A thick brown beard covered the lower part of his face; his eyes were closed, and he lay in apparent lethargy. Upon his forehead and his arms, which were bare, were a number of small blotches of a purplish hue. But for a slight movement of the chest, indicating subdued respiration, the man might have been thought dead.

"The effects of the opiate will cease in a few minutes," remarked Dr. Zamora, eyeing his patient critically. "Then begins the active phase of the case. Thus far the poison has only occasioned superficial heat and stinging. It will now withdraw to the interior parts of the organism, where the pain will be less, but the danger more."

"How long will this last?" inquired the lady, whose demeanor was now outwardly as quiet as the doctor's own.

"We may expect three distinct stages," he replied, "extending over several hours. The patient will retain his faculties, but their action in each of the three cases will be modified in a peculiar manner. As the physical vitality decreases, the spiritual faculties will become more and more sublimated; and you will notice a corresponding alteration in—ah! he begins to awake."

"Is there any hope?" asked the lady.

"The poison is among the most insidious and deadly known to science, and also one of the purest. Few, probably, besides myself, know how to deal with it. The strong vital power of the patient is in his favor; on the other hand, too long a time elapsed before treatment was begun. I have here an antidote which, if given immediately, would have overcome the evil."

"And how if given now?"

"It would still counteract the poison, but at the risk of the patient's life. He has not now the strength to undergo the struggle."

"What shall be done?"

"I shall exhibit drugs which will have the double effect of increasing vital power and weakening the action of the poison. Human skill can do no more. Hush! he is about to open his eyes. He must not be aware of your presence. Enter that alcove, and make no sound. You can see all that passes. Let nothing he may say induce you to discover yourself, unless I give the sign."

The lady moved to the side of the couch, stooped and kissed the forehead of the half-conscious man. Then she withdrew behind the silken curtain of the alcove.

IV.

The man drew a deep breath, moved slightly on his cushions, and opened his eyes. His glance wandered round the room and passed over Dr. Zamora several times before taking note of him. At length it was fixed upon him, and the man said in a deep, resonant voice:

"You are my physician? I feel better—free from pain—more strength—thanks, no doubt, to your skill. How soon do you promise me a cure?"

"It is now six in the morning," said Dr. Zamora. "By noon, at furthest, the crisis will have passed."

"The crisis? Humph! Then I'm not out of danger yet? Come, the truth! I'm not afraid to hear it! Is it death or life?"

After a pause the doctor said: "You may live, but more probably you will die."

"Ha! Well—such is life—and death! And I've been alive as much as most men! And this is to be the end? The end—a strange idea that!"

After a short silence he added, "Where is Inez?"

A slight shadow passed over Dr. Zamora's brow.

"I presume you refer to your——"

"To the woman I love—my wife, if there's meaning in words. Where is she?"

"For your sake and her own, you must remain apart for the present. As soon as safety is assured—or hope vanishes—she will be here."

"My darling! What would become of her, were I to go!" He muttered to himself. "I must tighten my grip for her sake. Not die—no, no!" Body and soul she gave herself to me, and I must stand by her to the end. There again—the end! If this be it, it isn't what I expected. Me to die—she to live on! It must not be—my own Inez! Ah, what a life we've lived this three years past! What a love! Never a day's shadow, never a regret! Ha, doctor, you there? Been thinking aloud, haven't I? Well, you look like an honest man, though a cold one. Perhaps I'd as well make you my father confessor out and out. You're as honest as any Jack-priest of 'em all—eh doctor?"

"I never betrayed the confidence of man or woman," said the other, quietly.

"Humph! Well, I don't know that I can speak quite so fair of myself as that. But this society saps our morals. Is any love so strong as the love of a man for a woman? And the [illegible] are sin and virtue? The [illegible] he is free, that life is [illegible] fire that burns but [illegible] his who can keep it [illegible] nor vows nor cords [illegible] it belongs, and then [illegible]

"What, then," inquire[illegible] you hold love to be?"

"What? Why, all that [illegible] marrow, my flesh and pulse, [illegible] senses tell me that it is! The [illegible] is what is strange, yet [illegible] unlike—man, yet woman [illegible] allowed! Love is happiness [illegible] surrender that is victory [illegible] ing the generosity of [illegible] creates by consuming, [illegible] wisdom! It is the wordless [illegible] transcends all language [illegible] of flesh to flesh. There [illegible] doxes, whereof a cold-blo[illegible] you, doctor, will comprehe[illegible] my part I only know that [illegible] touch of a certain woman [illegible] man captive, body and bones [illegible] more he's captive the better [illegible] was my case, I found a [illegible] one to enjoy; 'twas said [illegible] it, but of him I knew [illegible] been his he would have [illegible] my right to it by taking it [illegible] take over again I would do it."

"Love, then, is wholly [illegible] ter," rejoined the doctor.

"Why, yes, if you like, [illegible] by that inspiration that [illegible] poetry, the soul heaven, and [illegible] ous hallucinations. We [illegible] die; no, nor will the sun [illegible] or the water to refresh. [illegible] nor love itself will animate [illegible] what is one more than the [illegible]"

"True!" remarked Dr. [illegible] glance toward the cu[illegible] "Lovers parted on earth are [illegible] Then why, for so slight a [illegible] so deeply compromise him [illegible] world wider than a woman's [illegible] power, learning, and [illegible] her kiss?"

"I have not found them [illegible] other, closing his eyes.

V.

A long silence followed. [illegible] Dr. Zamora's patient seemed [illegible] half-waking dream. The phy[illegible] him carefully. At times he [illegible] face with volatile essences [illegible] the while with a fan of [illegible] twice he made him swallow [illegible] der, and the fountain plashed [illegible] basin, the rainbow lights from [illegible] glass windows glowed on walls [illegible] and the plants in their vases [illegible] fragrance. All this time Dr. [illegible] his face averted from the alcove [illegible] came no sound or movement.

At length the patient's eyes [illegible] unclosed. A change was manifest [illegible] appearance. So great was his [illegible] a white gleam seemed to [illegible] face. His features were sharpened [illegible] showed through the skin [illegible] and his eyes were sunken and [illegible] voice had lost its strong resonance [illegible] clearer and more penetrating [illegible] His expression was now [illegible] thoughtful.

"Where is Inez?" were his [illegible]

"Her time is not yet come," [illegible] answered.

"My mind beholds her clearly," [illegible] the other. "My thoughts dwell [illegible] and commune with hers in that [illegible] sympathy of mind with mind [illegible] call love consists of. Without [illegible] blind passion of the heart and [illegible] misleading and mischievous. [illegible] impulse, but intellect is the [illegible] when their energy is expended [illegible] remains true to its choice. The [illegible] love is in the perception of [illegible] and that delight neither age [illegible] absence has power to destroy."

"Then, were you to see Inez [illegible] would be content?" asked the doctor.

"I will not go so far as that," [illegible] other calmly. "Bodily presence [illegible] out its use and significance. [illegible] you must have a subject, and [illegible] the subject of the mind. By [illegible] mind realizes its aims and conclusions, and, on the other hand [illegible] gestions and limitations of the [illegible] mind in motion and give it [illegible] without the body, love is a dream [illegible] out the mind, it is a sensual and [illegible] instinct. Nevertheless, once lovers [illegible] bodily incarnation, the actual [illegible] together of the lovers is of secondary [illegible] ance. But the mind should [illegible] occasionally, by renewed inter[illegible] mate, furnishing it with fresh [illegible] to consider, and new develop[illegible] terest.

"From this point of view, what [illegible] hold concerning the sanctity of [illegible] bond?"

"It is an ingenious and even [illegible] ble device for the preservation [illegible] civilized organization, but is not [illegible] worthy of intellectual respect. The [illegible] the mind are of higher significance [illegible] social laws. Were men ruled [illegible] ought to be and will be, by the [illegible] bonds of all kinds would disappear [illegible] social bond of marriage along with [illegible] Hundreds would still exist, and [illegible] reared; but the free communion [illegible] with mind would be admitted, [illegible] vanish along with other relics of [illegible] In other words, the true marriage [illegible] upon intellectual sympathy, [illegible] longer be complicated by [illegible] merely material convenience, and [illegible] ity would vanish with the [illegible] morality that created it."

"Do I understand then [illegible] would, without repugnance, behold [illegible] possession of another of more [illegible] intellectual endowment than your[illegible]"

"The question seems fair," [illegible] other doubtfully; "and yet—but [illegible] perhaps, omitted some link in my [illegible] argument. Allowing that such [illegible] as you say exists, still I cannot [illegible] him as having any rights over [illegible] fact that she and I have belonged [illegible] other has created a sympathy [illegible] previous existence, and cannot [illegible] something neither altogether physical [illegible] tellectual—yet more substantial [illegible] I confess it perplexes me—my [illegible] weary. I must rest awhile—"

And even as he spoke he sank [illegible] lethargy.

"What a strange faggot of [illegible] philosophies is man!" murmured Dr. [illegible] more to himself. "How many [illegible] tions are bound up in one of our [illegible] have listened to the body and to [illegible] lect; now let us see whether, in [illegible] depths, there is still another and a [illegible] voice!"

VI.

The interval between this stage [illegible] next and final one lasted but a few [illegible] but it was marked by an [illegible] change in the aspect of the patient [illegible] bodily substance of the man had [illegible] and become translucent; he [illegible] a physical than a spiritual presence [illegible] light in his eye proceeded from [illegible] beyond matter, and to see things [illegible] the material eye can take no cogni[illegible] tremor occasionally passed through [illegible] if his body were shaken by the [illegible] inward power to break away from [illegible] prisonment. His voice, reduced [illegible] a whisper, yet thrilled upon the [illegible] a distinctness and force that [illegible] noise.

"Inez! come!" he exclaimed [illegible] ingly.

"She is not here!" said Dr. Za[illegible] a frown.

"She is behind that curtain," [illegible] other. "Let her come forth!"

The curtain was slowly drawn [illegible] In the opening stood Inez, [illegible] face as in figure, like a ghost [illegible] ghostly mandate. As her eyes [illegible] of Dr. Zamora's patient, she [illegible] cry.

"You are dying, love! [illegible] you!"

"Not so!" exclaimed the [illegible]

[illegible] is moment I would buy his life with my [illegible] But human skill has done its [illegible] most."

Inez advanced towards her lover. But he [illegible] his hand.

"Do not come too near!" he said warningly.

"Am I not yours? Do you not love me?" she cried, in a voice weighted with unshed tears, and stretching her hands towards him.

"There is a barrier between us," he said. "Let not your hand of flesh disregard it! It seemed to me that I loved you. It seems so still. But there has never been a true union between us. The license of the body, the arrogant insanity of the intellect—these [illegible] love and banish it! Can happiness be founded on murder? and we murdered marriage, Inez!"

"But I never loved—him!—nor he me," she said passionately, and then, with a sweeping gesture of the arm, she designated Doctor Zamora. "That is the man! Let him say the truth of what I have said!"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"A futile question," he said. "Sin, like God, is no respecter of persons. Say, if you will, that I was justly served; yet is her responsibility the same towards the covenant she violated, and thereby she is condemned. But I deprecate this discussion and the foolish revelation that occasioned it. If I were the he whom she speaks of, I have longed [illegible] to be so. His name and his heart—if good or evil—are mine no more. I am Dr. Zamora, a man of science and an observer."

"Your heart is as cold and bitter now as it was when I first knew you," said Inez passionately.

"Cold!—I loved you!" cried Zamora, with strange and sudden vehemence. "I tried to win your love, but you withheld it. Mine is no surface passion, with a flow of words and protestations; and, because I could not speak, you thought me indifferent. Then, in my absence, you met this man, and [illegible] loved me. I could not condescend to pursue and supplicate you, nor seek a vulgar vengeance. I left you to the retribution of time and change and this hour is my reward!"

Inez turned to her lover. "Can such a love as ours be wicked? Is it not its own justification?"

"We need seek no justification, Inez," answered the dying man. "We have polluted the sacred symbol that is the image of creation. As light is wedded to heat, form to substance, truth to goodness, so man weds woman. The holiness of that union is above all personal claims. Shall we, for our selfish pleasures, defy a law in which are bound up the purity and welfare of mankind, or because this man failed to be a worthy husband, shall we violate the justice of which he, whether worthy or not, is the representative?"

"If our love, which for these three years has been my life, be wickedness," said Inez, "why shall I desire truth or goodness?"

"The love which opposes love of humanity is, in its essence, not love but hate," answered the dying man. "It is grounded in mortality, and must perish. But there is something in us that outlasts the strength of the body and the pride of intellect—a soul, which cannot die, and where love is real and immortal. My soul which till now I have never known or acknowledged, is now awake, and fills the place of death; it is I."

"And do you love me still?" asked Inez.

"I love you still!" he murmured, "nay, I never loved you until this moment."

"We shall meet again," she said.

"Build not upon that," he answered. "The wages of sin is not immortal happiness. Pray that this man whom we wronged may be less a sufferer thereby than ourselves."

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"Farewell, Inez!" said her lover in a tone where solemnity overpowered its tenderness.

"Oh, let me go with you!" she cried out in agony.

"Not so. Rejoice, rather, that your path lies still in this world, as for me, I go to a country whose ways and boundaries no man knows."

There was silence.

"He is gone!" muttered Dr. Zamora, turning away.

But Inez pressed her hands over her heart.

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The Washington *Sunday Herald* gives the president's reasons for reappointing Mr. Pearson, as related by a member of the cabinet:

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"'I am under great obligations to the liberal republican press,' said the president, in opening the subject, 'and I must repay that obligation in some way which will properly express my appreciation of the services rendered. Shortly after the new year I had conveyed to Mr. George William Curtis an intimation that I should like to show my sense of the importance in which I held his most valuable assistance and that rendered by the New York *Times*, *Herald*, and the *Evening Post* during the canvass, by a consultation with himself and the gentlemen representing those journals, as to the best and most proper mode of acknowledging this obligation in some official way before the country. The proposition was met, as I felt it would be, in the spirit I made it. Mr. Curtis said that for himself he neither sought nor desired any official position; that whatever services he had rendered had been given under a profound sense of right, and in the success of the principles he had so long advocated he had received the only recompense he desired. The other gentlemen who had brought to my support the important journals mentioned replied in the same manner as did Mr. Curtis. None of them wished any official recognition, holding that a higher duty to the country made it desirable that they should not be fettered by the obligations of office. The thing that most impressed me in these interviews was that in no way did these independents evince any desire to stipulate for place. I would gladly have tendered Mr. Curtis an important foreign appointment (it is believed the president meant the mission to the court of St. James), but my intimation to that effect was met by him with so much firm, courteous determination to adhere to his views that I said no more. Mr. Schurz positively declined to take office, and Mr. Jones of the *Times* and Mr. James Gordon Bennett expressed themselves in the same manner. When the matter of Mr. Pearson's reappointment came up for consideration I, through personal friends, invited some expression of opinion from the gentlemen alluded to. It was unanimous in favor of Mr. Pearson's continuance in office. I had said early in the campaign that faithful, unpartisan discharge of duty was incumbent upon all officials. This Mr. Pearson had especially emphasized in his course during the presidential contest. His opponents were many and formidable. Some of the republican leaders particularly wished to see him dishonorably discharged because he refused in the heat of the canvass to permit the postoffice to be made a political machine. I stated these views to the members of my cabinet who were from New York, and they fully agreed with me in the propriety of renominating Mr. Pearson. It is a matter in which New York as a city, is more interested than any other part of the country can be. If senators wish to vote adversely on this confirmation it is their prerogative to do so. I believe the good sense of the whole country will approve my course; but I know I am right, and there I mean to stand or fall."

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CURRENT FUN.

THE NEW SPRING BONNET

A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] triumph of lore
A fa[illegible] symbol of pride
Comf[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] with of the [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] dye
A [illegible] [illegible] bloom
And [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

SHE COULD DECLINE

Judge.

Brown—I never see Miss Spooks now. I used to be sweet on her, but she was quite uneducated—had not even learned the rudiments of grammar.

Smith—Hadn't she though? I hear she knew enough to decline an ass though.

THE GENERAL'S NARROW ESCAPE

San Francisco Chronicle.

"I do so like the general," said a sweet voice behind me at the opera.

"He's a dear man, isn't he?"

"Yes, you know I am sort of related to him."

"Indeed! I never knew that. How?"

"He came very near being my father. He was the first man my mother was engaged to."

THAT SETTLED IT

Traveler's Magazine.

A gentleman went into a crowded store to buy some stockings for his wife. "I want striped ones," he said to the clerk. "We have very few stripes, sir," the clerk replied, "they are not much worn now." "Are you sure?" "Oh, yes, quite sure. I will demonstrate the fact to you." Then he leaned over the counter and shouted, "Rats!" "See?" he asked. "Yes; give me plain colors."

THE MODERN MILKMAID

The elegant titled Sir [illegible] Hunt [illegible]
Fell in love with the only fair daughter
Of an oleomargarine maker and won
Her affection by swearing his honor [illegible]
That he would never love any but her.

Alas, he repented [illegible] at his ease
They were wed and as he had the dollars
He must smile when [illegible] address [illegible] "My Lord" or "Your Grace"
When a daughter [illegible] even the joke didn't [illegible]
But they marked Margarine on her collars.

NEVER KNOWN TO CATCH ANYTHING

Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.

"Are you going to send that man down among those rotten tenements?" asked a visitor at the New York police headquarters.

"Of course. Why not?" asked the officer in charge.

"Because there is small-pox there."

"Oh, he won't catch it."

"Why? Has he had it?"

"No, he's a detective."

"Beg pardon. I didn't know that."

WHO BARS THE WAY OF SONG

Edith M. Thomas asks:

Who can bar the way of song,
Who can do the [illegible] [illegible] wrong,
The editor [illegible] he [illegible] girl
[illegible] the [illegible] heartless churl
Whenever the muse attempts to sing,
A [illegible] to the gentle spring
Her tender sunsets, [illegible] lawns
At once [illegible] mounted [illegible] yawns
For [illegible] the tender little thing,
The muse's [illegible] offering,
Receives and keeps it safe and sound
To sell at half a cent per pound.
This [illegible] the [illegible] wrong,
[illegible] he who bars the way to song.

Boston Courier.

BOBBY'S SCHEME

New York Sun.

"Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr Featherly?" asked Bobby, hospitably. His mother was entertaining a few friends at dinner, and the dessert was being discussed.

"Thanks, Bobby," Featherly replied, laughingly, "since you are so polite about it, I believe I will take a small piece more."

"All right," said Bobby. "Now, ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have two pieces."

A VACUUM

Philadelphia Call.

First Bohemian—"What's the matter? You look ill."

Second Bohemian—"I am suffering from writers' cramp."

"Indeed! But you seem to have the use of your wrist, and I did not suppose you had had much chance to be overworked."

"Ah, it's not in my wrist and is not caused by overwork."

"Then where is it, and what is the cause?"

"It is in my stomach, and is caused by a vacuum."

TIPPED THE TOP SCALE

Philadelphia Call.

Mrs De Blank—"Oh Henry, you must send for the doctor at once. I believe I am getting the dropsy. Now don't delay a moment."

Mr De Blank—"Why, what put that idea into your head?"

"Dear me! will you never be satisfied that what I say is true? I got weighed to-day, and, oh! it's awful. I weighed 500 pounds."

"Great St. George! Where did you get weighed?"

"Around at your coal yard."

"Calm yourself, my dear; your weight is exactly 180 pounds."

AN EXPRESSIVE NAME

Texas Siftings.

Visitor—I think Aurora would be a very expressive name for the little angel.

Young Father (behind the paper)—Yes, Aurora would do, because he was a roarer all last night, but unfortunately that is a girl's name, and the little beggar happens to be a boy.

Visitor—Oh, it's a boy, is it? What are you going to name him?

Young Father—I am going to call him Albert Edward, because he is the prince of Wails, and he's prematurely bawled.

GREAT CONSIDERATION OF A GROCER

Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.

"Who was it that rang the bell, Jane?" asked the lady of the house.

"The grocer, mum."

"With a bill, I presume."

"Yessum."

"You told him to come next week?"

"Yessum."

"He said, mum, he had been here a dozen times already and he would come again, and to tell you so."

"How considerate. I didn't think it of a grocery man."

NOT MUCH OF A KICKER

Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.

"I understand the old man doesn't want you to come to see his daughter," said one young fellow to another.

"That's the state of the case, but I went all the same."

"No!"

"Yes. Was there last night."

"Did he kick?"

"Some."

"Much?"

"Well, no, not a great deal," was the hesitating reply, "that is not so much as he might have done. He only kicked me from the parlor to the front door, and I went the balance of the way by myself."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Detroit Journal.

"So you are really married, Brown?"

"That's about the size of it."

"But old man, you are about the last chap on earth of whom I expected to hear that sort of thing. How did it happen?"

"Oh quite the regular thing, I assure you."

"Well, your usual luck seems to have stood by you to the last, anyhow. I understand that Mrs Brown was quite an heiress. Did you drop hard?"

"Yes, I was in pretty deep."

"Deeply in love, eh?"

"No—debt."

PLAYING EUCHRE WITH A WOMAN

Chicago Ledger.

"Whose play is it?"
"Who took that trick?"
"What's trumps?"
"What was led?"
"Whose ace is that?"
"Did I take that?"
"What's trumps?"
"Is it my play?"
"That's the left bower, ain't it?"
"Is that mine?"
"Ain't got a club?"
"What's trumps?"
"Did they euchre us?"
"How many did we make?"
"Whose deal is it?"

A BRIGHT BOY

Harper's Bazaar.

While teaching a large school in Pennsylvania Miss Crayon had sole charge of a not particularly bright little fellow whose education had just begun. During the reading lesson one day Georgie tumbled and came to a dead stop at the word mat.

"Spell it, Georgie," said the teacher.

"M-a-t," read the boy.

"Well, what is it?"

"Don't know."

"Oh yes you do," said Miss Crayon, encouragingly. "Come, now, George, what do you wipe your feet on?"

"Oh," cried the little fellow, with a long drawn sigh of relief, "M-a-t, *mat*!"

SMALL TALK

The parsons out west think roller skating has a tendency to promote backsliding.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Maggie, to her stepfather who is very popular with the children—"I wish you had been here when our other papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much."—Life.

A hat manufacturer says that the size of a man's head is always increased by excitement. We have noticed this too. It generally occurs however, the morning after the excitement.—New York Graphic.

A little boy in Saratoga not long ago came running in from out doors crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as leaves the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down."—New Orleans Picayune.

"Are you denying yourself anything during Lent?" asked a rector of one of his parishioners. "Oh, yes," replied the gentleman promptly. "That is, I have denied my wife several things, and you know when you married us you made us one."

Civil service examiner (to colored applicant for the situation of letter-carrier)—State the distance from London, England, to Calcutta, India, via Suez canal. Colored applicant—"Say, boss, ef yo'se gwine ter put me on dat route, you kin dereemove my applicashun offen de book."—Exchange.

Young Man—"Have I your consent, sir, to pay my addresses to your daughter?" Old man—"Which daughter? I have four." Young Man—"Well—er—the youngest I would like to try first, sir, but in case she should refuse me would you—er—be willing that I should continue on up?"—San Francisco Ingleside.

Journalist to his wife—"I feel very bad this morning. I don't see that it's worth while to go to work, for my head aches so painfully that I can not think."

Wife—"Don't try to think any to-day, dear. Stay at home and work on your book."—Arkansaw Traveler.

"I trust the current of my discourse last Sunday was not sufficiently formidable to hopelessly ingulf you," jocosely remarked a young Detroit clergyman to a lady member of his congregation the other evening.

"O, no. It was quite shallow enough for comfortable wading, thank you!"

Professor Simpson of the University of Texas takes the premium for absent-mindedness. He was sitting at his desk writing a few nights ago when one of his children entered. "What do you want? I can't be disturbed now." "I only wanted to say good night." "Never mind now, to-morrow morning will do just as well." On another occasion a friend said to him: "Do you know that your friend Smith is dead?" "Is he, poor fellow? I am sorry to hear it." "Are you going to attend his funeral?" "Certainly, when is it?" "To-morrow morning at 10 o'clock." "I can't attend to-morrow but I will be on hand the first fine day next week."—Texas Siftings.

BILL BOARDS OUT OF DATE.

Theatrical Managers Giving up Posters and Relying on the Press.

New York Tribune.

That advertising is as the breath of the nostrils to the body is well understood by every manager. Whether he is directing a dime museum or a gorgeous temple of dramatic art, he has to place the merits of his entertainment before the public. The circus proprietors, appealing to a class reached only through the eyes, cover the walls and fences with highly colored pictures, while the "high art" manager reaches his more intellectual clientage by printer's ink also, but differently used. He relies on the press almost entirely.

It was not long ago, however, that the incursion into the dramatic field of certain bold speculators whose methods smacked rather of the canvas tent than of the theater, and their apparent, if temporary success, led the whole profession to follow after the strange gods of bill board and poster. Not yet is the reign of these deities over, but it is evident to even a casual observer that their power is on the wane. The reasons are evident. "Printing," which is the technical name for lithographs and posters of every description, is extremely expensive in the first place; it has ceased to attract by its novelty, in the second; and the class to which it appeals is, in New York at least, hardly that which by its attendance at the theater makes a manager's fortune. On the other hand the power of newspaper advertising is becoming more and more apparent. A large proportion of the money spent not long ago by the managers of this city in filling every barber's shop and liquor store with lithographs and covering every vacant boarding with huge posters is now employed in increasing the merit of their performance and bringing it to notice through the columns of the newspapers. Some managers indeed, have reduced their bill advertising to a few small, plainly printed posters displayed at the principal hotels and in front of their own theaters, and it is worthy of notice that these are among the most, if not the most successful, in the city. In London and Paris the lithograph is almost unknown, or is confined to such entertainments as the circus or the negro minstrels. A Parisian manager's "printing" consists of a few hundred small "affiches," which are posted up in the cafes or kiosques throughout the city, while his London brethren, if they think the newspapers not alone sufficient for their purpose, content themselves with sending out a score of weary looking "sandwich men" to parade up and down the leading thoroughfares.

Several New York managers were recently asked to give their views on the matter.

A M Palmer, of the Madison Square theater, said: "The principal use of lithograph and pictorial posters nowadays is for road purposes. For advertising our attractions in New York the tendency is, I think, to depend rather on the newspapers. When elaborate printing first came into fashion it had the advantage of novelty and naturally attracted the attention of all classes of people. Now, however, it has become so common that a passing glance is all the notice it receives. To a certain extent I believe it is useful even to New York, and it serves as a reminder to busy people that such and such a play is being performed. Advertising is, of course, a serious matter to be considered by all managers, for on it they expend thousands of dollars a year. I have calculated that the newspaper advertising of New York managers must in the gross amount to a quarter of a million dollars a year."

Edward Aronson of the Casino said: "I have attended to the advertising department both of old and new Casino for the last eight years and I have come to the conclusion that bill printing and displays do not pay. We rely here exclusively on the newspapers and have in addition about two hundred bill-boards about the city. I believe that even the latter are a snare and a delusion. They cost us little in actual money, it is true, for as you know we pay the storekeepers who display them by admission to the theater. For each bill board we give four free admissions a month. That is, you see, eight hundred to a thousand in all. Now a large majority of these are sold by the holders at a trifle under the regular prices of admission. I am convinced therefore that more than 50 per cent. of those passing in on bill board tickets would otherwise have bought regular admissions. Thus we pay at a low estimate $250 a month for the display of our bills and do not begin to reap a consequent advantage. As to pictorial posters I have no faith in them at all. After all said and done the best advertisement is to send away from your theater five or six thousand people every week thoroughly satisfied with your performances."

John Duff, who for many years attended to the business of Augustin Daly's theater, and is now performing a like office for the Standard, said: "I don't believe in poster advertising nowadays at all. It was useful when it was a novelty, but now you never see respectable people stop and stare at a large wood cut or lithograph. It's all very well for a traveling combination or a circus, but for a high class New York theater I believe it does not begin to pay. The same amount of money spent in judicious newspaper advertising would be productive of far more good."

Daniel Frohman said: "I think we were among the first to recognize the power of the press as the chief advertising medium. Good printing is useful enough in its proper place, but that place is not in New York city. The Madison Square management some years ago introduced a combination of the two forms of advertising which was very effective. They inserted in the country newspapers attractive cuts, and thus appealed at once to the eye and the mind."

Theodore Moss of Wallack's theater said: "I heartily agree with you that the most paying form of advertising is that conducted through the medium of the newspapers. Large colored posters are undignified and useless, though at one time they attracted attention as a novelty. I refer, you understand, to New York business. In the country good printing is still an advantage to a traveling combination."

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Pima county, Arizona, has 100,000 cattle.

The seed of the petunia grandiflora is worth $500 an ounce.

So-called deserts of Arizona are now covered with grass and flowers.

Limes from Sitio, Mexico, are being exported largely to the United States.

There are 190 college papers in the United States and none in Germany.

Few towns in England under 20,000 inhabitants can boast a daily newspaper.

Alabama doubled her coal output of 1884, as compared with the figures for 1883.

The number of gas lighted buoys on ocean coasts the world over is rapidly on the increase.

"Khorassan is the oyster shell of the world," says an eastern proverb, "and Herat is its pearl."

The Virginia City (Nev.) postoffice has been reduced to a second class office and the salary fixed at $2000.

Yale's endowment is $1,845,402.48. The college realizes an average interest rate of 5.64 per cent. per annum.

The geological survey of Japan, begun about four years ago by the geological office, is now declared complete.

The act establishing the six penny rate for domestic telegrams in Great Britain goes into operation next August.

Under the burning sun of India a dried apricot, kept in the mouth without masticating, is found to prevent thirst.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "of all the boons which England can confer upon India, women doctors are, probably, the most needed."

There is a great rush to the Amoor river, twelve miles from the Chinese frontier, where rich gold fields are reported to have been discovered.

Algeria has 45,000,000 acres of cultivated land, 374,000 implements, 164,000 horses, 1,000,000 head of cattle, 9,000,000 sheep and 3,600,000 goats.

From 1863 to 1884 the lottery players turned into the royal Italian treasury $27,000,000. Count Cavour used to call the lottery "the tax on fools."

The largest prune orchard in the world is situated one mile from Saratoga, Cal., and contains 16,000 trees. It was recently sold for $7,000.

It is computed that 750,000 people go into London by rail every day to earn their livelihood, and leave it at night, and yet an accident rarely occurs.

Nut pine wood is selling at $10 per cord in Bodie, California. Five years ago it was worth $40 and hard to get at that. So much for railroad facilities.

Savage dogs that kill their masters are condemned to a curious form of death in Japan. They are shut up in a box with a little food and are thrown into the sea.

Curio parlors is the latest name for dime museums in the west, where attempts at refinements of language often seem to be in inverse proportion to popular taste and culture.

The word measles originally signified leprosy, although in modern times used for a far different disorder. Its derivation is from the old French word meseau, or mesel, a leper.

The Colosseum of Rome had a seating capacity of over 87,000. The building having the greatest seating capacity in the United States is Madison Square garden. It has accommodations for 8443 persons.

The centenary of the dahlia's introduction into Europe occurs this year. In 1784 it was found in Mexico and sent to Spain and rapidly found favor throughout Europe. Kostritz in Germany is now the center of dahlia culture.

The grand lodge of England has just refused to recognize the status and Masonic authority of the grand lodge of Victoria, Australia, and the members of the craft in the latter country are greatly disappointed in consequence.

Dr. Hunt is reported as having said that many lives are lost by starvation owing to an over estimate of the nutritive value of beef tea and meat juices. In typhus and typhoid fevers, he says, there is no good substitute for milk and eggs.

The owners of the ground upon which the battle of Austerlitz was fought are industriously excavating the battle-field, in consequence of a rumor that the French commander buried there a number of military chests containing more than a million francs.

Since the time of the Dutch occupation, 250 years ago, the whole west coast of Formosa has undergone great change. The harbors are silting up, and the coast is gradually undergoing a movement of upheaval. Earthquakes have largely assisted in effecting this change.

The tea houses in Teheran, Persia, are all open to the public, and even the schools are exposed like the shops, often with shops on each side. The boys sit on their heels in rows, and repeat the lesson after the master, apparently undisturbed by the hubbub going on around them.

April Fool jokes are not wholly a bad thing, as a Lawrence man found, who lost on the street a pocket-book containing $42. Several passers-by winked knowingly at each other and carefully let it alone, so that when the owner retraced his steps half an hour later he found it just where he had dropped it.

It is said that the custom house books of Oporto showed that in one year there were but 150 pipes and 20 hogsheads of wine exported. The books of the Guernsey custom house for the same year, however, showed an importation of 2545 pipes and 160 hogsheads of Opo to wine for London consumption alone.

The Historical and Philosophical society of Ohio, which was chartered in 1831 and has a library of 40,820 books and pamphlets, is looking for permanent quarters in Cincinnati. It is proposed to purchase the Reuben Springer house for $50,000, and the admission of 250 members at $10 each is advocated to raise the balance of the funds required.

It is said that an English firm has been experimenting with Pangoon earth oil as fuel with satisfactory results, for steam street railway motors. An engine designed to burn this kind of fuel has, in consequence, been sent to Burmah for working street railways there. It is estimated that the use of the new fuel will reduce the working expenses 20 per cent.

A Swiss guide recently made a bet with a wealthy Briton that he could visit every country in Europe during twelve months' time, and make the whole journey on foot. The guide gets his expenses anyway, and $5000 prize money if successful. He began his tour on January 1, and is now in Spain, having also visited Switzerland, Italy, France and Portugal.

Few animals in times past have been more esteemed than the cat, or been honored with a wider folk lore. Indeed, among the Egyptians, this favored animal was held sacred to Isis and the moon and worshiped with great ceremony. In the mythology of all the Indo-European nations the cat holds a prominent place, and its connection with witches is well known.

A remarkable occurrence is reported from Australia. During a thunder storm at Waverly the roof of a house was struck by lightning, taken completely off and over the top of an adjoining house, and deposited in a gully. Although the building was filled with the electric fluid, no one of the family was injured. The roof was of galvanized iron, and the sheets were twisted and crumbled.

England's troubles are bringing some financial benefits to Connecticut. The great canned beef contract made by the British government with Armour & Co of Chicago has resulted in a very heavy order by that firm to the United States Stamping company in Portland, Conn., for tin cans. The works are now running from daylight until 10 P. M., and this week will begin running until midnight.

In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, after half an hour, it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off and others close up, and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

A Deadwood miner, skeptical as to the ability and honesty of the assayers in that camp, recently played on those gentlemen the old trick, with the usual results. He pulverized an old jug, mixed it with graphite, and took it to a Deadwood assayer. Another portion he gave to a Lead City assayer. The Deadwood authority reported thirty ounces of silver per ton as the result of his assay, and the Lead City expert gave $2 per ton in gold and no silver as the result of his investigation.

The duke of Westminster makes welcome any one who wishes to see his palatial residence near Chester, but those who go are expected to contribute something to the Chester infirmary. A year's receipts amounted to £500, representing 10,000 visitors at one shilling a head. Eaton, as a private residence, is described as one of the wonders of the world. The chapel for the family and 250 servants would not accommodate all if they attended at the same time. The head gardener has fifty-six assistants.

Land and Water has done a useful service in pointing out the fallacy of the widespread belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling house is productive of damp walls and general unhealthiness. The very opposite of this is really the case. If any one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain, he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have conducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold, act like suckers in drawing out any particles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a greatcoat, keeping the house from wet, and warm into the bargain. One more virtue it has, in giving to the ugliest structure an evergreen beauty.

The ruins of a temple of Juno have been recently laid bare at Civita Lavinia, not far from Rome. Fragments of sculpture have been discovered which formed part of a square block of marble. The fine character of the work leads to the supposition that if not actually Greek, they were executed under Greek influences. There have also been found the head of a goddess and six torsos of warriors clad in armor, also a head of Jupiter in very good preservation. The excavations are still in progress.

A business man of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who recently went to New Orleans, undertook to do some business incidentally while there, and was arrested for selling goods by sample without a license, exposing himself thus to a fine of $50. After a delay of five hours he was brought before a magistrate, where he managed his case so effectively that he not only escaped with a warning, but in a quiet chat with the judge a few moments later he succeeded in selling him and his clerk specimens of the very products of Yankee ingenuity which had just been the occasion of his arrest.

The Russians of the Baltic provinces have not been slow in following the example of Americans and Australians who are supplying the English market with frozen meat. According to the Moscow *Gazette* a large company has been formed at Libau for the exportation of meat. At one time it had to suspend operations because of American competition at present, however, business appears to flourish. The scale on which the company is carried on may be inferred from the fact that unless $1,000,000 are realized per annum the company will not be able to declare a dividend. The slaughterhouse at Libau is so constructed as to enable the company to kill 6,000 head of cattle annually.

Nine miles from Teheran, Persia, is a group of charming villages over 5000 feet above the sea and 1300 feet above Teheran. Directly behind these villages soars the range called the Shimran, or Light of Persia, to the great hight of 13,000 feet. Nearly all summer its crest is crowned with snow, which, melting, flows down to the garden below. In winter this range is white to the plains. As one walks the streets of Teheran, he can see this magnificent range rising above the roofs of the city. A little east is Demavend, the Mont Blanc of Persia. It is a regular cone, 20,000 feet high, looking like a mighty pyramid. When illuminated by the setting sun, the snows of Demavend take a lovely rose tint. After one has lived at Teheran a few months he becomes very much attached to this grand old peak, and learns to look for it whenever he leaves the house.

Some years ago a young man came to a Georgia town, bore himself well, and eventually married a daughter of one of the leading residents of the place. He was rapidly acquiring an honorable and prominent name, when, a few days since, he was taken ill and died. When the undertaker took charge of the remains he found encircling both the ankles shackles such as are used in penitentiaries. The wife admitted that she had never seen them and the matter was a mystery until a detective recognized the shackles as belonging to a certain penal institution and the man found to have been a noted desperado, who had escaped some years before, and for whom a reward had been offered. The wife's family, however, buried the husband with as much respect as though the discovery had not been made, remarking that he had been faithful to them and they would remain faithful to his memory.

An English soldier can not lawfully get married until he has completed six years' service and is also the possessor of a good-conduct badge. Having served the allotted period, leave has to be obtained from the commanding officer of the regiment, but as a rule permission is granted readily enough. When married the soldier's position is much improved. He has his separate room in the barracks, with coal, gas and wood free, and if his wife is a good laundress she can add to his income by doing washing. By the practice of strict economy a soldier's wife can, under such conditions, enjoy a more comfortable existence than if she had mated an agricultural laborer or mechanic. But even under the most favorable conditions it is hard to lay by for a rainy day. The proportion of married men for whom accommodation is provided by the government is about 30 per cent. of strength of the regiment, and when that limit is passed the soldier must marry, if at all, without leave, which is done by large numbers, but he has to support his wife and self on his regimental pay and rations. But he is allowed the privilege of "living out of mess," that is to say, instead of taking his meals in common, he is permitted to draw his rations and do his best to make three-quarter pounds of meat per diem and one pound of bread fill two mouths instead of one.

WHY FISH DON'T ALWAYS BITE

The subjoined extract is made from an anonymous letter printed in the *American Field* of October 23d last past. It is a most instructive contribution, as the facts gleaned have been obtained from continuous observation of the habits of fish in feeding. The fish in question are black bass confined in a large glass tank or aquarian nine feet long by two feet wide, and two and a half feet in depth. The writer describes their manners and methods when served with live food, such as shiners or minnows. He says:

"Such a meal is always the most interesting scene. If the fish are very hungry they will show it by increased restlessness. They are then more alert and active, swimming back and forth, sometimes chasing and attacking each other. These encounters may be mere fish play, yet they seem to have too much temper in them—too much promptness to strike back for that.

"But when a bucket of live shiners is served to them they at once come to order. They await no grace, only the lesser fish are supposed to await upon the greater, which they do with just as much filial obedience as the big fish can enforce. It is but a display of human selfishness on a more unreserved scale, where might or muscle makes the law. The large bass make the water boil as they dash on the huddling and terrified shiners that try in vain to elude them. Again, they will charge on the smaller bass to hold them back until their own wants be satisfied. And it takes a great deal to satisfy them, for their selfishness makes them gluttons, or else their honest capacity is amazing. They will gorge themselves and then lay off, often for several days. Frequently those as small as two pounds have been observed to take from ten to fifteen three-inch shiners at one meal. This makes it tolerably safe for the shiners for at least three days. Their favorite feeding time is early in the morning.

From the foregoing the reasons are made sufficiently obvious why fish bite freely at one time and not at another in the same water and the same locality, and why some anglers have "good luck" to-day and some have bad to-morrow. The fish gorge themselves and take a rest. It explains, also, why small fish only are taken at certain times when large fish are known to be abundant. It is because they have been made to wait until the big fish have fed. Their opportunity comes while the latter are lethargic and quiescent with surfeit. The duration of the intervals between good fishing, and poor fishing is ascertained, for the bass are frequently off their feed for several days. Meanwhile the shiners have opportunity to multiply and develop, at least they are improved by accessions from other localities, for it is notorious that they do not seem to diminish from year to year as a rule. There is another reason which may be added to explain good fishing one day and poor fishing the next, to-wit the nomadic habits of the minnows which shift their locality from time to time, the big fish of course following them. Good judgment would therefore instigate an observant angler to try a different stand in another part of the fishing ground, if he gets no bites to-day where he had success the day before.

We find also from our friend's observations what experiences had already taught us, that the morning is the proper time for fishing. Indeed, of late years I have wasted no hours between 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 or 5 o'clock P. M. There is usually a good spurt in the evening, when fish bite freely.

A Question for the Doctors

Every now and then facts come to light which seem to conflict strangely with the theories of the doctors. For instance, at Howdon, England, a dirty, desolate village on Tyneside, a boy was born who at the time of his birth had the following extraordinary number of grandparents and great grandparents alive. The grandfather and grandmother on the father's side were hearty and well, and so were both parents of the grandfather and the mother of the grandmother. The grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side were active and strong, and so were both parents of the grandmother. The boy thus had four grandparents and five great-grandparents alive, each of whom was in active work, earning his or her own livelihood. Yet the village where these hale and hearty grandsires and granddames live and flourish is one of the most unsanitary in England. Open sewers run down the center of some of the streets. Until a few years ago the water supply was from one shallow well. Only one solitary scavenger is employed on half-time for cleaning, repairing and maintaining all the streets. Houses have been condemned wholesale as unfit for human habitation, to the intense disgust of the people. Yet, notwithstanding all these adverse conditions, these families live and thrive as vigorously as Jews in their Ghetto. What do the doctors make of that?

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mr George H Pendleton's father was Hamilton's second in the fatal duel with Aaron Burr.

The three last lord chancellors of England have all been Sunday-school teachers.

A statue to the French author Flaubert is to be erected at Rouen, his native place.

Mr Donald G Mitchell, the author of "Dream Life," tried daily journalism once but did not like it.

Stanley Huntley, author of the humorous "Spoopendyke Papers," is dying of Bright's disease.

Minister Jackson is said to have made upward of $1,000,000 by his law practice in Georgia since the war.

Postmaster General Vilas is said to be worth from $200,000 to $300,000. He owns two hotels and other real estate.

The late Frank Leslie, publisher, died of strangulation caused by a cancer similar to that which afflicts General Grant.

Dr Liddon, the well known canon of St. Paul's cathedral is, the London *World* hears, about to be made bishop of Salisbury.

Minister Phelps writes his signature in a bold, clear hand, inclined a little backward, he uses his initials only before the surname.

A cablegram from London says that the king of Bavaria has sent to M Sardou, the dramatist, the grand cross of the order of St. Michael.

The New York friends of S S Cox are preparing to give him a banquet before his departure for his new post of duty as minister to Turkey.

Prof John Fiske is not merely a brilliant scientist, scholar and lecturer. He can sing a German ballad delightfully, although he has only found time to study music within the last two years.

The late Sidney Lanier, poet, was born at Macon, Ga., and the newspapers there are urging that a monument should be erected to his memory in Macon's place of monuments, Mulberry street.

The late Francis A. Drexel of this city held a mortgage of $6400 on the Catholic church at Dover, Del., which he bequeathed to that institution at his death.

Mr Ashmead Bartlett remembers St. Stephen's college, Annandale, N. Y., where he once was a student and every year sends over a gift of books purchased from the pin-money allowed him by his venerable wife, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

On his return to this country, Moncure D. Conway proposes to take up his residence in Washington, where he was actually proscribed three years before the civil war for preaching radical political sermons.

Mortimer F Reynolds of Rochester has given $25,000 to the University of Rochester for a chemical laboratory as a memorial of his brother, William A. Reynolds, who was a member of the board of trustees.

M Henri Brisson, the new premier of France, is 50 years of age. He has had a large experience as editor of several journals in Paris. He is and has been a staunch friend of the republic—a democrat of sound and conservative views.

Norman J Coleman, the newly appointed commissioner of agriculture, is in a quandary as to how he shall manage his big farm near St. Louis and his government bureau in Washington. He says he has forty-two colts just ready to break and all are promising trotters.

Alfred Smith, Newport's millionaire real estate owner, has purchased from Dr Valentine Mott Francis, formerly of New York, for $1000 the portrait of the late William Cullen Bryant painted by A H Wenzler, the Danish artist, who was well known in New York for many years.

Dr Edward W Emerson of Concord has at last found a rock of white quartz, with sea green beryls embedded in it, to mark his father's grave. A block of it weighing eight tons has been quarried at South Acworth N H, and shipped to Concord. It is the intention to have the inscription placed on a bronze plate, which will be set in the quartz.

Thomas Jefferson built a small observatory at Charlottesville in 1825. Now on the site of that stands a new $64,000 observatory endowed with $75,000 and with a new twenty-six inch telescope that cost $46,000. Of the sums mentioned Leander J McCormick gave $100,000, W H Vanderbilt $25,000, and the alumni of the University of Virginia the balance. The observatory will be opened with ceremony on the 13th instant.

Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes was a life-long friend of the poet Longfellow. In a recent letter to Bowdoin college, upon the celebration of the poet's 78th anniversary, Dr Holmes wrote: "The image of our dearly beloved Henry Wadsworth Longfellow comes before us. His voice had music in it such as our echoes will listen to no more, until the ears of this generation are deaf to all earthly melodies."

In answer to the question, "Will you give Queen Victoria's surname?" the patient "Notes and Queries" man of the Boston *Transcript* rises at last to remark as follows: "This question finds its way to the editor's desk once a week on an average the year round. We answer it once more, and for the last time. So far as she is entitled to any surname on her family side, it is Guelph. After her marriage her surname became Wettin, that being the family name of her husband." Wettin—Wettin—Mrs. Wettin. Now don't forget it.

General Longstreet lives about two miles out of Gainesville, Ga. His house is a large two story frame building, with a spacious veranda running in front. "Here," writes one who recently visited him, "the general sits, a typical patriarch, enjoying the peaceful days, which have in them no trace of the terrible events with which his fame was connected in the early sixties. He cultivates the wavy Burnside whiskers and moves about in a long, flowing dressing gown."

Lieutenant Colonel Philip Eyre, who lost his life in the battle of Dulka, was once a clerk in the Dublin postoffice. He was careless in his work, and one day the head of the department angrily told him he would never earn his salt as a clerk. "What shall I do then?" asked Eyre. "Better go and enlist. You'd make a good target." Next day Eyre did not put in an appearance, but late on the second came strolling in leisurely. "Well, sir," demanded the enraged chief, "explain why you were absent without leave yesterday." "Oh, I took your advice and enlisted. Thought I'd just call in and bid you all good bye."

Walt Whitman's home at Camden, New Jersey, is the Mecca of all visitors of a literary turn of mind whose travels bring them near the quiet suburb of Philadelphia. The poet's home is modest to the extreme, its occupant's detestation for all outward show being apparent on every side. Although the poet is still rugged and in excellent health, time is beginning to leave its traces on the ruddy countenance. His voice is not so full and strong, and the once elastic step shows effect of years. His long beard is now entirely white, the blue gray eyes have lost their sparkle, and the lines of age are clearly to be seen on the prominent forehead. He avoids the many visitors which find their way to his humble home and is the happiest when left entirely to himself.

Rear Admiral Marston who died April 8 was born in Massachusetts February 26, 1796, became a midshipman in the navy April 15, 1813, served under Commodores Rogers, Perry, Chauncy and other famous officers, saw service on the President, Constellation, Constitution, Congress, etc., and was on the Brandywine when it conveyed Lafayette back to France. He commanded the Roanoke at Hampton Roads when the Merrimac came down from Norfolk. He saw many years of service at the Portsmouth and Philadelphia navy yards. The death of Rear Admiral Marston makes Commodore Hull, who entered the service in November 1813, the Nestor of the navy. Commodore Lowndes comes next on the list with service commencing in 1815, and the third is Rear Admiral Selfridge, whose original commission dates back to January 1, 1818.

The oldest minister in continuous service as a minister is John A. Bingham, who is to be displaced by Richard B. Hubbard of Texas. Mr Bingham was appointed to the Japanese mission in 1873. He went abroad soon after the Credit Mobilier investigation. Although he has been in that country nearly thirteen years he has made only two or three visits home in that time. He is a very fine looking old gentleman, with a sharp, intellectual face. His forehead is high, his eyes are a clear blue, and his nose a prominent Roman. He was one of the members of the house board which prepared impeachment articles against Andrew Johnson. He was caught in the Credit Mobilier investigation, but he made no denial. He acknowledged bluntly the little that he had to do with Oakes Ames, and as a necessary consequence was not very much blamed. Bingham is a very eloquent speaker. He became disgusted with his career in the house of representatives after the Credit Mobilier affair and was very glad to escape caustic criticism there from his opponents in the retirement of the Japanese mission.

Miss Ada Sweet, whose refusal to resign as pension agent at Chicago, has brought her prominently before the public, is a tall, straight, lithe-figured blonde. She has a clear-cut intellectual face. Her forehead is narrow and high. Her eyes are a clear gray blue. Her nose is straight. Her mouth is full and firm. Her hair is a reddish brown, brushed over back so as to show the outline of her head and terminating in a graceful coil at the nape of her neck. Her position and experience have given her an air of resolution and determination which are not common to women in private life. She is thoroughly refined and lady-like, however, and has never assumed the airs or manners of a so-called strong-minded woman. She dresses always plainly and simply but in accordance with prevailing fashion. She is a woman graceful and handsome enough to have made a brilliant marriage. But she has devoted herself to the family of children left upon her hands by the death of her father. Her mother, a few years after the death of her father, became an invalid. During the last ten years she has educated her brothers and sisters, to the number of four or five. Her mother was killed a few years ago by being struck by a train on the crossing of the C. B. and Q road, on the south side of Chicago.

MR. CHILDS' RECOLLECTIONS.

Some Reminiscences of General Grant by the Philadelphia Journalist.

Not another man in the country knows as much about General Grant as Mr. George W. Childs, who has been his most intimate friend for many years. Whenever General Grant went to Philadelphia he staid at the residence of Mr. Childs, with but few exceptions, when he made short stays at the houses of Mr Drexel or the late A. E. Borie, secretary of the navy during a portion of President Grant's administration.

"The last time I saw General Grant was on the 4th of last month," said Mr. Childs the other night, in an interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia *North American*, "he realized that his life was drawing to a close, but seemed to regard the approach of death calmly and without the slightest fear. He expressed the hope that he would be able to finish his book before he died. While we were talking of the efforts of his friends to have him placed on the retired list, he testified how kindly he felt toward them, and spoke of the pleasure he felt at the kind remarks of the newspapers advocating his retirement. He was very much pleased with a number of editorials which appeared in the *North American*.

"While we were chatting I observed that it was half-past 11 o'clock, and the general said: 'I suppose the senate is adjourning now.' Just then I received a telegram from Mr. Drexel, stating that General Grant had been placed upon the retired list. 'There, general,' said I, 'read that.' A smile of pleasure illuminated his countenance, and for a moment he appeared unable to speak. Mrs. Grant entered the room and I told her the news. With a beaming face she cried out 'They have brought us back our old commander.' The scene was very affecting. The general could hardly express the delight he felt at the compliment which had been paid to him. He bore not the slightest ill-will toward those who had opposed the bill, for he is the most magnanimous man I ever knew.

"The greatest soldier that ever lived, he is as kind and gentle as a woman. He frequently told me how much it pained him to be accused of butchery. He said he was always overcome by a feeling of sadness before a battle at the thought that many a poor fellow would never return from the field. He is generous to a fault, and has given away a fortune in charities. In this, like in everything else, he was modest. The same modesty that prevented him from asking for an appointment or a promotion caused him to maintain silence concerning his gifts to the needy.

"I remember that when he was on one of his visits to me during his presidency, a great many people called here to ask favors of him. Not caring to have him worried, I refused admittance to all whom I suspected of being on an errand of that kind. One day a lady who lived in the same block—in fact, only a few doors from my house—called and asked to see him. 'You may see her, general,' said I, laughing, 'I guess she is not after an appointment.' He came back in a little while and said 'You were wrong, she was after an appointment.' I looked at him in astonishment, and he explained that the lady wanted him to transfer the sister-in-law of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's secretary of war, from the mint, where she was then employed, and where the work was too hard for her, to the treasury department. He requested me to see the assistant United States treasurer in this city and ask him to give her a position. I did so, and the assistant treasurer told me he had no vacancy. 'General Grant's request is law, however,' said he, 'and I can make room for Mrs. Stanton by removing a lady who has no need for a position here.' This was done, and some time afterward I met a son of Mr. Stanton (the latter was dead at the time), who thanked me for getting his aunt the appointment. 'General Grant appointed her,' said I. 'O, no,' said he, 'General Grant himself told me that you had got the appointment for her.' This is characteristic of the general, who is continually doing good and giving others the credit.

"He loves Philadelphia, and has a great many friends here. As an example of his esteem for Philadelphians, I will tell you of something that is not known to anyone but the general, the interested parties, and myself. Mr. A. E. Borie was not the only Philadelphian who was offered a cabinet position by General Grant. Four other gentlemen in this city were requested to become members of his cabinet. They declined, and the matter was never made public. They are still living in this city, and one of them has held a very high position.

"It was at my recommendation that General Grant took the cottage at Long Branch. It adjoins mine, and there is no fence between the two properties. There the general has spent some of the happiest days of his life. He usually got up about 7 o'clock in the morning, ate his breakfast, and then took a drive of about twenty miles. He went alone in his buggy. On his return he would look over his mail and read the newspapers. He dined at 2 o'clock generally, although some years his dinner hour was 7, with a lunch at 2.

"After the meal at 2 o'clock he took another drive, and in the evening he sat on the porch and chatted with friends, many of whom visited him. We called on each other every day, and he sometimes strolled over to my cottage and talked with me while he enjoyed his cigar.

"While the general is fond of a fast horse, he never visited the race course at Long Branch, and never entered a gambling house. He told me of a laughable incident that occurred to him while taking one of his twenty-mile drives. On the road, a short distance ahead of him, he saw a countryman driving a mean looking horse with a shabby buggy. Determined not to take the dust from such a sorry turn-out, he gave his horse the head and tried to pass. But the countryman also loosened the lines, and held his position. After quite an exciting race, the general saw he was beaten and pulled up his horse. The countryman turned in his seat, and, waving his hand, said with a laugh, 'I made you take my dust, General,' and drove off. The general enjoyed the joke on himself very much, and said he would like to meet the man again, but he never did.

"The last time General Grant appeared in public was at Ocean Grove. Dick Oglesby, governor of Illinois, was with him, and Dick told me that when the cheers of ten thousand people rang out at the sight of the old hero he turned around and saw the tears coursing slowly down the general's cheeks.

"I thought that it would be very hard for him to stop smoking when his physician prohibited it. His indomitable will made the matter easy to him, however. 'Did you find it difficult to give up the weed?' I asked him. 'It was hard during the first two days,' he replied, 'but after that I did not mind it. I have no desire to smoke again.'

"It has been said that Hamilton Fish wrote the speech the general made at the opening of the centennial exhibition. General Grant wrote that speech in this house, and I have the original manuscript."

Mr Childs then produced the manuscript, handsomely bound in morocco, with fly leaves of silk. The manuscript was written cleanly, having but few erasures, and was corrected here and there in lead-pencil.

The Population of Russia

The returns of the census taken in 1882 gives the population of Russia in Europe as numbering 77,879,521, of whom 38,651,977 were male, and 39,227,544 females, making, with the grand duchy of Finland and other parts of the empire, a total of over 102,000,000 souls. Classified according to provinces, the population is largest in the provinces of Viatka (2,740,953), and then come the provinces of Perm (2,539,874), Kieff (2,507,281), Tamboff (2,490,319), Pultava (2,473,958), Voronega (2,433,657), Kursk (2,314,800), Podolia (2,276,518), Samara (2,224,063), Moscow (2,137,170), Kharkoff (1,160,263), Saratoff (2,114,077), and Volhynia (2,062,270.) These are the only provinces in which the population exceeds 2,000,000, the minimum being reached in the province of Archangel, which has only 315,867 inhabitants. The population is densest in the provinces of Moscow (73.1 inhabitants to the square verst), and Podolia (61.7 inhabitants per square verst), while there are from 50 to 60 inhabitants per square verst in the provinces of Pultava, Kursk, and Kieff, from 40 to 50 in the provinces of Tula, Riazan, Orel, Kharoff, St. Petersburg and five others. The provinces most sparsely settled are Prem (8.7 to the square verst), Orenburg (7.2), Astrakhan (3.8), Vologda (3.3), Olonetz (2.9), and Archangel (0.4). The urban population is 9,263,100, and the rural population 68,616,418. The number of illegitimate children is much greater in the towns than in the country, being 116.2 per 1000 births in the former, and only 17.7 per 1000 births in the latter. The mortality is greater in the country than in the towns, being 39.5 per 1000 inhabitants, as against 34.4.

FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

War between England and Russia Still Probable.

A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.

Gladstone's Policy one of Firmness—War News Influenced by the Money Kings—Russia Bolstering her Credit—Old World News

LONDON, April 18.—The cipher dispatch of Sir Peter Lumsden, giving his report of the Penjdeh incident, has been interpreted and a copy of the interpretation has been distributed among the members of the cabinet. Nothing more is publicly known of the contents of this dispatch than was stated by Gladstone in the house of commons last night. As several hours were consumed in deciphering the dispatch, however, it is believed to contain full reports of the battle and events leading to it, as viewed by Englishmen nearest the scene.

THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY CONDEMNED.

LONDON, April 18.—The *Times* this morning in discussing the Anglo-Russian question, says: "Nothing has happened in the last three or four days to justify the change in public attitude. Even if the government is prepared to give the Russians the territory already occupied it by no means follows that the trouble is ended."

The *Standard* speaks to the following effect: "Nobody who has the honor of England at heart can help feeling that the government is paying a disastrous price for the respite which it is proposing to secure."

WAR STILL IN THE AIR.

LONDON, April 18.—Notwithstanding the advance in English and Russian securities war is still in the London air. The *Times* says: "Are we then to leave the ameer to his own devices after engaging him in a conflict with Russia for which his unaided forces are inadequate, and if we do, can we expect that the Afghans will not deem themselves betrayed and throw themselves into the arms of a stronger power?"

LONDON STOCK BOARD.

LONDON, April 18—12:30 P. M.—Consols opened at 97⅝ for both money and account, but in a few minutes declined to [illegible], then reacted to 97⅛ and have now fallen again to 96⅞. The stock market is unusually quiet. Russian securities opened at 89½.

2 P. M.—Consols 96⅞ for both accounts.

2:30 P. M.—Consols 96 13-16.

The stock market to-day closed flat and unsettled, the bears having stopped rebuying. Uneasiness in regard to the political situation has revived. Spanish securities were depressed by vague rumors of an impending revolution in Madrid.

A WARNING TO THE PORTE.

LONDON, April 18.—Dispatches received here this afternoon from Vienna and Constantinople state that Austria and Germany have warned the porte that the Berlin treaty will be annulled if either English or Russian war ships are allowed to pass the Bosphorus in the event of war between England and Russia.

THINKS THERE IS NO FEAR OF WAR.

LONDON, April 18.—It is reported that Waddington, the French minister at London, has telegraphed to M. de Freycinet that there need be no fear of war between England and Russia, as the two countries had agreed upon a plan for settling the Afghan frontier question.

ITALY TO HELP ENGLAND.

A dispatch from Rome to the Exchange Telegraph Company states that an Italian fleet is being fitted out for a movement to the Baltic Sea, and that a number of seamen engaged for service in the Red Sea have been recalled, with a view to change of destination to the Baltic. The same dispatch says the Italian government is preparing another naval expedition, which is understood to be kept in readiness to go to the Black Sea when necessary.

ENGLAND MUST STAND FIRM.

In a speech at to-night's banquet of the Primrose league, Lord Randolph Churchill declared that if the present debates with Russia show a failure on our part to oppose once for all her hostile designs our rule in India will receive a mortal blow. The deadly decrepitude which fell on the old Hindoo and Mogul empires will fall on England, and the annihilation of our power will be only a question of time. A toast to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield was drunk in solemn silence.

POINTING TO PEACE.

PARIS, April 18.—A Russian prince at present in this city has received a telegram from the czar, in which the latter conveys an expression of a strong hope that peace will be preserved between Russia and England, by means of mutual concessions.

M. de Freycinet read to the French cabinet, at a meeting this afternoon, a number of dispatches concerning the Afghan dispute. All the dispatches indicated that peaceful ideas prevailed among all those occupying positions of control on both sides, and that powers not directly engaged in the quarrel were actively exerting their influence to secure the maintenance of peace.

CRUISING FOR RUSSIAN IRONCLADS.

GIBRALTAR, April 18.—Because of reports that Russian ironclads are moving in this direction the British war ship Grappler has been ordered to cruise up and down the straits of Gibraltar nightly. Volunteers are freely offering for artillery service.

MORE CRUISERS BEING MADE.

HONGKONG, April 18.—The British government is chartering steamers belonging to the Peninsula and Oriental line, and transferring them into armed cruisers.

RUSSIA HUMBUGGING ENGLAND.

BERLIN, April 18.—The press here generally express the opinion that Russia is humbugging England.

THE SITUATION REVIEWED.

Gladstone's Policy One of Firmness and Reliance—Russia's Finances.

LONDON, April 18.—The prospect of peace may be delusive. Many experienced diplomats entertain a firm conviction that the apparent truce is taken by England merely to get a proper breach for effective action. The very firmness with which Gladstone makes his public statements, and the cold, calculating exactness with which he phrases his utterances, all tend to convince those who know the premier well that he has determined upon a policy, which, no matter how surprising it may be when announced, will by no means be one of retrogression. Gladstone has made some retreat during the ministry, but he has always on these occasions betrayed himself by indecision and evasiveness in his parliamentary statements. It is quite different with him now. To all interrogatories in the house of commons during the past week the premier has presented the very perfection of firmness in reply. Where the questioner desired to know something which the government was not ready to confide to the public, Gladstone has straightforwardly refused to give information, and has plainly based his refusal upon public policy. In nearly every other case the liberal leader has been frank to his constituents, fair to his opponents, and unimpassioned and truthful to the Russians. Gladstone appears to have his entire case in hand, seems to be unembarrassed by prospects, and undoubtedly has the full sympathy and co-operation of his entire cabinet. As a sporting man states it: "Gladstone is playing a waiting game, and knows all the cards." It would appear from all this that the premier has another [illegible] prepared for next week's vote of credit.

THE SITUATION CRITICAL.

[illegible] the statement that the prospect is [illegible] the only description of the actual situation which can be given as literally accurate is contained in the statement "The situation is rather [illegible] for no one outside the cabinet seems to know just what it is." It may be set down as absolutely true that the rise and fall of the war talk during the ten days past has been largely due to the speculative money interested in making sales or purchases. Never in the history of modern times has such a vast amount of money been interested in the change of public opinion of a single nation. The enormous sums invested by Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London capitalists in Russian securities and British consols have compelled a vast and powerful interest to maintain and spread good news. The owners of millions of idle money in London and in the continental houses seeking investment constitute, on the other hand, an equally powerful class, whose interest is to break values by securing and circulating bad news. This struggle has been largely responsible for most of the war news given to the public during the past fortnight. Very little news has emanated in any form from either the Russian or the English government. The Russian generals are poor and ambitious for fame, but no one supposes they are market speculators. England never had a ministry purer than the present cabinet. It is not only above suspicion, but out of suspicion's reach.

In Paris and Berlin speculators hold large amounts of Egyptian stock. These holders fear that a crash would ensue in all these stocks if England should be compelled to evacuate Egypt in order to measure strength with Russia.

RUSSIAN FINANCES.

Russia has been making the strongest possible efforts to maintain her financial credit in Europe. She has recently announced that the new tax on coupons will be collected from Russian holders only. Foreign holders of Russian bonds have, therefore, nothing to do to escape this coupon tax but make affidavit to their nationality. The announcement of this peculiar distinction among investors in Russian bonds has both created surprise and relieved Russian credit abroad. The imperial council which has the entire matter under present consideration has made haste three [illegible] to [illegible] by making them acquainted with their exemption from this coupon tax, and will soon make known other important [illegible] which the council is now [illegible] subject of Russian credit. [illegible] known what the result has been of all efforts of the Russian government to negotiate a loan with the Rothschilds. It is believed, however, that the Rothschilds have declined Russia's terms. This belief is fortified by reports that a number of contracts for the Russian government, the conclusion of which were based on the success of the negotiation, have recently been abandoned, because of the alleged refusal by the Rothschilds to make the proposed loan.

THE RUSSIAN WAR [illegible]

General Vannorski, Russian minister of war it is stated, is suffering from ill health, and desires to retire. General Obroutcheff is named as his successor. Vannorski [illegible] the peace party in St. Petersburg. It is not generally believed that he is really ill. It is suspected that if he retires it will be in deference to the war party, which seems to be getting control of the Russian government. Obroutcheff is thoroughly in sympathy with the war party, and his assumption of the control of the war office would undoubtedly be an indicative of the adoption of a warlike policy by the czar.

The *Status* advocates the formation of a close alliance between England and Persia. Such an alliance, it is urged, would enable England, in the event of war with Russia, to cut off Russia's line of communication.

The *Spectator* says that after clutching Herat Russia will bend all her efforts to turn her attention to Persia, and attempt to secure control of the Shah's dominions by a combined attack from Armenia and the Khanates. Possession of such a fertile country as Persia, situated so favorably, the *Spectator* thinks, would be most valuable to Russia in any aggressive movement southward. The only disadvantage which the possession would entail upon Russia would arise from the subsequent exposure to attack from the sea, her seclusion from which has hitherto been a source of great security.

The British admiralty have been in successful negotiation with Chile for the purchase of a part of the Chilean navy. Four second class torpedo boats have already been bought. Orders have been issued for the immediate dispatch of these torpedo boats to Vancouver's island for use in the north Pacific ocean, in emergency.

ENGLAND.

THE FEDERATION BILL.

LONDON, April 18.—The bill to enable the British Australasian colonies to federate, which was introduced last Thursday in the house of lords by Earl Derby, minister for the colonies, contains clauses that are a declaration of the doctrine of state rights in its most liberal form. One of these clauses enacts that any one colony shall always have power to withdraw from the federation, at its own discretion, at any time, without consulting other members of the federation. The other clause empowers the legislature of any colony in the federation to override [illegible] decisions of the federal council. It is believed that every one of the Australasian colonies, except, perhaps, New South Wales, will oppose the adoption of either of these clauses.

THE MEXICAN DEBT.

LONDON, April 18.—It is reported that a new form of settlement of the Mexican debt is proposed upon a basis of redemption of the old debt in full, with exception of overdue coupons. This new proposal bars out the employment of and payment of a commission to any agent, whether of the bondholders' committee or any other organized interest.

WILL NOT ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE.

LONDON, April 18.—The national rifle association of Great Britain has determined, because of the very grave and unsettled state of British political affairs, that they will not be justified in accepting the challenge of the American national rifle association to an international contest at Creedmoor this year.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LONDON, April 18.—The prince of Wales will leave Ireland on the 27th inst.

EGYPT.

FRANCE'S DEMANDS.

CAIRO, April 18.—France has demanded of the Egyptian government the unconditional re-opening of the printing office of *Bosphore Egyptien*, the French newspaper. France has also demanded the punishment of police and other officials who took part in the act of suppression.

GOOD ADVICE FROM OSMAN DIGMA.

CAIRO, April 18.—Osman Digma has written to the emir of Berber advising him not to fight any more, because the English are building a railway to Berber and Osman Digma's army is dispersed.

GERMANY.

STATUE OF GARFIELD CAST.

BERLIN, April 18.—A statue of the late President Garfield in bronze, has been cast successfully at a Leipzig foundry in Nuremberg. It is to be sent to San Francisco.

SPAIN.

MILITARY CONSPIRACY.

PARIS, April 18.—*Le Paris* announces that an outbreak of military conspiracy on a vast scale has occurred in Spain.

A DESTRUCTIVE SHELL.

Chicago Journal.

It may be well for the secretary of the navy to go slow in making contracts for the steel cruisers provided by congress. Recent experiments in the use of explosive projectiles are calculated to upset all previous theories and experience in regard to armored vessels, and even in regard to the most elaborate fortifications. Experiments made at Washington on the 21st inst. showed that it is extremely doubtful whether any defensive armor can stand for a moment against the shells which were used for the purpose.

The projectiles tested at these experiments were but six inches in diameter, carrying explosive charges that weighed only eleven pounds. These charges were composed of nitro-gelatine, which contains 95 per cent. of pure nitro-glycerine. The distance of the target was 1000 yards, or three-fifths of a mile—as far as Van Buren from Lake street. The object selected for a target was a perpendicular ledge of trap rock. The first shell struck the ledge near one end, exploding by the concussion, and shattered the face of the rock for thirty feet, piling up a vast mass of debris and throwing fragments a long distance. The second shell struck the ledge in the center, and the effect was appalling. It smashed the surface of the rock over a diameter of thirty feet, excavated a pit or crater six feet deep, and hurled some of the fragments a distance of half a mile. The shells left the gun clean and as safely as round shot, and they can be handled and fired without danger to the force having charge of the gun. It was believed by naval officers present that either shot would have destroyed any wooden vessel on the seas and would have seriously damaged the strongest ironclad. Experiments will be renewed in a few days with shells eight inches in diameter and carrying thirty pounds of the explosive.

This test was witnessed by a large number of [illegible] the Russian [illegible] and the [illegible] German [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible]

General Grant in his struggle with death shows the great qualities which he displayed in battles with the rebels. He is the least excited, though the most interested, character on this scene as on those on the great battles he won. His patience and serenity under pain and amid conflict are equally displayed now as then. And he fights with death, as with the rebellion with the obstinacy of a great mind and strong constitution.

General James S. Negley, who served under Grant during the war, and who was in congress during a great part of General Grant's term as president, was calling my attention to [illegible] peculiarities of the ex-president. I find in an interview with Negley, printed in a Pittsburg paper, some other ideas of the man which I regard as eminently just. He says: "The foundation of General Grant's whole life was devotion to duty—the idea of doing anything else than the fulfillment of this purpose never entered his plain and upright mind. His whole career was made luminous by good sense and a high regard for the rights of the people under the laws. Inflexible in battle, he was generous to a fault in the hour of victory. He believed that to establish a durable and advantageous reconciliation peace should be ratified in a spirit of peace, and that no conditions should be imposed but those which could be accepted with honor by both armies. No funeral oration can attain to such powerful eloquence as the few simple words he uttered when he bade the confederate soldiers return to their homes. The nation will identify itself without distinction of party or religious creed with the ceremonies of homage paid to the sublime and immortal dead, and a free people will join in harmony to erect a monument to his memory in the capital he saved by his wisdom and the valor of the Union armies."

THE EAST.

The Commissioner of Agriculture Issues a Card.

REPORT OF COMMANDER KANE

The Part the Galena Played in Protecting American Interests at Aspinwall—General Grant Still Improving

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The commissioner of agriculture to-day issued the following: "My attention has recently been directed to the fact that various states and territories have prohibited the introduction of Texas cattle, because of the alleged danger that they will communicate a fatal disease to the native cattle of such states and territories. Such prohibition is very detrimental to the cattle industry of the whole state of Texas, and I am informed by the chief of the bureau of animal industry, and by many others acquainted with the subject, that the cattle from a considerable portion of the state, do not communicate such diseases, and are not sources of danger to the cattle of other states. Therefore to secure reliable and abundant information as to the limits of that portion of Texas from which cattle may be safely taken to other states without restriction, the commissioner requests cattlemen of the various grazing counties in Texas to send answers to questions appended:

First—Have you purchased any bulls or other cattle, or do you know of any that have been brought from north of the south line of Kansas to your vicinity, or to any part of the counties named? If so, state the number, location, as near as possible, to which they were taken, and number, if any, which died of acclimatization fever.

Second—Do you know of any case in which cattle from the eastern counties of Texas have been taken to the counties named in the spring or summer months, and allowed to pasture on the same ranges with cattle native to those counties? If so, state if any disease occurred among the native cattle and give symptoms and numbers affected, as far as possible."

The commissioner adds: "If cattlemen of the district referred to will co-operate in furnishing this information at once, it is hoped it will be possible to secure modification of the [illegible] it now placed on the Texas cattle trade, [illegible] such an [illegible] to bring a great relief."

NO CHOLERA IN SPAIN.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The secretary of state has received a dispatch from the United States consul at Madrid, saying he is informed by the director general of health that there is no cholera in Spain, and that cases recently reported in the provinces of Valencia are not cholera.

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The president to-day made the following appointments, to be ministers resident and consuls general: William [illegible], Florida, to Bolivia; [illegible] W. Hanna, Indiana, to Persia; Walker [illegible], Louisiana, to Roumania, Servia and Greece.

COMMANDER KANE'S REPORT.

The Part Taken by him During the Recent Trouble at Aspinwall.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Commander Kane, of the United States steamer Galena, has made a report to Secretary Whitney, under date of April 8th, relative to the burning of Aspinwall by the insurgents, on the afternoon of March 31st, and the part taken by his command for the protection of American citizens and their property. The commander says: "About 12:30 P. M. on March 30 it was reported to me that the American steamer Colon had a small American flag at the fore, Union down, and they were signalling that the steamer was being seized by insurgent troops. I immediately sent a boat to the Colon in charge of Lieutenant Judd, U. S. N., to see what the trouble was. He returned in about half an hour, bringing United States Consul Wright, and informed me there were arms and ammunition on board the Colon, and that Senor Preston, chief of the insurgent forces here, had demanded delivery of the arms, and that Mr. Conner, the Aspinwall agent of the Pacific Mail steamship company, was under arrest, and that Preston had promised not to interfere with the steamer before 3 P. M., when the general agent of the steamship company, Captain Dow, would arrive from Panama, provided the Galena would put no force on board the steamer in the meantime.

PRESTON'S OUTRAGE.

At 3:45 I sent Lieutenant Judd, who was accompanied by the U. S. consul and naval cadet Richardson, to meet Captain Dow, and direct him not to deliver any arms without my order, and also to communicate with Preston, and say I desired an interview with him. Lieutenant Judd met Captain Dow at the steamship office, where were also Preston and some of his aids. Lieutenant Judd communicated my instructions and Preston called in some of his guards and arrested Lieutenant Judd, the United States consul and Captain Dow, and ordered them taken to prison. At the United States consulate the consul's clerk, Mr. Casanover, an American citizen, was forcibly removed. Naval Cadet Richardson was permitted to return to the ship to bring the news of the arrest. He also informed me of the threat of Preston that if the Galena attempted to land a force it would be fired upon, and if she fired a gun the whole party would be shot.

Insurgent guards were now assembled on the wharves in force and had thrown up a barricade on the northern pier of the harbor to resist our landing. I sent a demand to Preston for the immediate release of the whole party, but Lieutenant Judd returned on board and the demand was not delivered. Lieutenant Judd and party were held as prisoners for nearly two hours, and only released when the United States consul had given his consent for the delivery of the arms. This promise was exacted under penalty of death for the whole party. During the absence of Lieutenant Judd the Galena had been dropped down within 100 yards of the Colon's wharf, and every preparation made for seizing that vessel."

THE COLON RECAPTURED.

Commander Kane relates how he got Consul Wright and his clerk on board the Galena, and adds: "I now determined to wait no longer, so I ordered all of the armed boats manned, and under command of Lieutenant Judd the Colon was taken possession of, the insurgent troops retiring up the wharf, and taking with them the two steamship agents as prisoners. The Colon was hauled out into the stream, and the Galena dropped in along side of the wharf. After securing the ship, and posting all necessary guards on the wharf, I made a demand on Preston for the release of the two agents of the Pacific Mail steamship, and received a verbal reply that he would answer me in the morning. At 7 o'clock next morning, March 31, I landed the battalion consisting of twelve officers and 111 sailors and marines, with three guns, under command of Lieutenant Judd, and made all preparations to release the two agents by force if my demand was not complied with. While these preparations were being made, Captain Dow and Mr. Conner appeared and informed me they had escaped from Preston's forces."

AMERICAN INTERESTS PROTECTED.

He proceeds: "Having now under my protection all Americans who had been arrested, and hearing the firing of the government troops from Panama, who were driving the insurgents before them into their barricade in town, I ordered Lieutenant Judd, with his force, to leave a sufficient force to protect the offices of the Pacific Mail Company and then take possession of the United States consulate on the [illegible] of the Panama Railroad company [illegible] for the protection of this American property. [illegible]"

Here follows the story of the fight between Preston's forces and the government troops, and the burning of Colon, substantially as already given. The commander adds: "The crew of H. M. S. gun-vessel Tely rendered great assistance in saving the shipping at the wharves, none of which was destroyed. The fire did not extend to the Panama Canal Company's property. All that has been saved of the town of Aspinwall is due to the protection afforded by this ship and the efficiency and hard work of officers and men fighting fire."

He concludes: "The complication of the afternoon of March 30 could have been avoided had I been informed in time regarding the arms on the Colon."

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL GRANT'S CONDITION.

NEW YORK, April 18—8:30 A. M.—General Grant fell into a quiet sleep immediately after 10 o'clock and slept well until 2 A. M., when he awoke and took nourishment and soon fell asleep again until [illegible], when he awoke and nourishment was again given him. He then slept lightly until [illegible], when he awoke fully, took his coffee, dressed, and is now moving quietly about the rooms. His pulse and temperature are normal.

Last night a freshening and unbroken sleep was another stride toward General Grant's recovery. As he appeared at the office window, which had [illegible] noticing reporters walking down the opposite side of the street, he [illegible] returned their [illegible] salute. The general looks very much improved in personal appearance, and it is expected he will take a drive at today or to-morrow, should the weather permit.

TAKEN TO SCOTLAND AND RELEASED.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Mrs. Mary Ireland, whose husband was, as alleged, inveigled into Canada by English officials and thence transported to England for trial on a charge of desertion from the British army, has received word from her husband from Stirling Castle, Scotland, dated the 6th, stating that he has been released, as no evidence could be found against him. Ireland said he was left without money and had to walk to Edinburgh.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, April 18.—The weekly bank statement shows a reserve increase of [illegible] Banks now hold [illegible] in excess of legal requirements.

THE WEEK'S FAILURES.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Business failures the last seven days were [illegible] against 212 last week.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

A MURDERER HANGED.

LACONIA, N. H., April 18.—Thomas [illegible] was hanged here yesterday. [illegible] was the perpetrator of one of the most brutal [illegible] ever committed in New Hampshire, his victims being Mrs. Lucy Ford, aged about 60 years, John Ronaly, aged [illegible], and his little boy, [illegible] aged [illegible] months, who lost their lives [illegible], 1884.

THE ST. LOUIS TRAGEDY.

ST. LOUIS, April 18.—The coroner this morning began an inquest on the body of [illegible] Preller, victim of the Southern hotel trunk mystery. [illegible] nothing beyond [illegible] already published were disclosed.

PACIFIC COAST.

CALIFORNIA.

A SHARP FROST.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18.—A sharp frost visited the valleys of San Joaquin, Napa, Sonoma, Santa Clara and Alameda last night and to-day. Reports received from various points are as follows: Napa, vines badly nipped, [illegible] early vegetables badly injured, also the blackberry crop and melons. Ukiah, vines, fruit and vegetables greatly damaged. Glen Ellen, grape crop considerably damaged. Stockton, vines in this county severely nipped, considerable damage to beans and potatoes. Niles, no injury to fruit nor vegetables. St. Helena, vines in the lowlands somewhat damaged. San Jose, no damage reported. Gilroy, no injury to fruit, [illegible] crops. Santa Rosa, peaches and grapes have suffered most, all fruits from [illegible] per cent.

CROCKER WILL RESIDE IN NEW YORK.

[illegible] has been authorized to state [illegible] W. H. Crocker definitely decided to take up his permanent residence in New York city. All his family will remove there in a short time.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived—Steamer State of California, Portland; steamer St. Paul, Ounalaska; Clara [illegible], steamer Columbia, Astoria. Sailed—Brig [illegible], Port Discovery.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

North Pacific, slightly warmer weather, fair; middle Pacific, slightly warmer, fair; south Pacific, stationary temperature, fair.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NEWS ITEMS FROM VICTORIA.

VICTORIA, April 15.—There was a sharp frost last night, and ice the thickness of a quarter of an inch this morning. Fruit and vegetables are apparently uninjured.

The strike on the Central Pacific railway in British Columbia continues. The strikers called out all men from Selkirk Range to the Columbia river, and closed all whisky shops. Pay is three months in arrear. They passed resolutions demanding arrears at once, and monthly payments thereafter. The company are in desperate straits, but it is thought the Dominion government will help them out.

Hon P. O'Reilly, Indian Commissioner, was thrown from a carriage to-night and very seriously hurt.

UTAH.

FOUR MORE INDICTMENTS.

SALT LAKE, April 18.—The grand jury to-day returned four indictments under the Edmunds' law, and took a recess till May 18th. An average of one indictment per day has been found against Mormons for their peculiar vice by this grand jury, empanneled Tuesday.

STATE DISPATCHES.

SMALL FIRE AT BAKER CITY.

BAKER CITY, April 18.—The Arlington hotel caught fire to-day, and the flames have just been extinguished. Loss, $300, insured with the Lyons.

The Cigar Factories of Madrid.

Before the every day tourist had learned to babble of Velasquez and Murillo, and regarded it as essential to his reputation as a man of taste to go into ecstacies over Moorish arches, the cigar factories of Madrid were among the principal show places of the uninteresting capital, which for some military or other reasons has been dropped down in the middle of one of the dreariest areas in Christendom. You know you are approaching it by the odor of tobacco, and the Babel of voices which hails the arrival of the "extranjero" can be compared to nothing except the gigantic boarding school with all the masters' backs turned to the pupils. Thousands of women—young, middle-aged and old—are busy rolling up cigars so deftly that the unpracticed eye has some difficulty in catching the movement of the artists' fingers. A pinch of leaf here, a turn of the wrist there, the slightest possible touch of the tongue when the case demands it, and a "Claro," or a "Maduro," or a "Colorado" is ready for the market. Here cheroots are being turned out by the thousands, here cigarettes by the tens of thousands. In another building boxes are being made, labeled and tied up, and in and around and over all resound the noisy hum of female tongues that will not be tied. But not a hand is for a moment idle. The workers, like science teachers at South Kensington, are "paid by results," and it requires a great number of government cigars before the madrilena can earn the wherewithal for an olla podrida, a gay mantilla, or the modicum of sour wine which tempers on high days and holidays the frugal fare of the water-drinking Spaniard. Some of the old crones are as hideous as any of the ancients whom Gustave Dore loved to draw. But many of the matrons are sightly ladies, while the flashing eyes and roguish fun of the young ones somewhat embarrass a visitor who is unaccustomed to face such a battery of criticism without being able to exchange a compliment with the company who are so ready to express their individual opinions of the caballero. In truth, it requires some courage to venture into the great cigar manufactory of Madrid, though those who are fond of a picturesque sight and not afraid of the smell of tobacco or the play of Spanish eyes might wander through the peninsula from Vigo to Malaga and not come across a spectacle which would live half so long in their memories. —*London Telegraph.*

Practical Joke on Gen. Sherman.

Some war reminiscences published in the Cleveland *Leader* record a laughable practical joke perpetrated upon Gen. Sherman. The general was visiting the headquarters of Gen. Howard while at Goldsboro, N. C., and while there felt the need of a small draught of whisky to drive off the effects of malaria. Gen. Howard's rigid temperance principles precluded the idea of obtaining whisky from him, but when Dr. John Moore, the medical director, came in Sherman gave him the wink and said: "Doctor, have you a seidlitz powder in your quarters?" The doctor said he had. Gen. Howard said: "Gen. Sherman, it is not necessary to go to the doctor's quarters. I have plenty of seidlitz powders here and glad of a chance. I will get you one." If there was anything in Howard's quarters that Sherman did not want it was seidlitz powder, and therefore he said to Howard: "Never mind, General, give yourself no trouble. [Howard was then getting the powder and glass of water ready.] I will be going by Moore's quarters after awhile." Dr. Moore quickly took in the situation and became a party to the joke on General Sherman, to whom he said: "By the way, General, I don't think I have a seidlitz powder in my quarters, and you had better take the one General Howard has." By this time Howard had the powder all ready for use, and handed the glasses to Sherman. Rather than offend Howard by saying he meant whisky he drank the foaming stuff, much to his own disgust, to the satisfaction of General Howard and to the amusement of the staff officers.

A Valuable Find.

[illegible] Times.

At Ekhmeem, a large provincial town of Upper Egypt, situated about half way between Assiout and Thebes, Professor Maspero, returning from his annual trip of inspection up the Nile, has just found a hitherto undiscovered and unplundered necropolis of immense extent. As far as has yet been ascertained the necropolis dates from the Ptolemaic period, but as the work of exploration proceeds it will probably be found that it contains more ancient quarters. The riches of this new burial field would in any case seem to be almost inexhaustible. Five great tombs or catacombs already opened have yielded [illegible] mummies, within the short space of three hours. Prof. Maspero verified the sites of over [illegible] similar catacombs all absolutely intact. The necropolis of Ekhmeem, at a rough estimate cannot contain fewer than [illegible] embalmed dead. Of these perhaps not more than 20 per cent will turn out to be of archaeological or historical value, but the harvest of papyri, jewels and other funeral treasures cannot fail in any case to be of unprecedented extent. Ekhmeem is the ancient Khemmis—the Panopolis of the Greeks. Its architectural remains are insignificant.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week

The Various Parties and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People

Mr. [illegible] Furish of Salem is in the city.

Mrs. [illegible] Bales of Walla Walla is in the city.

Mr. Wm. M. Lord of The Dalles is in the city.

Mrs. J. E. Howe is visiting friends in Pendleton.

Mr. [illegible] of Astoria is at a city hotel.

Miss Ella Roberts, of Salem, is in the city visiting friends.

Mr. Samuel Case and wife of Yaquina, are visiting in the city.

Mr. Edward [illegible] has returned from a brief visit to The Dalles.

Mrs. M. N. Chapman of Salem is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Maggie Caples, of Salem, is visiting her relatives in the city.

Mr. John Riggs spent the fore part of the week in Salem visiting.

Miss Mattie Allison of Albany was in the city last week on a brief visit.

[illegible] Hatch and family of this city, returned from the east on Thursday last.

Dr. [illegible] B. Eaton has gone to New York on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. S. J. Arthur, of Missoula, Montana, is visiting relatives at McMinnville.

Miss [illegible] O'Connell has been spending this week with relatives in Hillsboro.

Mr. T. B. Hancell of Milwaukee was in the city a few days during the week.

Miss Ella Cusick of this city has gone to east Oregon to spend the summer.

Dr. John Riggs of Portland has been visiting friends in Salem during the week.

Mr. Charles Gardner, of this city, is paying a visit to his old home near Chicago.

Mrs. Martin and daughter of Port Hope, Ontario, are paying a visit to this city.

Mr. George Meacham is contemplating a change of residence to Walla Walla.

Mr. J. N. Shurtleff of Portland paid a brief visit to Walla Walla during the week.

R. S. Perkins of Portland has been visiting friends at Echo during the past week.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer returned to San Francisco [illegible] California Thursday.

Mrs. [illegible] Wallace of McMinnville has been visiting friends in the city for a few days.

Miss Louise Lester, the new prima donna of the [illegible], arrived in Portland Tuesday last.

Messrs. William Turner and [illegible] Cross of [illegible] are visiting Paraiso springs, California.

Mrs. George Marquam went to Pendleton on [illegible] to remain there for a month on a visit.

[illegible] and Little Hill of Eugene, are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Benson, at East Portland.

Miss Ida Comstock, who has been spending some time in California, returned home by the Oregon.

Messrs. A. Stefflin and Wm. Sillcut of Chico, California, are giving Portland a visit with a view to locating.

Mrs. J. P. Howe and Mrs. [illegible] A. Marquam of Portland are visiting Pendleton as guests of Mrs. A. W. Nye.

Mr. William Wadhams arrived home on the steamer Oregon Thursday, from a trip to San Francisco.

The engagement of Miss Bessie Biles of this city and Dr. Edward Bailey of Eugene City, is announced.

Professor Thomas Condon and wife of Eugene City, have been visiting their son, S. W. Condon of this city.

Misses Josie Thatcher and Grace Burrows of this city are visiting Seattle as the guests of Mrs. J. A. McDonald.

Mrs. Captain Powell of Portland spent several days in Albany during the week visiting relatives and friends.

Misses Louise Herley and Edith Thomas will leave for a visit to friends in Southern California in a few days.

Dr. A. Humphrey of Dayton, formerly of this city, accompanied by his family, was in town during the week.

Mrs. J. D. Lyon and daughter, left on the west side train Thursday morning for a visit to friends in McMinnville.

Mr. A. L. Stokes and his guest, Mr. Sidney Starbuck, returned to this city Friday from a trip to southern Oregon.

Mr. Herbert Collier of Eugene City, who has been visiting friends in this city several days, returned home last week.

F. S. Akin, of Akin Selling & Co., left on Monday last for New York, on a business trip. He will return in June.

Mrs. Perry H. Raymond and Miss Cora Dickinson, both of Salem, were in the city a few days since visiting friends.

Mrs. Captain Bachelder, one of the early residents of Portland, but now of San Francisco, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss May Quigley of this city and Mrs. Fuller of San Francisco were guests of Mrs. Governor Moody, at Salem, last week.

Miss Laura Plummer has accepted a position as teacher of a school near Oswego, and left for her new field of labor Thursday.

Miss Lulu Hines, daughter of the Rev. H. K. Hines of this city, is very ill at The Dalles. Her parents arrived there Wednesday.

Prof. Varney intends closing his juvenile dancing season by a party to his several classes and friends at the pavilion on May 1st.

Major W. A. Jones of the U. S. Engineers corps, and family, have taken rooms in a city hotel and will remain for some time.

J. L. Woods and wife were tendered a pleasant party at the home of Mr. R. H. Fay and wife, 121 Madison, Thursday evening.

Mr. W. A. Wilshire and bride, who have been spending a few days in Portland, left last week for their new home in Paisley, Lake county.

Miss Cora Wallace of McMinnville visited the city during the week, to attend the commencement exercises of Willamette medical school.

Colonel Dudley Evans and wife are now in New Orleans visiting the world's fair and enjoying the charming climate. They will return in May.

Miss Ellen Greenda, who has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Thorp of East Portland for a few weeks, returns to her home in Astoria to-day.

Mrs. T. H. Jenny of Seattle accompanied by Mrs. O. Little and Mrs. Wurches, left Portland on Friday for St. Paul via the Northern Pacific railroad.

The engagement of a well known young man and a Portland young lady of considerable prominence in musical society is soon to be announced.

The marriage of Rev. George Lee, of Plymouth Congregational church, in this city, and Miss May Cooke, of Salem, is announced to take place soon.

Misses Lottie and Carrie Peterson, of this city, are visiting friends and relatives at Ashland. They will return home during the latter part of the coming week.

The engagement of Miss Dora Miller, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Miller of California, to [illegible] Richardson, U. S. N., is authoritatively announced.

[illegible] propose to hold a [illegible] at the First Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening. The programme will include several beautiful tableaux.

Mrs. Mattie A. Bridges, the well known lecturer, who has been on a lecturing tour in Southern Oregon for some time, is in Salem, as the guest of Mrs. Bidwell.

Mr. William Lorgen and Miss Annie M. Smith of East Portland were married Wednesday evening last in that city. They will make their home in Tillamook county.

Mrs. Hannah Connell has been enjoying the balmy breezes and pleasures of country life on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, near Hillsboro, during the week.

A series of entertainments for the benefit of the St. John's Presbyterian church are being arranged by the young people of the church, assisted by Prof. Burnham and Mr. A. R. Clark.

Mrs. Fred Reed and sister Mrs. Budd of Portland, have been visiting in North Yakima during the past week. After a trip to Portland Mrs. Reed will return to join her husband in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Brayton Ives and Mr. Edward A. Wickes and wife, guests of Mr. Prescott, arrived late yesterday by special train from Astoria and took rooms at a city hotel. The party expect to start east to-morrow.

Mr. Henry Sanders and his adopted daughter, Miss Lizzie Hamilton have returned to their old home on Eighth and College streets, after an extended visit with his daughter, Mrs. William [illegible], in San Jose, California.

Mr. H. H. Browning, superintendent of the Northern Pacific Express Company, accompanied by his daughters, Misses Kate and Jessie, left Friday for Puget Sound and Victoria. They will be absent several days and visit a number of towns on the Sound.

The Independent Order of Chosen Friends gave a pleasant social Tuesday last. The following programme was rendered: Trio, Mr. and Mrs. Coursen and Miss Dalton; address, Mr. Messener; vocal solo, Mrs. Dalton; recitation, Mr. Pieger; duet, Emma and Annie Russ; duet, Maggie and Josie Kohler; recitation, Miss Libby [illegible]. Refreshments. Recitation, Mrs. Harding; piano solo, Miss Dalton; instrumental solo, Miss Kohler; trio, "Good Night," Mr. and Mrs. Coursen and Miss Dalton.

Rev. Cushing Eells, father of Hon. Edwin Eells, of the Puyallup Indian reservation and the Rev. Myron Eells of Skokomish, and companion of Dr. Marcus Whitman in early days, is now at his son's residence at Skokomish.

Mrs. E. D. McGuire of East Portland left on Wednesday last for a visit to her parents at Cross Keys, Crook county, her husband accompanying her as far as The Dalles. She expects to remain there about three months.

Mrs. M. Jacobs, Misses Bertha, Nongass and Rosa Jacobs returned from Portland last Monday evening to their homes in Corvallis. Miss Rosa Jacobs has been visiting in different parts of California for the past eight months.

Major W. J. Drum, 14th infantry, and wife tendered their a [illegible] to new quarters last Tuesday evening, by a social entertainment that was largely attended by the people of the garrison, and was a most agreeable affair.

Arthur Bell, Jennie Winston, Maurice Hageman and wife, Bessie Louise King and Walter Mies, late of the Casino opera company, have gone to the east by rail to their new homes in Baltimore, Chicago and New York.

Last Monday a number of the friends of W. Cusick gathered at the family residence to a farewell party, and [illegible] Mr. Cusick and family left to-day for Butte City, Montana, where he has entered in business.

Miss Wanne J. Hensaker and Mr. E. P. White, both of Portland, were married [illegible] Tuesday last, by Rev. T. L. [illegible]. Miss Hunsaker is well known throughout [illegible] Oregon and Idaho as a young lady of much intelligence.

A pleasant children's party was given last week by Mrs. J. J. Hartman in honor of the birthday of her daughter Jennie, who entertained her friends royally. Every one present was highly pleased, and departed wishing Miss Jennie many happy returns of her natal day.

Miss Delia Williamson of this city was married in San Francisco during the early part of the month to William Pierson, a young lawyer of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Pierson will pay a short visit to this city and then remove to [illegible], where Mr. Pierson will engage in the practice of his profession.

Miss Maggie Fearnside of Tillamook, who has been spending the past twelve months at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. A. Coburn, in East Portland will leave for her own home to-day, by way of Astoria. She will remain several days in the latter city visiting friends, and return to Tillamook by [illegible] A. J. Fields.

Mr. L. A. Ford, agent of the Oregon and California railroad at Marion, has for several days been visiting friends in this city. He was at one time employed in Portland. This evening friends here [illegible] this evening, at the close of the regular [illegible] First street M. E. church, Mr. [illegible] will unite in marriage with Miss Wright.

Major J. S. Dallam, Second [illegible] cavalry, [illegible] at Fort Boise, Idaho, is in the city on a brief visit. Major Brisbin is a [illegible] the correspondent and has done more than any other man in the army to make eastern people acquainted with the resources of the Pacific Northwest. He is a pleasant writer and genial gentleman.

Mr. Newton McCoy, of this city, was married to Miss Mary Lyman last Saturday evening at the residence of the bride's father, in Forest Grove. Rev. Mr. Ellis, assisted by Rev. Mr. Mills, performed the ceremony. Only relatives and immediate friends were present. Mr. McCoy will probably locate in Portland and engage in the practice of law.

Thursday being the seventeenth anniversary of Miss Retta Cougill's birthday, her young friends, to the number of about twenty were entertained by her at her mother's residence, in East Portland, that evening. The evening was spent with vocal and instrumental music, games, etc. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed a very pleasant time.

A preliminary meeting of persons interested in the formation of a society composed of Canadians was held last Monday evening at the office of Colonel James K. Kelly. It was decided to form an organization, and temporary officers were elected. A meeting will be held next Wednesday evening when it is anticipated a large number will be in attendance.

On Saturday evening last, at Vancouver barracks Colonel H. Clay Wood and wife gave a complimentary dinner to General and Mrs. Miles, Major F. S. Vickery of the Medical corps, and wife, Captain Patten and wife and Lieutenant Long. The affair was an enjoyable one, the ladies' toilets charming, and the pleasant home of Colonel Wood has never seen a more genial pleasant party.

One of the most enjoyable features of the entertainment given by the Society of Chosen Friends at Prentice's hall last Tuesday evening was the violin playing of Master Sidney Prager, a son of H. M. Prager of this city. Among the excellent productions was the execution of a medley taken from several of the most popular operas of the day. The lad's playing was thoroughly appreciated by all who listened, and a bright future predicted for him.

Mr. William Angus, of the firm of [illegible] & Angus, of Victoria, B. C., and his wife are in the city, on a visit to Mr. W. H. Dunckley, a brother of Mrs. Angus. They came to be present at Mr. Dunckley's wedding, which will take place early next week at the residence of Dr. A. L. Lindsley. The bride expectant is Miss Fannie W. Oeting, of Staten Island, New York. Mr. Dunckley is an employe in the counting room of Murphy, Grant & Co., of this city.

CRYSTAL WEDDING IN EAST PORTLAND.

The occurrence of the fifteenth anniversary of the wedding of Rev. S. P. Wilson of the Methodist church of East Portland, and wife, was made the occasion on Tuesday evening last of a very enjoyable party. The fifteenth anniversary being known as the "crystal wedding day," a large number of the members of the church, together with many personal friends, gathered in the church building to pay their respects and congratulate the couple on the auspicious event. A committee of ladies had been busy since Monday morning in decorating the church, and they succeeded in the highest degree. The decorations were of evergreens and flowers. On the wall behind the pulpit was a large monogram, "S. P. W.," made of evergreens and choice flowers. The front and sides of the altar and pulpit were beautifully festooned with evergreens and vases and baskets of flowers. In front of the pulpit and over the platform was suspended a magnificent floral marriage bell. Suspended over the large folding doors leading from the audience room to the class room was a large floral horseshoe. The organ and choir platform were also tastefully decorated, and that part of the church presented a most beautiful appearance. At 8:30 o'clock Miss Retta Cougill took her seat at the organ and commenced a wedding march, when the reverend gentleman with his wife upon his arm, preceded by little Misses Stella Cougill and Alice Wilson, each with a bouquet of flowers, marched up the east aisle. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson took a position upon the platform immediately under the bell, and their attendants one on each side. Rev. Mr. Caswell, of Grace church, Portland, who was standing at the pulpit when they arrived, asked them if they were willing to renew the marriage vows taken by them fifteen years ago, to which they replied in the affirmative. Following this the song and chorus, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," was sung by Mrs. Wetzell assisted by Professor Wetzell and Mrs. S. Bullock. Other exercises were a reading, "The Old Fashioned Grandmother," by Professor Wetzell; solo, "Silver Threads are Among the Gold," S. Bullock; song, "Darby and Joan," Mrs. Wetzell. A large number of presents were received from friends of the pastor and his wife. Refreshments of ice cream were served in the class room, and after passing a very enjoyable evening the guests returned to their homes at a seasonable hour.

[illegible] MORGAN WALLACE WEDDING.

Mr. George P. Morgan, accountant for Messrs. French of The Dalles and Miss Olivia Wallace, one of the teachers in the public school in that city, were joined in marriage on Wednesday evening last, at the residence of Mr. George Herbert, Rev. D. B. Gray officiating. The bride was elegantly dressed [illegible] and carried in conventional [illegible]. A bountiful collation was spread after the ceremony of which all partook. A large number of handsome and useful presents were received [illegible] by the kind wishes of the donors. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Smith French, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Marfield, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. George Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], Misses [illegible] French, Hattie Reid [illegible], Jefferson [illegible], Julia Fish, Willie Stevens, [illegible].

[illegible] RECEPTION.

A reception held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eaton, at Union, on last Tuesday evening, was a notable social event in eastern Oregon. It was given in honor of Mrs. A. S. Duniway, the well known lecturer, who is now in eastern Oregon in the interest of woman suffrage. It was also the occasion of congratulatory testimonials to Mrs. H. L. Hendershott who had reached her 54th birthday. The evening was pleasantly spent in conversation, music, games and literary exercises, concluding with an elegant collation and after-dinner speeches. The following named gentlemen and ladies were present: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Crites, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McComas, Mr. and Mrs. White, A. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Purcell, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], Mrs. D. B. Rees, Mr. and [illegible], Rev. and Mrs. Anderson, [illegible] Benson, Mr. and Mrs. J. [illegible], N. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], and Mrs. James Hendershott, [illegible] Lloyd, Mrs. J. Kennedy, [illegible] Thos. Foster, Mrs. S. T. [illegible], Mrs. A. B. Edgar, Mrs. H. A. [illegible], Wright, Mrs. E. P. Mervin, [illegible], Dora Cooley, Mr. Frank Hall [illegible].

PARTY AT PORT TOWNSEND.

A party was given at the [illegible] Mrs. Henry Landes Friday evening in honor of the military officers [illegible] Fort Townsend. It was a brilliant [illegible] the *Argus*, and one of the [illegible] events of the season. [illegible] and dancing were kept up [illegible] night. The singing of Miss O'Neil [illegible] tistic piano performance [illegible] very fine. Mr. and Mrs. Landes [illegible] take the lead in our social [illegible] ments that reflect credit upon [illegible] the city. The following guests [illegible] Colonel and Mrs. Douglas, [illegible] Burke, Captain Murphy, Mrs. [illegible] win, Miss Goodwin, Miss [illegible] O'Neil, Miss O'Neil, Mrs. Captain [illegible] Lieutenant Tuttle, Dr. J. D. Hall [illegible] Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. [illegible] H. [illegible] Attridge, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] Hon. and Mrs. T. M. [illegible] Mrs. Thos. Kirkpatrick, Dr. [illegible] Captain and Mrs. Biondi, Hon. J. [illegible] Morris B. Sachs, Esq., Miss [illegible] Mr. Albert C. Phillips, Miss [illegible] Sewey, Rev. J. B. Alexander, [illegible] lioux, Hon. Jas. G. Swan.

THE LATE GENERAL [illegible]

General Vogel von Falkenstein [illegible] guished German soldier, died [illegible] Vogel von Falkenstein, who [illegible] 179[illegible], in Silesia, was destined for [illegible] but in 1813 he entered [illegible] ger into the West Prussian [illegible] ment, and before the termination [illegible] became second lieutenant of [illegible] which he took part in the [illegible] and particularly in the battles of [illegible] Bautzen, Katzbach, Bischofswerda [illegible] litz. In the campaign of 1814 [illegible] lieutenant, his battalion [illegible] battle of Montmirail, where all [illegible] were wounded, and received [illegible] his conduct the Iron Cross [illegible] the Prussian Order of St. George [illegible] class. In the campaign of [illegible] and marched into Paris. In [illegible] of the combined reserve [illegible] guards, and afterward the [illegible] the Emperor Francis' Grenadier [illegible] ment, in which character he [illegible] against the insurgents during [illegible] Berlin revolution of 1848. [illegible] he was wounded in a street [illegible] scarcely recovered when he [illegible] paign in Schleswig-Holstein [illegible] ticularly in the affair of Schleswig [illegible] he received the order of the Red [illegible] became, in 1858, lieutenant-general [illegible] mander of the Fifth division, [illegible] Second division of the Infantry [illegible] ordered in December, 1863, as chief [illegible] eral staff, to the command of the [illegible] stein, in which capacity he took [illegible] paign in Schleswig and Jutland, [illegible] the battles of Fredericia and [illegible] received the supreme command [illegible] Prussian divisions then in Jutland [illegible] of military governor of Jutland [illegible] were rewarded by the order [illegible] After the peace he undertook [illegible] mand of the Seventh (Westphalian) [illegible] corps, and attained, on [illegible] to the grade of a general [illegible] 186[illegible] on the outbreak of the war [illegible] Vogel von Falkenstein was [illegible] command of the so-called Main [illegible] which he marched into Hanover, [illegible] he gave battle to the Bavarians at [illegible] Kissingen, Waldaschach, and on July [illegible] possession of Frankfort. He [illegible] discharged the difficult task [illegible] and on July 19th was relieved of [illegible] of the Main army and nominated [illegible] mander of Bohemia, in order [illegible] thence conduct the military [illegible] Bavaria. On the conclusion of [illegible] Falkenstein received the grand cross [illegible] Eagle, in recognition of his [illegible] On the outbreak of the war [illegible] 1870, Vogel von Falkenstein [illegible] preme command as military [illegible] home troops, to which was committed [illegible] fense of the German coast against [illegible] invasion.

J. M. Bird, an old resident of [illegible] at White Sulphur springs, [illegible] aged 51 years.

ROYA[illegible]

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. [illegible] WM. T. COLEMAN & CO. [illegible]

[illegible]'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. [illegible]

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL RESTORER

MANHOOD

The reason that Thousands cannot be cured of SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOSS OF MANHOOD [illegible] and the result of abuse, disease [illegible] a complication called PROSTATORRHEA [illegible] DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR [illegible] the ONLY cure for PROSTATORRHEA. [illegible] $2.00 per package, 6 packages [illegible] Health and Self Analysis free [illegible] BIG DISPENSARY for Diseases of [illegible] 400 Geary St., San Francisco.

[illegible]

Enclose 10 cents and the address of [illegible] to this office for the statistical [illegible] medium to circulate in the most [illegible]

Allen's Brain Food, Botanical [illegible] cures Nervous Debility and all [illegible] tive System, either sex. $1; 6 [illegible] mail from J. H. Allen, [illegible]

VARICOCELE [illegible]

VOL. 25, NO. 7783

FOR SALE

E. H. [illegible]

[illegible]ESTR[illegible]

THE [illegible]

None Better. Beware [illegible]

P. & B.

IS THE BEST

FOR ROOFS, IRON,

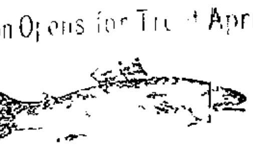
Is an absolute protection of Piles and all [illegible] Acid and Alkali proof. Protects Iron [illegible] unaffected by salt water and the best [illegible] Wheels and Iron work of all kinds. [illegible] P. & B. CLOTH COMPOUND.—For Tar [illegible] Canvas and Rope. [illegible] P. & B. LEATHER PRESERVATIVE.—[illegible] leather of all kinds absolutely water [illegible] Local Agents Wanted in every town.

JAMES LAID[illegible]

[illegible] General

[illegible]eason Opens for Trout April 1st

FINE FISHING



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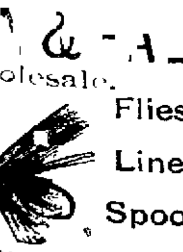

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